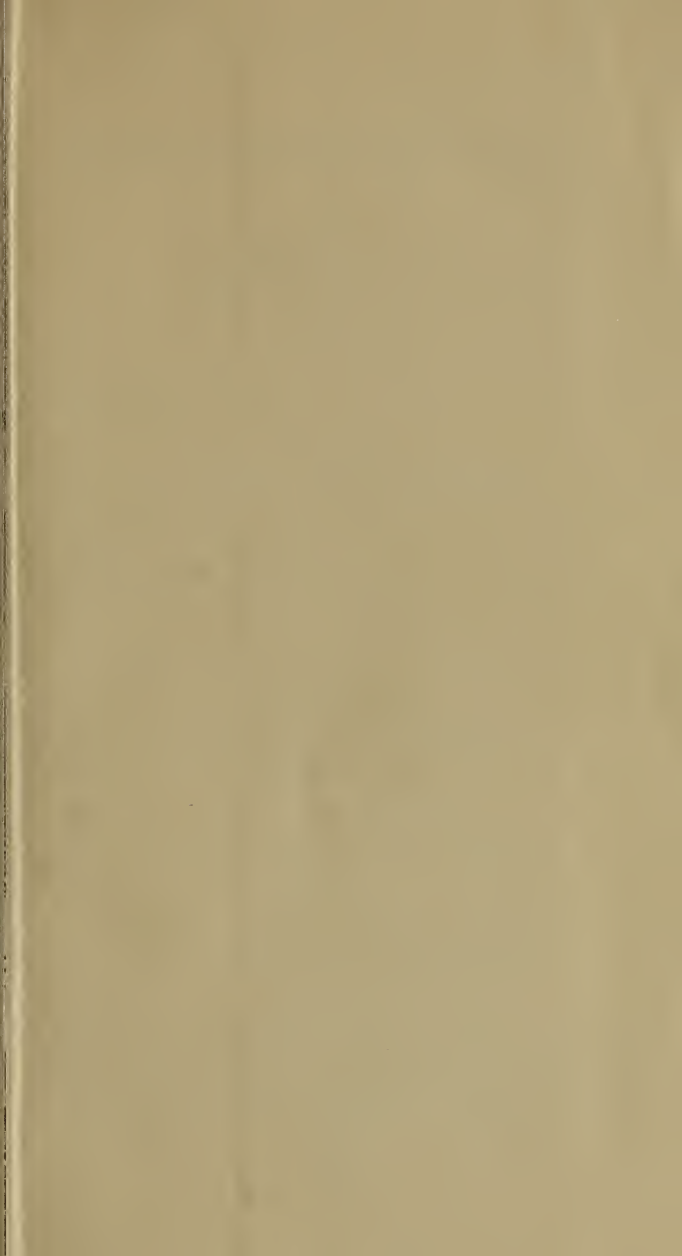








W. S. H.

A
DESCRIPTIVE TOUR,
AND
GUIDE
TO THE
LAKES, CAVES, MOUNTAINS,
AND OTHER
NATURAL CURIOSITIES,
IN
CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE,
AND A PART OF
THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

By JOHN HOUSMAN.

THE THIRD EDITION,

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

CARLISLE:

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sellers.

1808.

scenes, and uncommon works of Nature, within the district.

WITH respect to the several Stations for Views, he has confined himself to general directions, leaving to the Artist of Taste to select for himself such as may best answer his particular purpose.

UNEXAGGERATED descriptions, in plain and simple language, are here principally aimed at; and if the Author, in any instance, has failed in the truth and justness of his representations, he entreats the candid reader to attribute such inaccuracies either to some unperceived mistake of his own, or to the misinformation of others—and not to any design of passing a deception upon the public.

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REFERENCES

TO THE

ANNEXED MAP OF THE SOILS, &c.

-
-
- A. - Cold moist Loam is most prevalent. No Coal nor Limestone.
- B { Mostly a fertile clayey Loam, with Patches of Turnip Soil. No Coal nor Limestone. Level Surface.
- C { Sand and light Loam in general, producing good Turnips. On the West Side of Eden Clay predominates more frequently.
- D. - Soil generally strong; a Tract of Limestone about D.
- E { Soil various; much light Gravel towards the Coast; on the other Side, a wet Soil, on a Clay Bottom, is most frequent. Coal and Limestone abound.
- F { Soil mostly a hazel Mould. No Coal. Limestone on the Banks of the Cuddon. Some freestone.
- G { Generally a beautiful and romantic District, composed of several high rocky Mountains, with pleasant intervening Dales, and many fine Lakes. The Soil mostly a dry Gravel. No Coal. A little Limestone about Ambleside. Blue Slate, Lead and Copper Ore, and Black Lead.
- H. - Heathy Mountains; Soil mossy. Coal, Limestone, Lead ore.
- I { Heathy Mountains, with mossy Tops, are generally prevalent; low Moors towards the North End. In the Southern Parts are some fine woody Dales. The Soil of the inclosed Grounds more or less gravelly.
- K { Verdant Hills, and pretty fertile Dales. Limestone in the greatest Abundance. Gravel and hazel Mould.
- L { Dry gravelly Mould, and rich black Soil, with Tracts of Peat-moss. Several Coppice Woods.
- M { The West Side flat and low; the East Side rising a little. Soil loamy and pretty rich. Some Tracts of Peat-moss.
- N { Surface flat, in general. Soil mostly a sandy Loam, on a Substratum of Clay or Marl. Peat-moss in several Places. Some Coal, and a little Limestone.
- O. - Surface and Soil somewhat like the last. Coal in Abundance.
- P { The Surface exhibits a few gentle Swells. Soil generally contains a greater or lesser Mixture of Clay, with different Degrees of Fertility. Coal, and excellent white Freestone.
- Q { Hills, covered with Heath and coarse Herbage, prevail more or less through this District, with many fertile Vales. Some Coal and Limestone, particularly about the Centre.

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A DESCRIPTIVE TOUR ;

OR,

GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

IN respect to the mode of visiting the Lakes, most Tourists think, and perhaps with good taste, that Coniston-lake ought to be first seen, and afterwards Windermere-water, Rydale-water, Grasmere-water, Leathes-water, and those in the neighbourhood of Keswick, in succession ; as, by this course, we are led from the simple and pleasing to the grand and sublime works of nature. This route will, indeed, be found most convenient to those who come by way of Lancaster, and return from Keswick by Ulls-water, Penrith, and Hawswater, to Kendal ; but for such as arrive first at Kendal, or Penrith, and more particularly the latter place, it will be found most commodious to take them in the following succession, *viz.* Hawswater, Ulls-water, Derwent-water, Bassenthwaite-water, Buttermere-water, Crummock-water,



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North View of Furness Abbey

Lowes-water, Ennerdale-water, and Wast-water: return to Keswick, and from thence to Leathes-water, Grasmere-water, Rydal-water, Windermere-water, Esthwaite-water, and Coniston-water: thence proceed to see the curiosities in Furness, and return by Newby-bridge to Kendal, or cross the Sands to Lancaster.—Tourists from Scotland or Northumberland will find it most convenient to proceed from Carlisle to Ouse-bridge, at the lower end of Bassenthwaite-water. After visiting that lake, they may either go directly to Keswick, or first visit Buttermere-water and the adjacent lakes. From Keswick proceed to Ambleside; and, having viewed the beauties of Windermere-water, cross the ferry to Coniston-lake, by way of Hawkeshead. The traveller might ride immediately from thence to Kendal, by way of Newby-bridge, or pursue his route still further, to Ulverston and Furness, and visit the antiquities there, and afterwards enjoy the pleasure of a new scene, in a journey from Ulverston to Lancaster, over the Sands. Return from Lancaster by Kendal, Haws-water, Ulls-water, and Penrith, to Carlisle.

THE caves in Yorkshire may be visited either before or after the lakes, as it may suit the convenience or inclination of the Tourist; in this work, however, they come first under our observation.

WE shall commence our remarks at the southern point of the district, and join company with the traveller at SHEFFIELD. This town is remarkable for its flourishing manufacture of hardware, and its consequent rapid increase of population and buildings. Sheffield seems to have been the staple for iron manufactures from the year 1297, particularly for falchion-heads, arrow-pikes, and an ordinary sort of knives called *whittles* : afterwards other articles of cutlery were invented and manufactured in the town and neighbourhood ; such as sheers, knives, scissars, scythes, and sickles. About the year 1600, an ordinary sort of iron tobacco-boxes began to be manufactured, and a gewgaw called a Jew's-harp. In 1638, razors and files began to be made. In 1640, clasp or spring knives were first manufactured with iron handles, which, in a short time, were covered with horn, tortoise-shell, &c. The inhabitants of this town, however, for near a century afterwards, appear to have discovered more industry than ingenuity : their trade was inconsiderable and precarious, and none presumed to extend their traffic beyond the bounds of this island ; nor did they think of sending out people in search of orders—there are persons still living who remember that the produce of the manufactory was conveyed weekly, by pack-horses, to the metropolis. About fifty years ago, Mr. Jo-

SEPH BROADBENT first opened an immediate trade with the continent ; master manufacturers began to visit London in search of orders with good success ; and several factors now established a correspondence with various parts of the continent, and engaged foreigners as clerks in their compting-houses. Thus the trade and manufacture of Sheffield arrived gradually to that perfection which now renders it famous throughout Europe.

THE principal articles manufactured in this town, are knives, razors, files, and scissars ; there are, likewise, saucepans, tea-urns, coffee-pots, cups, tankards, candlesticks, &c. &c. made here, besides a great quantity of silver and plated goods.

Two small rivers, which form a junction at the town, assist in turning the machinery ; and plenty of coals being at hand for the working of fire-engines, all the heavy work has of late years been performed by machines. In short, the manufacturers of Sheffield have made such improvements in the manufacturing of their several articles, that they are now able to undersell every other market in the world.

It has been remarked, that before the introduction and use of machinery in forging iron and steel, the necessity of performing such hard and

heavy work by the hands of men, occasioned Sheffield to abound in cripples, and in weak deformed people ; but this is by no means the case at present. The nature of the manufacture, however, gives to the manufacturers, as well as the town itself, a very dark complexion.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very low prices at which Sheffield wares are sold to retailers, the meanest knife passes through the hands of five cutlers, in different branches of cutlery, before it is finished. The workmen can earn great wages, but are much addicted to drinking, the origin of every vice and excess.

THE population of this town is said to be about 28,000, but including the adjoining villages about 30,000 or 31,000 inhabitants. From the Registers it appears, that, on an average of ten years, between the years 1561 and 1571, there were 108 baptisms, 71 burials, and 23 marriages, annually : between 1661 and 1671, there were 208 baptisms, 226 burials, and 58 marriages, annually : between 1761 and 1771, there were 888 baptisms, 755 burials, and 255 marriages, annually. In the year 1793, there were 1732 baptisms, 1482 burials, and 444 marriages ; and in 1794, there were 1582 baptisms, 1473 burials, and 402 marriages. The population of Sheffield has rather decreased since the year 1793, on account of

the great number of its inhabitants who have entered into the army.

THE scite of Sheffield is irregular ; it stands principally on an oblong hill, but extends over the adjoining valleys, and again rising the hills at each end. Its three churches, which are erected on the hill, have a fine effect ; their spires over-top the whole town, and are rendered still more majestic, at a small distance, by the intervening atmosphere being almost continually thickened with the sooty exhalations.—Sheffield is a modern well-built town ; the streets are clean, and many of them spacious. A new infirmary, upon a liberal plan, is just finished, which stands a little out of the town. Here are three churches and one chapel of the establishment, besides a great number of chapels belonging to the different sects of Dissenters. In 1786, a new market-place was opened, containing extensive and commodious shambles, and other conveniences, erected by his Grace the DUKE of NORFOLK, whose estate in this town and neighbourhood is said to produce him £30,000 per annum.—Here are also a number of genteel public buildings, viz. an assembly-room, a theatre, town-hall, cutlers'-hall, &c. besides several charitable institutions for the clothing, education, and maintenance of the poor.

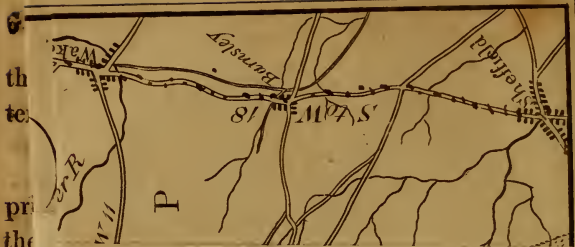
THE soil in the neighbourhood of Sheffield is

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a deep clay, and the land chiefly in meadow, pasture, and garden ground : the surface is irregular, and the face of the country rather naked. The climate is moderate—about thirty-three inches of rain fall in a year.

LEAVING Sheffield, we proceed northwards to Barnsley. The road tolerable, with a flagged causeway on one side for foot passengers : the soil strong, and mixed with a white sandy clay ; buildings good, partly of brick, and partly of white freestone ; and the population great. At four miles distance, pass through Ecclesfield, a village flourishing in the manufactory of hardware ; and, soon after, the road visits several iron forges and founderies. Towards Barnsley we begin to leave the rough manufacture of iron, and approach the country where the softer one of wool is carried on. Here two elegant seats present themselves, viz. Wentworth-house, and Stainmore-hall ; the former belonging to Earl FITZWILLIAM, and the latter to Lord STAFFORD. Several pieces of woodland, and trees on hedges, adorn the face of the country, which is here pretty level.

BARNSELY is a small market-town, surrounded with coal-pits, and some iron works. It carries on a considerable linen manufactory. The yarn is procured from Holland, and the cloth

SCOTLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND

DURIAM

LANCASHIRE,
Westmoreland, Cumberland,
& a Part of
YORKSHIRE.
with a Sketch of the
Soils, Canals &c.

CHESHIRE

British Statute Miles
0 5 10

IRISH SEA



chiefly exported. Here is also a trade in wire, and some branches of hardware.

WE proceed to WAKEFIELD, ten miles. The soil becomes more light, in general, but in some places cold, wet, and sterile. The surface of the country rises in gentle swells, though not hilly. The chief objects of culture are corn and grass, in a due proportion, and the land seems pretty well cultivated. A new canal, between Barnsley and Wakefield, accompanies the road. This canal extends from Barnsley to the navigable river Dun, which empties itself into the Humber. Approaching Wakefield, we find ourselves entering the country of woollen manufactories, where the increasing population is distinguished by the number of new houses and cottages placed on the sides of the road. On the left we have HUDDERSFIELD, at the distance of twelve or fourteen miles. It is a modern middle-sized town, containing about 8500 inhabitants, who are almost wholly supported by the woollen manufactories. That town (a few houses excepted) is the property of Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, who grants leases for building, renewable every twenty years, on payment of two years ground rent. The population has increased more than two-thirds since the year 1710. Sir JOHN built a good cloth-hall some years ago, where the finest broad and narrow cloths are sold ; as well as fancy cloths,

elastics, beaverettes, &c. ; also honleys and kerseymeres. The qualities run from 10d. to 8s. per yard, narrows, and broads as high as the superfines in the west of England. The finest broads in Yorkshire are made at Saddleworth, and sold in Huddersfield market. The goods are made from all sorts of short English wool, worth from £6 to £35 per pack : and from Spanish wool. The lowest priced English wool is chiefly short, sorted from large fleeces of combing wool, bought in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and the neighbouring counties. The finest English wool is from small fleeces in Herefordshire, Shropshire, and other western counties : and also from Kent, Sussex, and their neighbourhood.

SIR JOHN RAMSDEN made a navigation from Huddersfield to the Calder. A canal also from that town joins the Manchester and Ashton canal.

WE now cross the navigable river Calder over a bridge (on which stands an ancient chapel, with Gothic sculptures, said to have been built by EDWARD IV.) and enter the opulent and handsome town of WAKEFIELD. The streets are generally clean, with flagged walks on each side ; its buildings good, and increasing in number. The lofty spire of the old church is conspicuous at a great distance. The cloth manu-

factories in this neighbourhood are numerous, but the cloth is chiefly sold at Huddersfield. Some tammies, camlets, and a few white cloths, are, however, sold here ; but its principal market is for wool, which is sent to the factors here in large quantities from all parts of England, who dispose of it among the manufacturers in the different districts around.

THE river Calder was made navigable to this place by authority of Parliament in 1698. The surrounding country is pleasant, particularly towards Pontefract, where the soil is more dry and fertile.

ABOUT two miles from Wakefield stands the village of HEATH, which is universally allowed to be one of the most beautiful in England. It is situated on an eminence above the river Calder, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the rich and populous country around. This village is built by the side of a green, and the houses are all of stone found on the spot : many of them are very elegant, and belong to people of quality.

WE continue our northern route towards LEEDS, eight miles and a half. The country pretty level and pleasant ; the soil contains a great proportion of clay ; fields and farms small, and principally in grass ; hedges planted with

quickset ; and the farmers continue to use the long team of three or four horses in a line yoked to a plough.—The roads are but indifferent.—Houses and buildings good, modern, and extremely numerous on all sides ; and the manufactories of cloth and stuffs engross the attention of the whole country on every side.

LEEDS, at a little distance, seems to spread to a great extent, and the churches and other buildings bear a modern aspect. On entering the town we find ourselves not deceived ; every thing has the appearance of vast and increasing wealth, as well as population. This town, from an inconsiderable place, has, by the manufacture and sale of cloth, been augmented in its size, riches, and population, to a wonderful extent. It contains upwards of 53,000 inhabitants, almost double the number it was calculated to contain thirty years ago. Houses, nay whole streets, are building almost every year. The streets in the old parts of the town are narrow ; but those occupied by the merchants, manufacturers, and superior tradesmen, are broad and spacious : the houses are uniform, elegant, and so clean, even externally, that scarce a speck is to be seen on the broad foot pavement. In a considerable portion of Leeds, the inhabitants enjoy at once the social pleasures of the town, and the fine air and cheerful prospects of the country : the modern

houses being either built in a line, with an open view into the fields, or in large squares, the areas of which are covered with grass and shrubs, and kept in the neatest order. The town, taken generally, is kept clean, every street having a flagged walk on each side. The buildings are chiefly brick (the clay for making which is frequently dug up in the new intended streets) and covered with white slate.

LEEDS is the little metropolis for the woollen trade : cloth is exposed for sale there on Tuesdays and Saturdays, an hour and a half each day ; and, by a rule among the manufacturers, the merchants are not allowed to buy, nor even to look at cloth, except at these appointed hours. The times of sale begin and end by the ringing of a bell ; and if a merchant is found in the hall after the bell has ceased, he forfeits 5s.—There are two cloth halls, the one for coloured, and the other for white cloths ; but the coloured cloth hall is the principal : it is a quadrangular building, inclosing an open area, one hundred and twenty-seven yards and a half by sixty-six ; and was erected at the expence of the manufacturers in 1758. This hall is divided into six covered streets, each of which contains two rows of stands, the freehold property of separate manufacturers, who are in number about 1750. These have all served a regular apprenticeship to the making

of coloured cloth, which is an indispensable condition of their admission into this hall.

THE white cloth hall was built in 1775 ; it is ninety-nine yards by seventy, and divided into five streets, each with a double row of stands, the number of which is 1210.

ABOUT 1792, a third cloth hall was built in this town, which contains a great number of stands for those who have not served a regular apprenticeship as cloth-makers ; also for those who cannot purchase stands in the other halls. This has obtained the name of *Tom Paine's Hall*, from the circumstance of some French agents coming over about the time it was built, and purchasing all the cloth they could find. This is usually called by the cloth-makers the *Tom Paine trade*.

THE whole number of broad cloth manufacturers in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was calculated in 1794 to be 3240, not one of whom is to be found more than one mile east, nor two north of Leeds ; nor are there many in the town, and those only in the outskirts.

ALTHOUGH the coarser kinds of cloth have long constituted the staple manufacture of Leeds, and its vicinity, yet the manufacture of super-

finer has considerably increased of late years, and still more recently, very large quantities of fancy articles have been made, such as swans-downs, toilonets, &c. &c.

SEVERAL cotton mills have been lately erected in or near Leeds, which are chiefly worked by the means of steam-engines.

THE cloths are sold in their respective halls rough as they come from the fulling-mills. They are finished by the merchants, who employ dressers, dyers, &c. for that purpose : these, with drysalers, shopkeepers, and the different kinds of handicraftsmen, compose the bulk of the inhabitants of Leeds. The dispersed state of the manufacturers, in villages and single houses, over the whole face of the county, is highly favourable to their morals and their happiness. They are generally men of small capitals, and often annex a small farm to their other business. Some of them have a field or two to support a cow or a horse ; and are, for the most part, blessed with the comforts, without the superfluities, of life. There are, however, some instances of these manufacturers becoming independent ; and the merchants frequently accumulate very large fortunes, if we may judge from their many and elegant seats, with which the neighbourhood of Leeds is studded. Upon the whole, the trade and manufacture of this town, if we may hazard

another conjecture from external appearances, seem in their effect almost equally lucrative to a Peruvian mine.

IN this town there are two carpet manufactories ; several small potteries for coarse ware in the neighbourhood ; and a large one for finer sorts of pots, the flint and clay for which are brought from different other parts of England. Many of these pots are exported to the Continent. —Coal is plentiful in the vicinity of Leeds. The river Air, which visits this town, is navigable for small craft to the Humber, from whence there is an easy passage to the sea. By the same route small vessels from London can navigate to Leeds. Among other public buildings, are four churches ; several chapels for Dissenters of every denomination ; a very fine infirmary, supported by public subscription in a liberal manner ; a work-house, well conducted, but which is a rather mean and ill-situated building.

IN the neighbourhood of this town the soil is generally a rich loam, and the surrounding country cheerful.

WE now proceed from hence to BRADFORD, nine miles. The road leads through a fine pleasant country for three miles, when it crosses a fertile vale, through which runs the river Air,

accompanied with the Leeds and Liverpool canal. In this sweet vale, a little below the road, stands the remain of that venerable pile KIRKSTALL ABBEY, embowered in groves of old oak trees. This noble structure is now almost wholly in ruins.—A few cloisters, some high walls and gateways, and part of a very high tower, of fine Gothic architecture, are yet standing, which sufficiently evince its former magnitude and importance. This once famous place is visited by most strangers who travel through this part of the country. It belongs to Lord CARDIGAN, who allows a mason £10 a year for keeping it in repair. It was a religious house of the Cistercian order, founded in 1157 by HENRY DE LACY.

FROM Kirkstall to Bradford the surface of the country is pretty level ; the soil various, but generally a black moorish earth, with a substratum of red sand intermixed with clay. A great part of the country seems to have been formerly common, and has not even yet acquired a very fertile appearance. The fields are large, and a considerable proportion of corn land is here observable.—The farms also seem more extensive than those in the districts hitherto described.—Houses and cottages are numerous, and well built. Ramifications from the neighbouring manufacturing towns occupy all this country.—Roads here are bad, being formed of soft mate-

rials. Towards Bradford the land is chiefly grass, divided into small farms, and occupied by manufacturers, who depasture their cows thereon.

BRADFORD is a neat, middle-sized manufacturing town, which, in 1781, contained 4200 inhabitants ; and at present is supposed to afford residence to 5000 people, two-thirds of whom, it is calculated, are employed in the different manufactories, in some or other of their various branches. The manufactures of this place are tammies, calimancoes, russets, broad and narrow cloths, cards for carding wool, combs, and leather boxes. In the three last branches about 300 hands are constantly employed.

IN the vicinity of Bradford is a very capital iron foundery and forge, which has the advantage of coal and iron ore procured on the spot. Cannon have lately been cast there for Government, and are said to have answered the most sanguine expectations.

COALS abound in the neighbourhood, and large quantities are sent by means of the canal (which is a branch from the Leeds and Liverpool canal) into Craven, from whence limestone is brought in return. Bradford is well built with freestone got in its vicinity ; the surrounding

grounds rise gently from the town on almost every side ; and the sloping, irregular, green fields, intermixed with a few trees and neat houses, have a good effect, as seen from some parts of the town, and other points of view.

WE turn westwards from hence to HALIFAX, eight miles. The road not good : a flagged path on one side accommodates foot travellers. The country is naked, and the soil generally rather light, but not fertile. Stone walls divide the fields, wherein we frequently observe furze or whins growing plentifully—a circumstance which marks a neglected state of agriculture. The surface is rather high and hilly ; and some black-looking commons appear near Halifax.

THE population of this country, notwithstanding the sterility of the soil, is incalculable : houses and cottages are every where in great numbers, as far as the eye can reach ; and little is attended to by the inhabitants besides the woollen manufacture, for which this district is particularly noted : it affords labour and bread to innumerable families, who quit their own counties in the hopes of finding an increase of wages here. How far their expectations are answered is uncertain ; but, if one may judge from their conduct and appearance, poverty still too generally prevails : almost every village exhibits strong

marks of abject misery ; the children, cloathed in rags and dirt, run in troops after the traveller, begging halfpence, as long as they can keep pace with him. Does not this indicate inattention either in the police or parish officers ? Begging, in every shape, ought to be discouraged ; it is the sure concomitant of idleness, and often of something worse.

HALIFAX is surrounded by a rather bleak country ; stands low, and on the declivity of a hill, the foot of which is washed by a small brook. It is a place of ancient note in the woollen manufactory. The parish covers about 150 square miles, and contains thirteen chapels of ease—these are proofs of the ancient wildness, thinly inhabited, and desert-like state of the country. It appears from an old manuscript, that in 1443 there were no more than thirteen houses in Halifax ; which number, in 120 years, was increased to 520 houses. It is probable that about this period trade was introduced : in 1520, one of the three great clothiers of the north of England lived at Halifax. WRIGHT, the historian of Halifax, affirms, that the woollen trade was brought here from Rippon, for the sake of the advantage of coals and water. There is a tradition that it first came into Yorkshire out of Devonshire, where it had been established by some workmen from Flanders. About the 17th EDWARD IV.

two fulling mills were erected at Rastrick, within this parish ; but the reign of HENRY VII. has by some been mentioned as the principal period of the introduction of the woollen manufacture in these parts.

THE manor of Halifax is parcel of the very extensive one of Wakefield. Great part of it was anciently called the Liberty of the Forest of Sowerbyshire, or of Hardwick. Within this Liberty a very singular custom long prevailed, called *Halifax gibbet law*. It consisted in a summary mode of trying, and capitally punishing, felons, (apparently thieves only) taken within the liberties, with the goods found about them, or upon their own confession ; and the mode of execution was beheading, by means of an instrument called a gibbet, consisting of two upright pieces of timber joined by a transverse piece, within which was a square block of wood sliding in grooves, worked in the uprights, and armed below with an iron axe : this being drawn up, was let fall suddenly, either by pulling out a pin, or cutting a cord that supported it ; and thus the malefactor's head was at once struck off.—An engine exactly of the same kind was for some time used at Edinburgh, under the name of *the maiden* ; but whether this was the original, or only a copy, is disputed. It has lately been revived, with improvements, in France, under the name of the

too famous *guillotine* ; which appears, however, to have been an original invention of the person whose name it bears. With respect to this at Halifax, it seems to have been pretty freely used, especially after it became a manufacturing town, against the robbers of tenter grounds. The last executions by it were in 1650 ; the practice was then put a stop to, the bailiff being threatened with a prosecution if he should repeat it. Forty-nine persons had suffered by it, from the first entries in the register in the year 1541. A raised platform of stone on which the gibbet was placed is still remaining in Gibbet-lane.

MR. PENNANT gives the following account of this remarkable custom :

“ THE time when this custom took place is unknown ; whether Earl WARREN, lord of this Forest, might have established it among the sanguinary laws then in use among the invaders of the hunting rights, or whether it might not have taken place after the woollen manufactures at Halifax began to gain strength, is uncertain. The last is very probable ; for the wild country around the town was inhabited by a lawless set, whose depredations on the *cloth tenters* might soon stifle the efforts of infant industry. For the protection of trade, and for the greater terror of offenders by speedy execution, this custom seems to have been

established, so as at last to receive the force of law ; which was, ‘ That if a felon be taken within the liberty of the Forest of Hardwick, with goods stolen out or within the said precincts, either *hand-habend*, *back-berand*, or *confession’d*, to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny, he shall, after three market-days or meeting-days within the town of Halifax next after such his apprehension and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut from its body.’

“ THE offender had always a fair trial ; for as soon as he was taken he was brought to the Lord’s bailiff, at Halifax ; he was then exposed on the three markets (which here were held thrice a week) placed in a stocks, with the goods stolen on his back ; or, if the theft was of the cattle kind, they were placed by him ; and this was done both to strike terror in others and to produce new informations against him. The bailiff then summoned four freeholders of each town within the Forest, to form a jury. The felon and prosecutors were brought face to face ; the goods, the cow, or horse, or whatsoever was stolen, produced. If he was found guilty he was remanded to prison, had a week’s time allowed for preparation, and was then conveyed to this spot, where his head was struck off by this machine.

“ THIS privilege was very freely used du-

ring the reign of ELIZABETH : the records before that time were lost. Twenty-five suffered in her reign, and at least twelve from the year 1623 to 1650 ; after which, I believe, the privilege was no more exerted.

“ THIS machine of death is now destroyed ; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the Parliament-house at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent MORTON, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself.—It is in the form of a painter’s easel, and about ten feet high. At four feet from the bottom is a cross bar, on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves ; in these is placed a sharp axe, with a yast weight of lead, supported at the very summit with a peg ; to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method. If the sufferer is condemned for stealing a horse or a cow, the string is tied to the beast, which, on being whipped, pulls out the peg and becomes the executioner.”

THE streets of Halifax are narrow, but have flagged walks on each side. It is well built of

white stone, and is increasing in buildings and population. The wealth of the place is evident from the number of neat seats in the neighbourhood, built by the merchants and manufacturers, and decorated with groves of trees, walks, gardens, &c. The market-house, or piece-hall, lately erected, is an elegant building, nearly square ; the outside 112 yards by 100, and the inside 100 yards by 88. It has three floors on the lower part, and two on the higher, and contains in all 315 different rooms or apartments for the reception and sale of manufactured stuffs. Each of these rooms belongs to a different manufacturer, and costs him £28 ; and it is reckoned that not less than £50,000 worth of goods are exposed for sale therein at a time. There is a covered walk before every tier of shops, by means of which the merchants can go from one shop to another, without inconvenience, in the wettest weather. This house is only open on the market days.—The church is a fine Gothic building of good appearance, and with a high tower. Being found too small for the congregation, an Act of Parliament has lately been obtained for the erection of a new church. The church-yard is wholly covered with flat tombstones, laid on the surface. Houses, which open into the church-yard, form the wall about a great part of it ; but they are certainly not calculated for people of nice feel-

ings, graves being daily opened within a few yards of the doors, and human bones tumbling about on every side.—The population, in 1801, was estimated at 9000 inhabitants.

THE principal fabrics in this town are tam-mies, calimancoes, russets, and broad and narrow cloths. They are generally woven by poor manufacturers, and sold in an unfinished state to the merchants, who dye and prepare them for foreign and home consumption.

HALIFAX enjoys the benefit of a water carriage from Sowerby-bridge, in its vicinity, along the Calder, to Hull : the Act of Parliament for which navigation was obtained in 1757. Its communications by water will be much extended by the Rochdale canal, connecting the Calder at Sowerby-bridge with the Duke of BRIDGE-WATER's canal at Manchester. Coals are found in various parts of its neighbourhood, as is excellent white freestone, in great abundance : this freestone is cut into very large flags, which bear a fine polish, and are sent, by water carriage, to pave the streets of London, and for several other uses in the south of England.

RETURN to Bradford, and from thence proceed to Skipton, by way of Bingley, and Keighley, twenty miles.—From Bradford to Bingley, seven miles : the road bad ; face of the country

billy, and a whitish clayey soil prevails. The country, after leaving Bradford, has a naked appearance. Manufactures continue ; and the population great and increasing.—BINGLEY is a large village on the banks of the river Air, and is visited by the Leeds and Liverpool canal. A very pleasant and fertile valley here commences, and extends, with the river, to Keighley, about three miles. The soil a strong loam, and well adapted for the production of wheat, though little of that grain is cultivated. The husbandry is, in general, wretched. A great number of trees and pieces of woodland in this valley : the fields are small, and hedges neat. Fine white flags are got so plentifully in this district, that even footpaths through corn fields are paved therewith. Heathy-topped hills, with rocky fronts, now hover over the vale.—KEIGHLEY is a small market-town, near which is a large cotton manufactory. The canal and river Air pass by this town. From hence to Skipton (ten miles) the road leads along a winding vale about half a mile broad ; and accompanies the Leeds and Liverpool canal the greatest part of the way. The surface of the country is rather uneven, and the general appearance somewhat barren. The houses look old, and are more thinly scattered—an indication of our departure from the manufacturing districts.

SKIPTON is a small market-town, containing nearly 3000 inhabitants. The streets are rather narrow, but buildings good. No manufacture, except a few cotton works at a small distance.—Mountains appear at various distances on every side.—The Leeds and Liverpool canal touches this town.—The parishes in this district are extensive, and the churches have generally large square towers.

WE continue our route towards Settle, by way of Gargrave, till we reach the village of Coniston, seven miles. There a road turns to the left, through a thinly inhabited grazing country, to Colne, on the edge of Lancashire; and another leaves the main road on the right, to Malham, by way of Kirkby. During the first four miles from Skipton we travel through a beautiful, level, and fertile country: the soil is a pretty strong loam, and mostly in pasture: the road crosses the canal twice.—From Coniston to Settle the soil is generally more heavy and cold, the surface of the country hilly, and mostly divided into pretty large grazing farms. The vale of the Ribble, which the road soon enters, is, upon the whole, not unpleasant. If we take a view of the country from Coniston to Colne (about ten miles) we shall find a fine rural grazing country; farms and fields very large, and the surface hilly. Several seats, parks, and pleasure grounds appear

at various distances from the road, as do a great number of trees, particularly ash and sycamore, not only in hedge-rows, but in small collections. Afterwards the manufacturing of cotton commences, and the clack of the loom is perpetually heard : new buildings have been erected, and the old ones converted into weaving shops. This scene increases as we approach Colne. In short, the cotton manufacture, like the flowing of the tide, seems creeping into this part of Yorkshire with irresistible force. The road very crooked, often bad ; and, from the number of cross-roads, sometimes difficult to find. The canal crosses the road different times, and is frequently seen winding along the valley : it perforates a rising ground in an arched tunnel for near one mile.—Buildings in this district are good. Freestone is got in great quantities towards Colne. Distant high mountains appear on every side, and some black heathy-topped moors approach the road on the Lancashire borders ; while other hills are inclosed, and cultivated almost to their summits.

FROM Coniston it will be convenient to proceed eastwards, in order to view the caves, and other natural curiosities, in the neighbourhood of Malham ; from whence we may go northwards, by way of Settle and Ingleton, and visit the surprising works of Nature in their neighbourhood.

THE distance from Coniston to Malham is about six miles, along a pleasant valley, washed by the river Air. High irregular grounds appear on each side, the declivities of which, as well as the valley below, are interspersed with thinly-scattered farm-houses, large pasture fields, well wooded, and some regular-built villages. This is wholly an agricultural country, but grass is much more attended to than corn. The cattle are excellent, being the best breeds of the Lancashire long-horned sort. The sheep are horned, white-faced, fine-wooled, and pretty large, somewhat resembling the Dorsetshire breed : they are rather peculiar to this district, and other hills in these parts of Yorkshire ; and are esteemed a profitable sort. The roads are generally bad, and little frequented, as they principally lead into the mountainous parts of this county, among the sequestered dales inhabited only by farmers and shepherds.

MALHAM (provincially called *Maum*) is a small but pretty well-built village, situated at the head of the vale (which is here contracted) near the source of the river Air, with high mountains, and rising grounds on every side.

HAPPENING to arrive at Malham during the fair, we were unfortunate in not being able to procure tolerable accommodations at the inn, which

was so fully occupied with farmers and dealers in cattle, that it was with the greatest difficulty that either a seat near the fire, or any comfortable refreshment, could be procured.—Cattle and sheep of excellent sorts, and in great numbers, were exposed to sale in the village by a set of jolly, healthy-looking farmers. On the afternoon, as soon as the cattle and sheep are disposed of, the old people return homewards : when the young of both sexes, from all the neighbouring dales, come to Malham, and spend the evening in dancing to the music of a village minstrel.—A little stall, placed among the mud, with a little hardware, and a few baubles thereon, attended by an old man, and surrounded with a gaping crowd of wondering rustic boys, formed the only signs of traffic (sheep and cattle excepted) observable at this rural fair.—The perpetual clack of tongues, and the frequent repetition of “ *Not a farthing less,*” “ *Not one halfpenny more,*” continually struck the ear, at the same time being almost suffocated with the fumes of tobacco and punch issuing from every quarter. We soon became disgusted with our inn (which, at any other time, would, perhaps, afford the traveller very comfortable accommodations) and procured a guide as soon as possible to shew us the curiosities in the vicinity.

MALHAM tarn is a circular-formed lake, of

about a mile in diameter, and remarkably situated on a high moor at a little distance from the village. The surrounding objects form no very interesting scene, but the lake itself is of fine clear water, and contains trout in abundance, and of very great weight. Mr. LEICESTER, the proprietor of this water, is very strict in the preservation of the fish. The river Air takes its rise in this lake; but does not proceed far before it descends through a subterraneous passage, and again appears issuing from the foot of a rock of immense height, called Malham Cove. During heavy rains this subterraneous passage is too confined to admit the necessary discharge of water, the remainder of which makes its way along the surface till it reaches the top of the rock, and then tumbles down, in a majestic cascade, with a fall of about 60 yards.

MALHAM Cove is a perpendicular limestone rock of 288 feet high, whose front wears the grizzly tint of age. Near its top are two shelves, one above the other, covered with a carpet of grass, and a few shrubs, which take root in the crevices. On these frightful ledges, which would seem almost sufficient to make a goat tremble, we are told, the nymphs and swains of the village, and adjoining dales, frequently sit and amuse themselves during part of a fine Sunday afternoon, without the least accident having

ever happened in consequence : the danger indeed, though considerable, is not so great as it appears to be from the bottom. This rock is chiefly remarkable for its perpendicular and very extraordinary height, and its fine colour, which gives it the appearance of an old wall of prodigious strength : it forms the base of a mountain of considerable elevation, whose feet and sides, particularly towards the west, are fringed with shrubberies and brushwood.

GORDALE Scar is the principal object of most travellers who visit Malham. This extraordinary work of nature lies about a mile and a quarter south of the village : we proceed one mile along a good carriage road, with a deep dell on the right, to the bottom of which the waving green fields slope irregularly ; on the left is a ridge of hills which runs on, and, with a grim countenance, seems to turn across the direction of the road. We leave the road, turning to the left near a new farm-house, and follow the course of a small murmuring brook through some meagre fields, inclosed with stone walls ; while a monstrous chasm in the dismal-looking mountains stares us in the face. The craggy ridges on each side rise to a terrific height, and approach each other ; while the desolate glen contracts in proportion, and, a little farther, seems totally shut up by a close embrace of these monsters.—The

brook rattling along its stony channel, brings a yellow substance along with it, which tinges all the pebbles with that colour, and even forms a thin coating over them. We now seem to approach the end of our excursion; the grey rocks on each hand, intermixed with small evergreen shrubs and verdant turf, ascend, *stratum super stratum*, in a pretty regular sloping position, to the height of 300 or 400 feet perpendicular from the base.—Pursuing the dim path, and cautiously directing our steps over fragments of rocks towards a rent in the mountain immediately before us, with the brook on our left, we suddenly turn an acute angle of a perpendicular rock to the right, when a scene at once opens in full view, which excites the greatest astonishment. We perceive ourselves just entering the apparent ruins of a huge castle, whose walls are mostly entire to the height of about 120 feet. The gloomy mansion strikes us with horror; and a lively fancy would readily place before us the massy form and surly looks of its ancient gigantic inhabitants. What greatly adds to the sensations of fear and amazement, which every one must feel, in some degree, on his first entering herein, are the rushing cataracts at the farther end, and the hanging walls, particularly that on the right, which projects considerably over its base, and threatens to crush the trembling visitant. The

form of this chasm is somewhat elliptical, quite open at the north end ; but the south end, through which the water pours, although partly open, is sufficiently barred up by immense fragments of rocks so as to prevent all further progress. It consists of two apartments, or areas ; the first is about 100 yards by 40 ; the other is inaccessible, and appears to be about 20 yards by 10 ; its area probably a pool of water. At the farther end, a stream issues from the top of the rock, and falling 8 or 10 yards at one leap, disappears in the upper apartment, till, reaching its confines, it again tumbles down in a broken sheet of foam into the greater area, and hurries down a rough channel to the river Air. The walls are black ; and, as before observed, project frightfully over their bases ; bushes of ivy and some small ash trees appear on the tops of these rocks, from the pores of whose horrid front large drops of water continually distil. No roof seems ever to have covered this gaping wonder of nature. Part of the rock, over which the brook forms the latter cascade, is a soft, yellow, calcareous substance, and extremely porous : it wastes away continually by the washing of the water, and adheres to the stones, occasioning the curious appearance before noticed. Our guide related to us the following dreadful accident, which occurred near the scene just described, not many months be-

fore our visit.—As two men traversed these wild mountains, they were benighted, and unfortunately missing their way, they came to this horrid precipice, when one of them stepped over its brink, and instantly disappeared, without time to utter a syllable as a warning to his companion. The companion, however, alarmed and terrified at the accident, dared no longer to walk erect, but creeping on his knees, and examining with his hands, he was so fortunate as at last to regain the road in safety. The body of the unhappy traveller, which had pitched on several rocky shelves in its fall, was found next morning lodged in a bush of ivy, more than half way down the dreadful precipice.

WE now proceed from Malham to Settle, seven miles. The road (where it can be called such) leads us over a wild hilly country, and extensive tracts of moors.—Ascending a steep hill from Malham, we come upon a rocky common, and presently lose almost every vestige of a path.—Here are several pits, from which calamine (a kind of fossil bituminous earth) is dug, close to the road. We continue to traverse a high elevated country, till at length we descend rapidly to Settle, in the vale of the Ribble. Excepting the moors, we see little besides large grazing farms, with stone walls dividing the fields.—It is wholly a limestone soil, the rocks of which stone are

peeping up above the surface very frequently, and in some places hang upon the sides of the hills in awful precipices. The road is no where good, and some of it almost impassable, notwithstanding the abundance of excellent materials every where at hand : but its being not much frequented is probably the reason that so little labour and care are bestowed upon it. On the moors, the traveller has no other guide than some distant mountain to direct his steps, of which he is deprived in misty weather, which is frequent in this country.—When we crossed this mountainous pass, a thick mist surrounded us in darkness, and would certainly have caused us to deviate from the right path, had not the tracks of a cart, which had passed that morning from Settle to the fair at Malham, acted as a guide, and conducted us in safety. This road between Settle and Malham is, by no means, to be recommended to strangers, except in clear weather ; and even then with every necessary direction and precaution ; that by way of Long-Preston, though tolerably good, is a circuitous route of about fifteen miles.

SETTLE is an inconsiderable market-town, containing about 900 inhabitants. It is ancient, and was once famous for its manufacture of, and trade in, leather and hides, which are now on the decline : a fair, however, is still kept here, once

a fortnight, for the sale of these articles, and also of fat cattle. Its situation, with respect to the neighbouring country, is low, and the vale before it extensive and pleasant. It stands near the base of a white limestone rock, called Castlebar, which some travellers say resembles that of Gibraltar, and is 300 feet above the level of the town. The inhabitants have lately been at the expence of cutting an easy winding path to the top of it, from whence there is a fine prospect of all the vale below, and the long range of craggy hills on each hand, which shew a mixture of grey rock and luxuriant verdure. In cutting stones from this rock fragments of great magnitude have sometimes rolled down, breaking through the garden walls, which stand on a sloping ground at the foot of the hill, forcing their way into the street, and sometimes even damaging houses.

THIS district enjoys a fine air, and plenty of excellent water. Land is generally applied to the purposes of grazing, to which the soil seems peculiarly adapted, being a fine hazel mould upon a stratum of limestone.—On climbing to the top of a high mountain near Settle, we found fat bullocks feeding on remarkably long, rich, and thick grass, which we thought the most singular instance of the luxuriance of mountain pasturage. We were told that most of the neighbouring hills have an equal propensity to the produc-

tion of grass. From a want of trees (stone walls being universally the fences) the country has a naked appearance.

THE pleasant village of GIGGLESWICK stands about a mile from Settle, on the road towards Ingleton : it was formerly a market-town, while Settle was only a hamlet, and it still contains the parish church to that place.—Giggleswick now principally consists of a few genteel houses.

ATTERMIRE Cave is a remarkable cavern, on the high moors, near two miles east from Settle. The approach to it is not without some danger, the only path leading along a ledge of a rocky precipice, which turns into the cave by an opening of about two yards by four. It then continues to vary its dimensions for near 20 yards, where the roof drops at once from 12 yards high to 18 inches, and rises but little for 20 yards further, when it suddenly opens into a spacious apartment of about 15 yards high. This gloomy mansion contains numberless chinks and recesses, fluted pillars and hanging petrifications. Sometimes you may ascend several yards, and sometimes descend a few paces. Frequently this subterraneous passage turns suddenly at right angles ; and then shuts close, so as scarcely to admit of a person to creep along ; and afterwards

enlarges again to a great extent.—About twenty yards within this cavern a well of fine water springs up, and issues out of its mouth. At the farthest end a deep hole drops down with an irregular inclination, which may be descended a little way without much danger. A stone thrown down is heard for some time with a rumbling noise.

IN a field, near the town of Settle, we are told a noise is always heard, like the distant clacking of a mill. No orifice in the ground, nor any external cause, appears : it is, however, supposed to be occasioned by a waterfall in one of those natural subterraneous perforations in the limestone so common in this rocky country.

THE mountains in this neighbourhood afford many curious petrifications.

WE proceed from hence to Ingleton, ten miles, along the turnpike road, which is the most eligible route for people unacquainted with the country. From Ingleton a good road conveys us directly to Chapel in the Dale, in the midst of those natural curiosities we are supposed to be in quest of ; having Ingleborough and its singular caves on the right, and Whernside, with its caverns, and the famous Yordas Cave, on the left. Some travellers, however, prefer going up the

side of the Ribble, by way of Horton and the base of Pennygant, and crossing the mountains to Chapel in the Dale. By that latter track they meet with several things worth notice ; the first of which are two cascades—the one in the Ribble, near Stainforth, not far from the road, of about six or eight yards high ; and the other a little above that village, of more than double that height.—Dowgill Scar, in the vicinity of Horton, is a high precipice of limestone rocks, from the top of which a grand fall of water is precipitated in rainy weather, but on other occasions it is received by a subterraneous passage. The scene is heightened by a romantic rocky gallery on the north.—Hulpit and Huntpit Holes, on the declivities of Pennygant, about two miles from Horton, are two awful orifices : the former looks like the ruins of an enormous Gothic castle, with the roof fallen in, and the walls left standing ; the latter resembles a deep funnel, and its approach is dangerous. Horton beck runs through the one of these pits, and Bransil beck through the other : each of these brooks passes under ground for about a mile ; Horton beck emerging again at Dowgill Scar, and Bransil beck at Bransil-head. But what is most extraordinary, these subterraneous brooks cross each other in the bowels of the earth without mixing their waters, the bed of the one being on a stratum above the other ; which cir-

cumstance was discovered by the muddy water after a sheep washing going down the one passage, while the husks of oats were sent down the other.—Pennygant is a towering and elegant mountain standing pre-eminent among several lesser fells.

IN our proposed route from Settle, we leave Giggleswick on the left, and soon have a piece of shallow water on one side, and a high ridge of prominent limestone rocks on the other. The hoary fronts of these precipices are softened towards the south with a covering of trees, which spread considerably up their sides; but afterwards, for upwards of a mile, the grizzly naked rock increases in height and grandeur, till its top is near 200 feet perpendicular upon the large sloping base.—Ivy and yew spring out of its crevices: the former creeps up and ornaments its aged brows with continual verdure, while the nodding plumes of the latter add still more beauty to the scene. This rock accompanies the road for some miles, like an immense wall, and contains different chasms which are seen from thence—one of these exactly resembles a large gateway, but does not penetrate above seven or eight yards into the rock: in another, called Kalecow Hole, the opening extends a considerable way, but so low and narrow, that it is not explored without some difficulty.

UNDER the highest part of this scar, about two miles from Settle, and close by the road, is that remarkable ebbing and flowing, or rather reciprocating well, which is deservedly noticed by all travellers who pass that way. A stone trough, of about a yard square, is placed over the spring, with openings at different heights to admit the issuing of the water at different times. Its reciprocations seem very irregular, and are said almost to cease in times of very great rains or long continued droughts. Sometimes it will rise and fall near a foot in this reservoir every ten or fifteen minutes. In October 1797, about one o'clock P. M. this singular well rose and fell twice in ten minutes, but very irregularly. Just after our arrival the water began to fall, and in three minutes it fell five inches ; it then continued stationary for about half a minute, and afterwards rose almost to the same height in less than one minute, boiling up violently in different places, and throwing out a quantity of sand. It afterwards fell one inch and a half, and then only rose an inch. The boiling, or emission of water from the ground, seems to stop almost instantly, and to resume its operations, when it begins to flow again, with equal abruptness.

Mr. JOHN SWAINSTON, of Kendal, visited the well in 1796, and took the following note :

“*GIGGLESWICK WELL*, 7th April, 12½ P. M.
—Settled 11 inches in about 4 minutes ; it flowed to the same height in 2 minutes. Next time did not go so low by 2 inches. When at low ebb it begins to rise immediately. There seemed no interval between its low ebb and rising, nor betwixt its being full and beginning to ebb again.”

THIS singular phenomenon is difficult to account for ; nor has it ever yet been satisfactorily done. That conjecture, however, which supposes it to be occasioned by a natural syphon in the bowels of the earth, though liable to some objections, seems the most plausible : *Drunken Barnaby*, who wrote his Itinerary upwards of a hundred and fifty years ago, mentions this well, and observed that it puzzled the learned of his age :

“ Near to the way, as a traveller goes,
A fine fresh spring both ebbs and flows ;
Neither know the learn’d that travel
What procures it, salt or gravel.”

WE pursue our journey, and find the road pretty good. The soil is, in general, a brown gravelly loam. The vale is inclosed by high hills on each side, but of unequal breadths, from one to four miles, and consists of irregular swells. The farms are small, and fields divided with stone walls. Little corn is produced, as the farmers

place their chief dependence on their grass lands ; indeed they are wretched cultivators of arable land. Sowing artificial grasses is a process in husbandry unknown in this district, of which the following circumstance fully convinced us. In travelling this road we met with a respectable-looking farmer, who accompanied us for several miles : the conversation turned chiefly on the state of agriculture, and, among other subjects, that of artificial grasses being mentioned, he remarked, that no such thing was practised here, but that he had heard of grass seeds being sown in some parts of the country ; and he wished to know what sorts would best answer his purpose, and where to procure them, as he had half an acre of *prawd** potatoe ground, which he meant to sow with barley, but its being rich, and unusually clean from old grass roots, he feared it would be at least two years before a sufficient quantity of natural grass would appear.

THE village of CLAPHAM, through which the road leads, is well built ; as, indeed, are most of the houses in this district. Several small pleasant seats enliven the country. The round-topped mountain Ingleborough soon becomes a prominent object, rearing its majestic head as we approach Ingleton, which is situated at the extre-

* *Prawd*, or Proud—extremely rich.

mity of its huge base, though at least three miles and a half from its summit.

INGLETON is a large well-built village, and affords tolerable inns, with good accommodations, particularly at the Bay Horse. A cotton mill has lately been erected in this village.

HAVING procured a proper guide, we now make an excursion to the caves, &c. in this neighbourhood. On our last visit to this place, we found an excellent guide in WILLIAM WILSON, of Ingleton, an old soldier, who is furnished with the necessary apparatus of a lanthorn, long candlestick, &c. for the purpose, and who, without any knowledge of botany but merely from having attended botanists, can point out some rare and curious plants. This veteran joins an easy familiarity in relating the history of each place we visit, with due respect and attention towards those he conducts. An account of his own adventures fills up the vacant intervals of time.

MUCH will depend on the weather and time of the day in determining which place ought to be first visited ; an intelligent guide will, however, readily decide. The route we took, which we shall now point out, is most commonly adopted.

LEAVING Ingleton on the north, we cross the bridge, and, if on horseback, go about by Thornton ; but, if on foot, turn over a stile to the right, and proceed along a footpath near the brook called Doe beck. We presently come upon Thornton Scar, a tremendous cliff, partly clothed with wood, and partly exhibiting the bare rock. This scar is about 100 yards high, and runs up a considerable way, varying its elevation, into the mountains, along with one not quite so perpendicular on the other side. These unite so closely at the bottom, that the frightful chasm scarcely leaves room for the hurrying brook to escape by a precipitate flight over a succession of small cascades. Here is a stratum of that species of rock of which the blue slate is formed, and from which great quantities are got. Following the course of this romantic dell a little way, along a dim path on the borders of the green hills, we gain the view of Thornton Force, a curious fall of water, which appears more grand on a nearer approach. This fine cascade is formed by the Doe, which issues out of Kingsdale ; it partly rushes from an aperture of the rock, having entered it 50 or 60 yards above, and falls at one leap near 30 yards ; and partly from the top of a rocky ledge 30 yards high, over half of which it falls in one unbroken sheet of 4 yards wide, and then tumbles over a bulging rock into a deep

black pool below. A spray, like a mist, rises from this cataract, which continually sprinkles the ground for several yards around. The tops and sides of the rocks are beautifully fringed with ivy and other shrubs. They are a few yards higher than the cascade; and the whole, viewed from the bason below, forms a fine picture, leaving little for the imagination of the artist to supply. Here our guide, with a degree of vanity, observed that he once had the honour of walking, arm in arm, with a lady on the rocks immediately above the cascade, while a gentleman, her husband, sat by the pool below drawing a view of the waterfall, and included them in the picture. The gentleman, however, insisted that he should wear his usual accoutrements, viz. a lanthorn slung over his shoulder, a long stick in his hand, and a short tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with its head inverted. This rock is limestone upon a layer of blue slate.—Pursuing the course of the brook for about 200 yards further, we reach Raven-ree, a rocky promontory 40 yards high, and spotted with ivy, yew, and other evergreen shrubs.—Ascending the mountains a little further, we soon enter Kingsdale, which is a remarkably level, and, considering its high elevation, a fertile valley, about a mile in length, and 300 yards broad; with the mountain Gregroof on the north; Whernside, one of the

highest mountains in England, on the south-east; and a high ridge extending from thence on the south. Towards the head of this secluded vale, under the northern skirts of a mountain, stands a solitary farm-house, called Breadagarth, surrounded with a few meagre-looking fields, while all the surrounding country has the appearance of a wild unfrequented desert; with, here and there, two or three sheep peeping from among the rocks. The limestone here assumes the most fantastic appearance, particularly on Greg-roof, where the mountain seems, at some time, to have undergone a sort of anatomical preparation; when the coating of earth or muscular parts have been taken away, and the rocky bones of this huge monster left to the inspection of the naturalist and philosopher. Seven tiers of perpendicular naked rocks, with sloping intervals (exhibiting scanty portions of earth) one above another, like the ribs of a skeleton, run along the sides of this mountain; but, contrary to the direction of ribs in animal nature, they run parallel to the spine.—We pursue our journey along the north side of the vale, with the winding brook on the right, till the path leads us close by Kelhead, where the rivulet emerges from a subterraneous passage, which it enters at Yordas Cave. This second source of the brook is a deep circular bason, which, our guide informed us,

lately proved fatal to an unfortunate tailor, who having been working at Bredagarth, and returning home in the night, had stepped half a yard out of his road, as he passed Keldhead, and tumbled about 15 yards down a sloping height into the pool below, where he was found drowned the next day. We warily and slowly pursued our direct route, while our guide went across the vale to Breadagarth to procure a light, and his large candlestick, which he always leaves there to be in readiness. The road before us, though little frequented, is the only one in or near this valley: it crosses the hills, on the north side of Whernside, into the pleasant vale of Dentdale.

HAVING travelled about four miles from Ingleton, we find ourselves at Yordas Cave, one of the principal objects of this excursion. It is situated near the east end of the vale, under the mountain Greg-roof, and to which we turn a little out of the road, on the left, over a carpet of bent grass, interspersed with fragments of grey rock.—The cave does not appear till we get through some sheep-folds, and are within a few yards of its entrance, which is rather alarming; for we no sooner descend gently through a rude arched opening, four yards by seven, like the gateway of some ancient castle, than we see stones of enormous weight pending from the roof,

apparently loose, and ready to fall down upon our heads. From these surprising objects our attention is directed to the solemn and gloomy mansions which we now enter, when the noise of a waterfall is heard at a distance. The roof rises to a height concealed in darkness, and large drops distilling therefrom, fall among the stones at the bottom with a solemn sound : this, added to the flowing of an invisible stream, heard just before us, and the slipperiness of the stones under our feet, rouses our apprehensions for personal safety, and we stop short.—Our guide now places himself upon the fragments of a rock, and strikes up his lights, consisting of six or eight candles, put into as many holes of a stick, with which, by the help of a long pole fixed therein, he can illuminate a considerable space. His tobacco-pipe, being prepared and lighted, is held in his mouth, with his flambeau in one hand, and a staff in the other, the cock of his hat being placed before, he gives us the signal of a march by, “ Now come along.”—Though under the conduct of such an experienced leader, and assured that the danger is merely imaginary, we journey on with cautious steps. The cave opens into an apartment so spacious and extensive, that, with all the blaze of our elevated candles, we could scarcely see either its roof or its walls. On turning to the right, we immediately lose sight of

day ; the noise of the cataract increases, and we soon find ourselves on the brink of a subterraneous rivulet.—No cave in romance, no den of lions, giants or serpents, nor any haunts of ghosts or fairies, were ever described more frightfully, gloomy and dismal, than this now before us.—After passing the brook, and cautiously proceeding 30 or 40 yards further, we are under the necessity of climbing over a rugged heap of huge rocks, which had, some time or other, fallen from the roof or sides of the cave ; but now are incrustated over with a smooth calcareous substance. Being at length more habituated to darkness, our lights had a better effect ; the high smooth roof and walls are seen distinctly, as well as the curious petrifications hanging therefrom. On the right we observed, among several other curiously incrustated figures, a projecting one, which our guide called the Bishop's Throne, from its great resemblance to that appendage of a cathedral ; on the other side, a seemingly emblematical monument springs from the wall, about three yards above the floor, with various uncouth representations, of which that of a lion's head is the most conspicuous. Another confused mass of incrustated matter bears some resemblance to a large organ.—We now enter a narrow pass of five or six yards, where the roof is supported by seven pillars : there is only room for one person in

breadth ; but the height is very considerable. The internal brook pushes along this crevice, which renders it the most difficult part of our subterraneous excursion, and which, after great rains, effectually excludes a passage. The slipperiness of the stones had nearly occasioned an unpleasant event during our visit to this cave ; our guide, with his collection of luminaries, tumbled into the brook, and had nearly left us in darkness ; but when he fell, we were more particularly afraid lest he should drop into some deep chasm of the rock, which might have proved fatal. However, he arose without receiving much injury ; and, resuming our journey, we soon reached the cascade which we had heard for some time at a distance : it issues from an opening in the rock, and falls about four or five yards into a circular apartment, roofed with a fine dome. This apartment some visitants have named the Chapter-house.—The broad sheet of water, the spray arising from the fall, and the beautiful petrifications, all illuminated with the light of the candles, produce effects in this natural edifice which the puny efforts of art may attempt to imitate, but in vain. Near the Chapter-house, there is an opening, through which a person may creep, and arrive at other large apartments ; but we did not attempt the experiment. The colonnade affords a number of curious recesses : its

pillars are broad, extremely thin, rudely indented, and perforated in several places. On our return, we could discern the nature and dimensions of this spacious cavern more distinctly. Its walls are a sort of black marble, the roof pretty smooth, and beautifully veined with red and white ; the floor is strewn with stones and pieces of rock. The whole length of this singular cavern is between 50 and 60 yards ; its breadth 13 yards ; and height 47 feet.—On entering this cave its area enlarges every way, and we reach the opposite wall, after walking about 23 yards ; the principal part, just described, lies to the right ; but it extends also on the other hand, and unfolds some wonderful closets, called Yordas Bedchamber, Yordas Oven, &c. Here also the brook buries itself still deeper, and proceeds under ground to Keldhead, before mentioned. This brook rises in the mountains above Yordas, and falls in among the rocks just before it reaches the cave.

WE leave the dark excavations with redoubled sentiments of gratitude towards the Almighty, for the blessings he affords us in the light of the sun, which, after being buried for some time in these murky regions, we now enjoy with still greater pleasure.

OUR guide seriously remarked to us, that this place had formerly been the residence of a

giant called *Yordas* ; from which circumstance he accounts for its name. The history of this cave records two remarkable facts.—About half a century ago, a lunatic escaped from his friends at or near Ingleton, and lived here upwards of a week in the winter season, having previously provided himself with cheese and other provisions. Snow being on the ground he was sagacious enough to pull the heels off his shoes, and set them on inverted at the toes, to prevent being traced. Since that time, a poor woman, big with child, travelling alone through this inhospitable vale, to Dentdale, was taken in labour, and found dead in this cave.

ON the upper side of *Yordas* Cave is a quarry of black marble, from which elegant monuments, chimney-pieces, slabs, and other ornaments, are dug.

NEAR a mile to the north-west of *Yordas*, upon the same mountain, but considerably higher, is *Gingling* Cave, situated on a green plain, by the side of a brook, looking down into the vale. This natural orifice is of a circular shape ; narrow at the top, but probably dilating its dimensions below to a great extent. Stones thrown down are heard ginglyng along, in different tones, from one tier of rocks to another ; sometimes there are intervals of silence ; then

deeper and more distant sounds again strike the ear, till they are either out of the reach of our hearing, or are plunged in some pool of water at the bottom. It is dangerous to approach the margin of this abyss ; and animals seem to discover the same fearful trepidations, on hearing stones tumbling down, which they feel during the shock of an earthquake. No one has hitherto been hardy enough to descend into this vast hiatus by the means of ropes, for the purpose of making subterraneous discoveries.

SOME other openings of the same kind, but of inferior size, are found in this mountain.

RETURNING to Kingsdale, we cross the valley near the farm cottage, and proceed about three miles over the mountain, to Chapel in the Dale, but without any path, or other mark to direct our steps, except the top of Ingleborough and other prominences. The moors are partly covered with peat-moss, and partly with limestone rock, so curiously disposed, that it seems as if it had been originally poured upon it in a liquid state, spread itself into large plains, and afterwards opened and cracked into the most whimsical forms. Sometimes we meet with circular funnel-like holes, smooth and regular. Large stones, quite detached, are often observed lying, as if placed by art, on the rocky plain,

and might be tumbled about thereon, did not their immense weight render it difficult for any contrivance of art to move them.—Ingleborough, with his steep rocky sides and hoary front, boldly rears his round highly-elevated head in full view before us, while Whernside lies on the left : though nearly as high as Ingleborough, the far-extended base of this surly mountain has a much more humble appearance than his frowning neighbour. The long naked vale of Chapel le Dale lies at our feet, like a green strip of silk connecting two webs of the coarsest cloth.—We presently descend the hill, winding our way among some small straggling farms and humble cottages. The little fields are separated with stone walls, with sometimes an occasional tree, which greatly enlivens the scene.

ON our approach to a noisy brook, the guide announces our arrival near Weathercote Cave, one of the most singular and surprising cataracts in the island of Great Britain. In visiting this cave, it is necessary to make some application to the farmer in whose grounds it is situated, not far from the farm-house, and who, with a good-natured affability, attended our party to the door of the cave, which he unlocked, and modestly waited without till we had satisfied our curiosity.

WEATHERCOTE Cave is seated in a rather low field, where no such phenomenon is expected, and where no rude strokes of nature indicate any thing extraordinary. The green turf is only interrupted by some stone walls bordering a grove of small trees and shrubs, from whence issues the deep-toned hollow sound of a tremendous cataract, informing us, in very intelligible language, where the cave is to be found. The door is no sooner thrown open, than we see, through a grotesque arch of rugged rocks, a large body of water rushing from a square hole, and dashing down, among the rocks at the bottom of a vast craggy bason, about 60 feet perpendicular, with a roar that astonishes the most intrepid. This furious river, as if ashamed of exposing its streams to the open day, no sooner makes this frightful leap, than, in a moment, it disappears : when running under ground for about a mile, it again shews itself on the surface, in a more calm and peaceful state. From the gate at the entrance, we descend about fifteen yards, along a rocky steep. A little to the right, there is a cavity of about twenty yards in length, with a low roof, in which there is a petrifying spring, and a natural seat and table, where the philosopher, the recluse, or the poet, may study without interruption. These curiosities would be peculiarly engaging, where they placed in any other situation,

but here our whole attention is engrossed by the uniform and terrible dashing of the cascade before us.—Resuming our journey down this singular cave, and crawling from rock to rock for about fifteen yards, we find ourselves under the natural arch. A descent of about thirty yards further, down a similar path, conveys us to the margin of the foaming pool, where, if possible, our amazement is increased. The high fall of such a body of water, raises a spray which fills the cave with watery particles, like mist; a white foam boils in the most turbulent manner at the bottom, and the violent concussion seems to shake the very foundations of the rock. From ten to twelve o'clock in the forenoon, when the sun shines, a beautiful rainbow is generated in this cave; which, however, is a sight we did not enjoy.—On the left, a small quantity of water comes dashing down an opening, as if poured down the chimney of an old ruinous building.—The rocky walls of this cave, which are almost perpendicular, and on the north side upwards of an hundred feet high, are partly covered with a black moss. The lowest and largest part, and where the water falls, is somewhat circular, and quite open at the top.—One of the most striking features of this surprising scene, is a stone of an enormous magnitude, suspended over the hole from whence the water issues by its opposite an-

gles touching the sides of a crevice. This stone has certainly remained in its present situation for ages, and, however it may threaten the astonished spectator, with impending danger, may probably continue till the end of time.—During long-continued, heavy rains, this gaping wonder of Nature is sometimes unable to contain the water received into its rocky jaws, when it discharges itself copiously at its mouth. This, however, seldom happens ; for though frequently nearly full, yet, before it overflows, a large stream bursts forth, and issues from the well near Weathercote-house.—At the bottom there is a crevice, through which, when the water is low, a person may descend, and accompany the river a considerable distance, till a deep pool precludes any further advances. It is reported, that the owner of this cave, returning from an exploratory ramble in this part of his premises, mistook the road, and went a little way up the channel of another subterraneous river, which meets this directly underneath the cascade ; but remarking that the noise of the cataract decreased, he perceived his error, and returned.—At some distance there is another narrow passage, along which a person may crawl to where the cascade issues, and afterwards stand and walk erect ; but no one has ever yet been hardy enough to explore this opening much further.—A rugged winding path leads to

the top of a grotesque arch of solid limestone, fringed with trees and shrubs, from whence the whole scene appears in a new and interesting point of view.—After the sight of this great natural curiosity, no one will think the trifling gratuity of a shilling to the farmer ill bestowed, in compliance with the request expressed upon a board placed over the door of the cave.

PROCEEDING about one hundred and twenty yards down this vale, we arrive at Ginglepot, a natural chasm in the rock, about twenty-three yards long, three broad, and ten deep ; though at the south end it seems to sink lower, from whence a passage extends to an unknown length. A gingling noise is heard therein, from the trickling of subterraneous water ; and when a stone is thrown down, it produces hollow tinkling sounds as it tumbles along from north to south. This oblong pit is filled with water during floods, which then pours out over its edges. Some trees and shrubs are growing near it ; and, from the general appearance of the surrounding surface, such a curiosity is by no means expected.

WE continue our tour down this glen, proceeding with caution, lest one false step, on this deceitful ground, should plunge us into some unknown abyss.—Several curious petrifications are

found among the gravel, and in the fissures of the rocks ; such as shells, fish bones, &c. &c. also small screw-like cylinders ; all of which, Mr. WALKER observes, effervesce with acids, and creep in a plate filled with vinegar, like those found near Carrickfergus, in Ireland, by the discharge of fixed air.

ABOUT one hundred yards below Ginglepot an ash tree shoots forth its aged branches from the fissures of the rock, and forms an odd concretion with the stones and petrified shells : fragments of rocks, inclosing petrifications, are peeping from the tree, and just losing sight of day under the embraces of its bark.

CONTINUING our route a little further down, we arrive at Hurtlepot, a circular funnel-like hole, with a deep pit of black water at the bottom, which gives the place an awful aspect : its gloominess is considerably heightened by the number of trees, with their pendent branches, springing from its sides ; while a dark-coloured moss covers the surrounding rocks. Nothing appears which indicates our approach to such an awful chasm, nor are we aware of reaching it till just on its brink. A steep clayey bank afforded us a slippery passage to the margin of the pool : which, however, we should by no means have ventured to descend, had not our guide led the

way, and convinced us that the road was passable, but difficult, as neither stone nor tree is within our grasp. The rock on the opposite side is nearly perpendicular, and about thirty yards high, and much elevated on each side. This black pool of still water contains about one hundred square yards, and, at the opposite corner, extends under the pendent rocks to an unknown length. Its depth is not yet discovered ; but, if we may judge from the rising of bubbles after throwing in a stone, it must be very considerable indeed. The awful silence is occasionally broken by large drops distilling from the rocks into the water ; which, as well as the stones thrown in, and every word we utter causes a dismal hollow sound ; the glutting of the water also, against the dark recesses under the edges of the rock, occasions a frightful noise, which induces some of the neighbouring people to imagine that the place is haunted with ghosts.

A remarkable circumstance took place about thirty years ago, which proves that the water of Hurtlepot is immediately connected with that of Weathercote cave :—A woman lost her bonnet in Weathercote cave, which disappeared among the rocks, and afterwards was found in Hurtlepot ; consequently a subterraneous passage, together with the brook, leads from the former to

the latter. This channel also probably visits Ginglepot, as, during heavy rains, the water rises in each of them at the same time ; but the two lowest more frequently overflow.

HURTLEPOT is not without its finny inhabitants, large black trouts being often caught therein by the neighbouring people. Botanists also find some rare and curious plants here, among the great variety of those which seem to delight in occupying the sides of this murky dungeon.

ON our return from this gloomy cave of despondency, our guide, from the slipperiness of the clayey path, again embraced the earth, and, sliding down, had almost reached the margin of the black abyss before he could recover himself. This accident, however, alarming us, we crawled more cautiously on our hands and knees, and by this means gained the top in safety.

LEAVING Hurtlepot, we soon arrived at the chapel, a plain neat little edifice ; and a quarter of a mile further westward is the place where the subterraneous river Greta, or Wease (which shews itself at Weathercote, &c.) first takes its permanent course above ground : it gushes out of three large fountains, at a small distance from each other, and runs along this vale in a narrow

glen, about three miles, to Ingleton, forming a great variety of high cascades.

CHAPEL IN THE DALE is a long narrow valley, extending eastwards from near Ingleton upwards of four miles, and from a quarter to half a mile broad. Only a single patch of corn was observed in this vale, the land being generally appropriated to meadow and pasture. Farm-buildings are good ; and stone walls divide the pretty verdant fields. The rocky sides of Ingleborough, in some places fringed with brushwood, rise pretty rapidly from hence on the south ; and a high limestone ridge, extending from Whernside, elevates its rough and craggy front on the north. From Ingleton there is a good carriage road along this dale, which leads over the mountain Cam to Askrigg and Richmond. Hurtlepot, Ginglepot, and Weathercote caves, are at a small distance to the north from this road, and in this succession may be conveniently visited by travellers from Ingleton. In a field about a mile above that village, sixty yards south of the road, is a large stone, six feet high and eight yards round, evidently placed in its present situation by art : it rests on three points upon the back of another stone just peeping out of the ground ; and, notwithstanding its great bulk and weight, the places of contact are so angular that scarcely a square inch of its superficies is hid from the eye.

WE now turn to the pursuit of some other natural curiosities on the base of Ingleborough, and proceeding along the road, met with Douk Cave on the right, almost opposite to Hurtlepot. This cave somewhat resembles Weathercote, but much inferior in grandeur, neither being so deep; nor the cascade so high; the fall of water about five or six yards, which, like Weathercote, sinks among the rocks at the bottom. The subterraneous passage from whence it issues is said to be curious; but the quantity of water is so great as seldom to admit visitants without their being much wet and bedaubed with dirt, which takes away the pleasure of the excursion. This passage has been explored upwards of 100 yards.—At about half that distance, there is a chasm, 13 yards deep from the surface, through which day-light appears. A ladder is necessary to climb up.

WE are now in a convenient situation for ascending to the top of Ingleborough, being on its base, and greatly elevated above all the western country. Its sides are very steep and rocky, and contain several pits; but, with a little time and labour, may be ascended without danger. At the time we visited these curiosities, the weather was exceedingly hazy, and a thick fog covering the top of the mountain prevented us

from having the pleasure of that excursion. The perpendicular height of this mountain above the level of the sea, as taken by a neighbouring country gentleman, is 3987 feet. The view from its top is described as very extensive, comprehending all the country, for 40, 50, and 60 miles distance, from the south-west to the north-west; and distinguishing its roads, rivers, towns, villages, seats, hills and dales, capes and bays, as stretched on a map under the eye of the observer. To the north-west the view is shut up by the rugged hills of Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland. Westwards the Irish Sea forms the horizon, except where the Isles of Man and Anglesea intervene; and to the south-west, after tracing the Lancashire coast, the blue mountains of Wales strike the eye as the farthest terrestrial object. Turning to the east and north, the prospect is soon shut up by a chaotic collection of mountains, whose sloping sides afford a scanty subsistence to a hardy race of sheep, and whose bowels contain valuable mines of lead. This elevated view, like all others of the same kind, reduces the small surrounding hills and valleys to one general level.

THE top is an horizontal plain, near a mile in circumference, containing the ruins of an old wall, from which some imagine it has been a Ro-

man station, and a place of great defence. Formerly horse-races were held on its top : but of late it has been little frequented, except by shepherds, and some curious travellers. An old beacon, three or four yards high, with a flight of steps, stands on the western edge, and the ruins of a small watch-house adjoining. In times of internal commotion, or of Scotch invasions, a fire was probably lighted here for the purpose of alarming the neighbouring country, and to inform them of some imminent danger. The soil on the top is so dry and barren, that it produces little besides a particular species of moss. The stones on the summit, and for a great way down its sides, except on the east, where there is a stratum of limestone, are of the sandy gritty sort, but the base is one continued rock of limestone, and, like the Derbyshire marble, full of *entroche*. Several springs have their origin near the summit, particularly one on the north side, called Fair-weather-sike, which runs into the chasm called Meirgill. These springs, when they reach the limestone, are swallowed up, and after running perhaps a mile under ground, make their appearance again in the surrounding vales, and then wind in various directions to the Ribble or the Loyne. Those conical holes, with vortexes downwards, so frequently met with in mountainous countries, are numerous about the base and

sides of Ingleborough ; but the most remarkable, is that called Barefoot-wives'-hole, which is formed like a funnel, the diameter at its top about 50 yards, and the depth 26. A person may descend to the bottom in most places without danger ; but, on the south side, there is a high rocky precipice. The waters emptied therein are swallowed up at the bottom. A variety of marbles, stones, and fossils, as well as lead ore, are found on this mountain ; which, to describe particularly, is the province of the naturalist.

THERE are several other curiosities of a nature similar to those already described, not only about the base of Ingleborough, but that of Whernside, well worth the attention of tourists who have a taste for such uncommon works of nature, and which may be visited in such succession as best suits their convenience. The principal curiosities on the former, not already noticed, are Meirgill and Hardraw-kin on the north side, and Alumn-pot and Long-Churn on the south ; those on the latter are Gatekirk Cave on the south, and Greenside Cave on the south-east.

MEIRGILL is a dreadful chasm, about 80 yards long, and so narrow, that it may be stepped over in several places ; and is nowhere above two or three yards wide : a natural bridge stretches across it in one part. Its depth varies ;

but in one place it has been found 100 feet, 48 of which was in water.—Trouts of a very large size have been caught in this horrible abyss, which, at one part, admits an active cautious person to descend to the water's edge.—Its contracted mouth has often beguiled heedless sheep to their own destruction ; and endangers the shepherd's life in times of snow ; when the chasm is frequently drifted level with the adjoining ground. The danger is also great during thick fogs, which often suddenly envelope this lofty hill, and bewilder those who are not well acquainted with every crevice in the surface.—Our guide related to us a story of a gentleman whom he conducted to the top of Ingleborough on a fine clear day. Having ordered his servant to wait at a certain place on the summit of the mountain, till he and the guide made an excursion round it, a thick fog suddenly set in, and having wandered beyond their intended route, when they arrived at the place appointed, no servant could be found. They sought for, and called to him in vain ; and at length, wearied and alarmed (for they considered him as lost) they judged it safest to attempt their way down to Ingleton, which our guide, from his knowledge of the mountain, found not difficult to accomplish. The servant, however, to the great joy of his master, had fortunately reached Ingle-

ton ; for, suspecting that his master and the guide had missed their way to his station, he took his horses, and traced back the marks of their feet to the turnpike in Chapel in the Dale, from whence he reached Ingleton some time before them.

HARDRAWKIN is a long, narrow, subterraneous passage, about 200 or 300 yards from Douk Cave.

ALAN or Alumn-pot is a circular hole in the rock, near 30 feet in diameter, and of a tremendous depth, having some resemblance to Elden-hole, in Derbyshire. It is situated about a quarter of a mile above the village of Selside, and half a mile from the Ribble. Its margin, which cannot be approached without danger, is fringed with shrubs. Stones tumbled down make a terrible and long-continued, hollow, gingling noise, which proves the great profundity of this vast hiatus. It does not descend exactly perpendicular ; nor is it easy, if at all practicable, to ascertain its depth : when scounded, it was found 165 feet deep ; and, although at a very dry season, contained 43 feet of water. A subterraneous rivulet descends into this vast hole, and causes a gloomy spray, which adds to the horror of the view. From its bottom the brook continues to run about a mile, and then appears in open day

below the little village of Selside. A low mound of earth surrounds the brim of this dangerous pit, by no means sufficient to prevent sheep and cattle from grazing on its margin : to these animals it frequently proves fatal.

LONG-CHURN is another hiatus, not far from Alumn-pot, but a little higher up the mountain, from whence proceed two long subterraneous passages, in contrary directions : the one running east, the other westwards.—The former is called Dicken-pot, along which the subterraneous brook runs to the tremendous Alumn-pot.—This passage slopes, widens, and contracts at intervals for the space of 157 yards, to which distance it has been explored ; but a perpendicular rock of 12 feet descent precludes any farther researches without the assistance of a ladder and ropes. At the furthest end is an elegant lofty dome, called by the country people St. Paul's. The latter passage proceeds to the source of the rivulet, along its subterraneous channel, and may be pursued through numerous turnings and windings for near a quarter of a mile, when another orifice appears. The distance of these chasms from each other, in a direct line above ground, is not more than about 240 yards.—Near the western extremity is a fine round pool of clear water, said to be from 3 to 12 feet deep, called Dr. Bannister's

Hand-bason : a high and spacious dome is placed immediately over it, corresponding nicely with the hollow receptacle below. A rivulet falls down a steep rock, about six feet high, into this bason, which, though very dangerous, it is necessary to ascend before we reach the upper orifice. A small ladder taken with the party will be found very convenient. These caverns should be visited only in very dry seasons, otherwise such a copious flow of water runs along them as renders it difficult, and often impracticable, to see them. They contain a greater variety of curious petrifications than most other caves in this part of the kingdom, which is probably owing to their being less frequented. There are several other caves of a similar nature, but inferior in point of curiosity, all along the base of Ingleborough towards Clapham,

GATEKIRK Cave is about two yards high at the entrance, but quickly increases its dimensions to six : it may be walked along easily for 100 yards, when the roof lowers to about four feet high, and therefore cannot conveniently be explored any farther. Here a cleft in the rock admits us again to the surface.—The river Greta draws its main stream through this cave, running under ground for two miles, but peeps out here, at Weathercote, and two or three other places, de-

ring its subterraneous course.—Another underground passage opens just over where the water issues, and enters this at the distance of 24 feet : its height is from 3 to 10 feet.—The pendent petrifications which decorate this cave are singularly curious, representing hams, neats' tongues, heads, and various other portions of different animals. Some parts of this cave appear like dreary vaults, inclosing the remains of departed heroes in huge stone coffins ; and some large petrifications on the natural shelves represent children or virgins formed in alabaster.—As we proceed, several narrow windings enter the main passage, and frequently discharge little tinkling rills into the brook. Many of these collateral branches are wide enough to admit one to pass along them to a considerable distance.

GREENSIDE Cave is situated near the village of Winterscales, and two miles distant from that of Gatekirk. Its entrance is spacious, but the dimensions soon become so contracted as to render a passage difficult and inconvenient.—There are few of those petrifications to be met with here which are found in the other caves in this neighbourhood ; and for which they are so deservedly admired by the curious traveller. Like other caverns of the same kind, however, a trickling brook murmurs at its bottom.

WHERNSIDE may be conveniently ascended from hence, though the prospects it affords are said not to be much diversified with pleasing objects, but surrounded with brown and blue mountains, the situation being in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of hills. The sight of four or five tarns, or small lakes near the top, will, however, afford some amusement to the curious. Two of them are tolerably large, being 200 or 300 yards in length, and almost of an equal extent in breadth. A thin seam of coal is found near the summit of this mountain ; and another is said to correspond therewith on the top of the lofty hill Colm, on the opposite side of Dibdale or Dentdale.

CATKNOT-hole is a remarkable cave on the base of the mountain Cam, near the turnpike road between Ingleton and Askrig. The entrance is low, not more than three or four feet, but the roof soon increases in elevation to as many yards. After travelling a little way, a pool of water interposes, and obliges the visitant to wade through it, a depth of at least half a yard. The passage then contracts, but is wide enough for a person to proceed, except in one or two places, where he will be in danger of getting bedaubed with a red slime. Proceeding about a quarter of a mile, the road, though wider, is so low as to preclude all

further progress with convenience or pleasure, though probably, after creeping a little way, the roof may rise again to a sufficient height, and afford a further passage. The jutting rocks and pendent petrifications, in every grotesque and fantastic shape, and glittering in the richest manner, render an hour's wandering along this subterraneous passage a very delightful excursion. The rocks are encrusted with spar, which sometimes hang from the roof in various shapes, like icicles. These stony substances are, doubtless, generated by the calcareous particles among the water which oozes through the rocks, they adhering thereto. The small cascades and tinkling rills issuing from the little openings into the main passage, with their sweet and various tones, constitute a pleasing melody, very different from any sort of natural music heard above ground.

HARDRAW Scar, another natural curiosity, is thus described in "A Tour to the Caves, &c." written by the curate of Chapel in the Dale.

"HARDRAW Scar is near the town of Haws, in Winsleydale, and bears some distant affinity to the tremendous Gordle (noticed before). The chasm is pervious at the bottom, and extends above 300 yards in length, fortified with huge shattered rocks on each side, which are in some places 33 yards perpendicular, and the interval-

lum above 80. At the far end is an amazing cataract, which pours forth a vast quantity of water, that falls into a deep bason. Behind the waterfall is a deep recess excavated out of the solid rock ; here the spectator may stand behind the stream, secure from its madifying effects, and may go quite round it upon one of the numerous *saxa sedilia*, at the distance of ten yards from the water. In the winter of the year 1740, when fairs were held on the Thames, this cascade was frozen, and constituted a prodigious icicle of a conic form, thirty-two yards and three quarters in circumference, which was also its height."

THIS surprising scar is about four miles west from Askrig.

WE now take leave of the Caves, and, returning to Ingleton, proceed from thence to Kirkby-Lonsdale, seven miles. The road, which is tolerably good, leads along a large irregular vale, with high grounds on each side.—The soil, in general, a brown gravelly loam, and naturally produces good grass, to which purpose it is almost universally applied : from the remainder is obtained a little barley and oats, but the culture is wretched.—Buildings are good, and

several Gentlemen's seats appear near the road. Stone walls divide the fields towards Ingleton ; but thorn hedges more generally prevail in other parts of this district, in which also some small tracts of woodland appear. The surface in many places is pretty level, and the general appearance of the country not unpleasant. The climate, however, is said to be humid.—Coals are plentiful in this district.—In this part of our itinerary we pass through a small strip of Lancashire, and enter Westmoreland a little before we reach Kirkby-Lonsdale, which town appears to great advantage from the road at half a mile distance. We pass an ancient bridge over the river Loyne, close to the west end of the town, consisting of three very strong ribbed arches ; the height of the centre arch, from the surface of the water, (except in time of floods) is about twelve yards. This bridge is of great antiquity, and built after so good a model, that, it is said, when Blackfriars bridge, in London, was about to be erected, the architect came to Kirkby-Lonsdale to examine this bridge, approved of it, and adopted the same style of building.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE stands on the banks of the Loyne : it is a small neat market-town, well built, chiefly of white polished freestone, and covered with blue slate : the number of inhabit-

ants about 1100. Its vicinity affords several beautiful views, particularly the various prospects in the beautiful wooded vale. The church and vicarage-house stand at the east end of the town : the former a decent old structure with a square tower, and the roof covered with lead ; the latter is neat, and sweetly situated ; but the garden adjoining, with an octagonal summer-house therein, opens to one of the finest prospects in the country. A good gravel walk leads from the church-yard by the under side of this garden wall, and extends along the top of a very steep bank of 50 or 60 yards perpendicular height, which is washed at the bottom by the large river Løyne. From hence the beautiful and fertile vale, variegated with woodlands, trees, lawns, neat farm-houses, and pleasant seats, with the fine winding river pouring its crystal streams over a pebbly channel, with a deep and murmuring noise, expands its bosom at our feet. High grounds and distant mountains form the back ground of this rural and engaging picture. The serpentine windings of the Løyne are seen at one view for a considerable distance. After walking half a mile up its banks the scene varies, the river appears an extensive sheet of still water ; and, at the higher extremity, a range of impending rocks of red freestone, about 30 yards high, has an excellent effect in the view. In winter this precipice is

sometimes so glazed with ice, from the water trickling down its surface, as to give it the appearance of a sheet of glass ; and from some parts of the impending rocks large icicles hang, greatly resembling the pipes of an organ.

WE now continue our journey towards the Lakes, along a turnpike road, and reach Kendal, twelve miles. The surface of the country is very uneven and hilly, and distant high mountains appear on every side. About Kirkby-Lonsdale the ground is fertile, but different large moors occupy a great part of the district from thence to Kendal ; the soil generally dry and gravelly, and grass land chiefly prevails. Some few trees on hedge-rows, and several coppice-woods adorn the sides of the hills and banks of rivers, particularly towards the vale of Kendal. We left the coal country several miles beyond Kirkby-Lonsdale ; but limestone continues to abound : about a mile west from the road is Farlton-knot, a high rock of naked limestone, the western front of which extends prominently forward, and greatly resembles the rock of Gibraltar.

ON our approach to the town of Kendal, we were particularly struck with the whitened walls and blue slated roofs of its buildings, which give the place a clean and neat appearance. Its situ-

ation is generally considered as greatly similar to that of the city of Bath ; which, like Kendal, hangs on the southern declivity of a range of rocky hills, bordering a low vale, which is watered by the Avon as Kendal is by the river Kent. The vale, through which the Kent flows, spreads itself considerably on each-hand, varying its dimensions and winding in its course till it reaches the estuary at Milnthorp.

KENDAL is a remarkably neat and well-built market and manufacturing town, and stands in a pleasant and healthy situation, with the river Kent washing its southern side. Many of the streets are narrow, even about the market-place, and towards the centre of the town ; but those which run from thence to the extremities, in every direction, are more spacious. The north road crosses the Kent over a good stone bridge, which was lately widened and rendered extremely commodious ; and that to the south, reaching the other end of the town, makes an abrupt turn over an old bridge. Besides these bridges there is a good foot-bridge of stone between them, but that is more for private convenience than public benefit.

THE church is a large Gothic fabric, with a square tower ; it has double aisles ; and at the

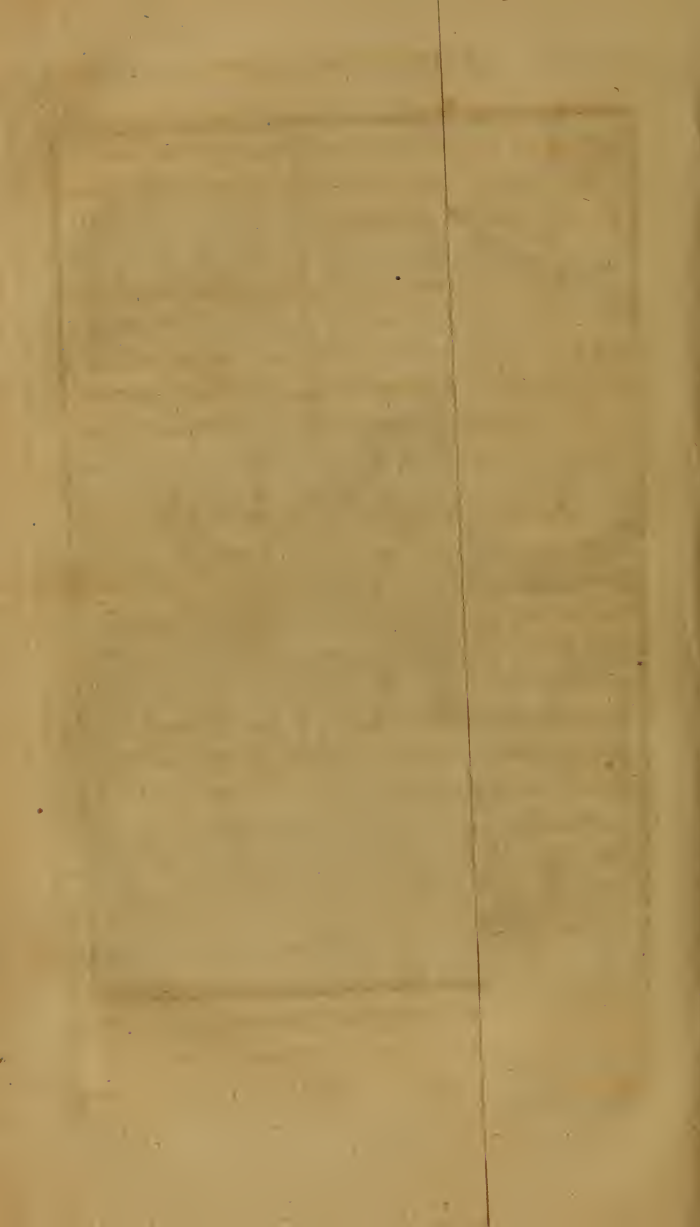






A
PLAN OF
KENDAL,
in the County
OF
Westmoreland.
J. Lowe's Sculp 1708.





east end four chapels, or choirs, one of which belonged to the Parrs, another to the Stricklands, a third to the Bellinghams, and the fourth is the proper choir of the church.

NEAR the church is a handsome house, called Abbot-hall, the property of Sir ALLEN CHAMBERE, Knight, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. A pleasant lawn, beautified with a variety of walks, trees, and shrubs, extends from thence to the river.

ON the opposite side of the river we see the noble ruins of a strong castle, standing on a fine green hill, and forming a conspicuous object from every part of the vale. Most of the inclosure wall remains ; with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper parts and embattements are demolished ; it is of rough stone and cement, without any ornament or arms ; round, and inclosing a court of the like form, and surrounded by a moat. The present structure is generally believed to have been raised by the first barons of Kendal, and, not improbably, on the ruins of a Roman station.

ON the north side of this town, opposite the castle, is a curious artificial mount, called the *Castle-law Hill*, which is supposed to be of great antiquity, being, as it is believed, one of those

hills called *laws*, where in ancient times the administration of justice took place. A handsome obelisk was erected on the top of this hill, by a subscription of the inhabitants of Kendal, in 1788, with an inscription alluding to the revolution which happened just a century before.

A large and commodious workhouse for the poor was built some years ago on a good situation at the east end of the town, which contains fifty-five separate rooms, thirty-five of which are lodging rooms, very judiciously distributed. A bridewell, or house of correction, stands near the workhouse.—Near the middle of the town butchers' shambles have lately been erected on an excellent plan.—Here are also several charitable institutions, which are well supported.

KENDAL, besides containing many genteel houses of private gentlemen and manufacturers, affords some good inns, with every convenience and accommodation.

THE manufacture of this place increases the wealth and population of its inhabitants, but the former more than the latter. The number of inhabitants, however, has been considerably augmented : in January, 1784, and in July, 1793, actual enumerations took place, when there were found— .

	<i>Families.</i>	<i>Males.</i>	<i>Females.</i>	<i>Persons.</i>
In 1784, . . . 1859, . . .	3267, . . .	4304: in all	7571	
— 1793, . . . 1938, . . .	3533, . . .	4556: . . .	8089	

THE principal manufacture is the Kendal cottons, for which this town has long been noted. There are now twelve houses in that trade, which together make about 1200 pieces weekly, each piece containing about 24 pounds of wool. This business is increasing, and other houses are about to be established.—Here are also eight principal linsey manufactures, and several other manufactures of less consequence are carried on.—There are likewise a considerable number of hands employed in working and polishing marble got in the neighbourhood, which, in the beauty and variety of its colours, is thought by many to be superior even to that imported from Greece and Italy.—Mr. WAKEFIELD manufactures large quantities of gunpowder at his mills a little below this town.

AT Kendal there is a MUSEUM containing a considerable variety of curiosities, especially shells and fossils.

WE now leave Kendal, and proceed towards the lake Haws-water, either by way of Shap, or Long-Sleddale.—The former is a good carriage road, but a circuitous route of several miles, and

less convenient to people going northwards, as it enters the vale at Bampton, upwards of a mile below the lake. The latter is a more direct road, of about 16 miles : it comes in at the head of the lake, and accompanies the water from its source : but the passage is very difficult, as it is necessary to pursue a dim serpentine path over a high mountain, impassable in any sort of carriage, and not easily traversed on horseback. This road, however, was represented to us as so romantically curious, that we were induced to direct our course by that route.

As we proceed along the fine vale of Kent, the town of Kendal assumes a new and still more pleasing appearance. Mr. WAKEFIELD's house, to the east, is a prominent object ; as are those public buildings, the workhouse and house of correction ; while the tenter grounds on the side of the mountain, tier above tier, proclaim the industry and manufacture of the inhabitants. Soft green hills, with grey crags interspersed, rise irregularly before us ; and hedges of thorn and hazel bound the little waving fields on each side. Every hill we mount affords us a glance into some retired glen. and presents some new trait in the great picture of Westmoreland.

CONTINUING the Shap and Penrith road for about four miles and a half, we turn off to the

left, and pursue a bye-road to Long-Sleddale, which is a long, narrow, and deep vale, inclosed with high ridges of rocky mountains. Soon after our entrance into the valley, we pass a small chapel, where the inhabitants of the dale, issuing from their cottages, assemble to offer up their public devotions to the Almighty. A large brook intersects a strip of meadow ground which runs along the bottom of this vale. The fields on each side rise in irregular swells, till the rocky declivity of the mountains precludes all cultivation; where brushwood and coppices commence, and often climb almost to the top, sometimes finding support even on the craggy precipices. The surrounding mountains continue to ascend with increasing grandeur. The dale then contracts a little, and towards its head the rocks become eminently conspicuous; one of which, on the right, called Crowbarrow, or Backbarrow, is truly awful. Cascades and cataracts tumble over the precipices in various places, some of them from a very great height; the magnificence of this scene is greatly augmented after falls of rain. A strong wind, in some directions, also produces a curious appearance in these waterfalls, which we were so fortunate as to enjoy when we passed through Long-Sleddale. As the water begins to pour over the tops of some projecting rocks (upwards of one hundred yards in perpendicular

height from the bottom of the vale) it is caught by a strong gust of wind, and violently forced upwards, exactly in the form of smoke, for several minutes together. So much were we deceived, that after viewing it with great attention, we concluded, that, notwithstanding the frightful situation, the smoke must proceed from some fires below, and we were about to make inquiry of a shepherd whom we met, when, again looking to the summit in a more calm interval, we were surprised to see little torrents of water where the smoke seemed to issue before. In half a minute after the water again disappeared, and violently ascended into the air in the appearance of smoky vapour.

THE mountains now begin to unite their bases, and the road gradually ascends; while the brook, clear as crystal, tumbles with a more violent motion over a stratum of beautiful light blue coloured rock. Here, close by the road, on the left, two separate streams, just before their junction, form each a beautiful cascade—the one about twenty, and the other fifteen feet in height—and, after uniting, fall again about six feet. Great quantities of the finest blue slate are got at this place, and conveyed on horseback to some distance, till the ground becomes level enough to admit of carts travelling upon it.

THE road now contracts into a rugged path, and winds curiously half way up the side of a steep mountain, whence a more easy ascent is had to its summit. It then descends, in a like serpentine manner, down to the vale of Mardale. Notwithstanding the difficulty of this road, the stranger enjoys the satisfaction of being assured that he cannot possibly deviate from the right path.—When we traversed this Alpine pass, the broken scattered clouds were hurried along before a brisk wind, just touching the tops of the mountains, while the sun shone bright through among them. The dark coloured and well defined shadows of these dense vapours, sweeping rapidly over the heathy surface in a great variety of figures, like immense carpets, occasioned a very singular appearance in this elevated region.

DESCENDING into the vale of Mardale, the mountains before us open to a great depth, and discover the beautiful lake

HAWS-WATER,

shining at their base, with the little fields and sequestered cottages along the margin of the lake. Here cataracts accompany us all the way to the bottom, and others appear at a little distance pushing over rocky ledges.—On the left, Harterfell towers its lofty head, and shews a dark-colour-

ed and almost naked perpendicular rock in front ; but between the different layers are narrow sloping patches of scanty herbage, whereon the hardy mountain sheep find a bare subsistence, and in some places appear as if stuck to the wall of a huge and immensely high castle. Beyond this rocky eminence, Highstreet rears his bulky form ; and in the same quarter, but more northerly, Kidsey-pike shews his conical head.—On the right, Naddle Forest appears less formidable, presenting a surface more soft and verdant, though bestrewed with rocky fragments.

NEAR the base of the hill, two streams are seen rushing down the mountains on the left, from two elevated lakes situated in the breasts of the hills, the least of which is said to cover about ten acres.

A dreary, desert-like vale now conducts us, together with the united streams of these numerous cataracts, near a mile further, when we turn a rocky hill to the left, and presently reach the little chapel of Mardale, overhung with mournful yews. The beauty and fertility of the vale gradually increase ; and, after passing some huge fragments of rocks, broken and tumbled from the surrounding mountains, and scattered in the rudest order, we reach the head of the lake.

The road soon approaches, and generally continues along its margin, sometimes in winding lanes, with high hedges on each side, which frequently shut out the view of the lake ; then opening again, admit a full prospect of its beauties.—On the opposite side, a ridge of mountains, forming Naddle Forest, rises quickly from the water's edge, and hardly leaves room for a cultivated farm : its front displays a mixture of green herbage, grey rocks, and scattered trees. There are some small farms, with pretty fields, and hedge-rows of hazel and thorn, creeping gently up the sides of rocky mountains ; while the beautiful sheet of water contrasts its soft and gently heaving bosom with the rugged aspect of its grizzly guardians.

As we proceed, a low promontory pushes into the lake, and almost separates its waters. This delightful promontory is neatly divided into small inclosures.

WELLOW-CRAG, a huge naked rock, rears its head on the southern shore, and overlooks the vale of Mardale. On this side the hills rise more gradually, and expose a mixture of grey rock and soft green surface. Here also Thwaite-force tumbles down among the rocks in a fine and noble cataract.

WE continue along the winding borders of this sweet lake, and find the beauty of its vicinity increasing. The fronts of Naddle Forest and Melkside, on the east, are clothed with wood to their very summits, and sometimes a tree, which the great height apparently diminishes to a shrub, is seen proudly overtopping the whole.

THIS lake is supposed to be about fifty fathoms deep in the narrowest part. The soil in its vicinity is dry and gravelly. A few neat, small farms, almost buried in groves of trees, intervene between the western border and the rising hills behind. Char, perch, trout, eel, skelly, bass, chubb, and cheven, are caught in this lake. The fishery is let to a miller in the neighbourhood, who is said to have greatly destroyed the breed of fish.

HENCE we continue our route to Penrith, by way of Bampton and Lowther-Hall, twelve miles. After a pleasant ride of about two miles, we arrive at BAMPTON, a small village, remarkable only for its situation in a fine vale, and the free school there, where some very eminent men are said to have received the rudiments of their education, particularly the Bishops GIBSON and LAW. The number of scholars generally about 70. The master's salary, which arises chiefly from tithes, amounts to about £60 a year,

besides presents from the parents of his pupils. Here are two public-houses, where the traveller will meet with more sincerity than politeness; and more cheap and wholesome, than costly and elegant fare; but where he will find accommodations and refreshment for his more immediate wants.—Below this village a large tract of meadow ground, intersected with the river Lowther, calls aloud for agricultural improvement.—The vale, as we proceed, becomes contracted; but the aspect of the country is very agreeable. The river Lowther runs along the middle, from which small fields of grass land, divided either with stone walls, or hedge-rows of hazel, rise gently to the feet of the hills, which ascend to a moderate height, and are in many parts likewise spread over with inclosures.

At the distance of five miles from Bampton we reach the little village of ASKHAM, situated on the banks of the river Lowther, opposite to Lowther-Hall.—Askham-Hall is a small, but neat, and pretty well placed old house, the property and residence of EDWARD BOLTON, Esq. with a small deer park adjoining. From Askham a road leads to Pooley-bridge, at the lower end of Ullswater. The river Lowther, in this part of its course, runs along a deep rocky channel, overhung with trees and thickets: a stratum of bas-

tard marble appears at the bottom, and above that is a rock of red freestone. The rectory house at Lowther is a good modern building, at the foot of the hill, on the left of the road from Askham. At a small distance, Lowther-Hall, or rather the remains of that once elegant mansion, appears in an excellent situation. The body of the house was burnt down many years ago, and the wings only now remain, which, however, sufficiently shew the ancient magnitude and grandeur of this formerly noble structure. The EARL of LONSDALE, to whom it belongs, is at present rebuilding it in a most magnificent style ; but, it is probable, so great an undertaking will occupy a considerable space of time before it be completed. The church stands a little to the north from the hall, and is just seen from the road, half buried among trees : it is a neat modern edifice, and appears to have been built after the model of St. Paul's, in London. The deer park runs up from the hall, and adjoins the river : it contains upwards of 600 acres of land, with some valuable plantations of oak, ash, elm, &c. &c. and is well stocked with deer.—A terrace extends half a mile along the upper border of the park, and commands a charming and extensive view to the west : this terrace the late Noble Owner considerably lengthened ; and also added much to the beautifying and improving the adjoining pleasure

grounds. From the hall we soon approach a large white building of several stories, called the College, having formerly been a place of education, particularly for the LOWTHER family.—Lowther new village was built many years ago, by the late Lord LONSDALE, with a design of establishing a linen manufactory : it is on a regular and commodious plan ; but the design failing, few of the houses are completely finished : it affords, however, a comfortable residence to his Lordship's labourers.

WE come here upon one of the great roads leading from London, by way of Lancashire, to Edinburgh. Turning to the right, after a short but pleasant ride, at the distance of two miles south from Penrith, we approach Brougham-Hall, the delightful mansion of HENRY BROUGHAM, Esq. on a fine wooded eminence to the east from the road.—As this is a situation that cannot but arrest the eye and engage the attention of all travellers, whether on the great York road, or that from Kendal to Penrith, we shall briefly notice some of its most striking objects, referring the more curious reader to that beautiful description drawn by Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his History of Cumberland, vol. i. p. 305.

Not only from its elevated situation, but also from its extensive and various prospects,

Brougham-Hall has, not improperly, been stiled the *Windsor of the North*.—The house has a long front to the west, with a terrace of considerable breadth running from north to south. The views from this terrace, both for variety and extent, are seldom to be equalled, and the scenery around exceeds all description. It is observed, that “there is one uncommon advantage which this place enjoys from these varied landscapes at each point of view, viz. that the whole is taken in (the view to the north only excepted) from every room in the house.”

THE shrubberies and pleasure grounds are extensive ; the first of the kind, we believe, in the north of England.

WITHIN the shrubberies, in a recess adapted to the purpose, and near a fine spring, is a *hermit's cell*, a small circular building covered with thatch, and lined with mosses of various kinds : the seats around are matted, and the windows of painted glass, with the usual characteristics of a hermit in his retirement, viz. the *hour-glass*, *cross*, and *beads*, and a *skull*. On the table some appropriate lines are painted from *Il Penseroso of Milton* ; and in another part of the building is a scroll, with these lines :—

“ Beneath this moss-grown roof, this rustic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell :
Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?”

AN adjoining wood of several acres contributes greatly to the beauty of the scene, and is so much in character, as to be considered a necessary member of the whole.

ON the brink of the river Lowther stands a thatched building of two rooms ; one of which contains a collection of curious prints, and specimens of natural history, with a gallery for the convenience of angling in the river beneath ; the other is the residence of a person who feeds the poultry, and takes care of the pleasure-grounds, &c.

A little lower down the banks of the Eamont is Brougham-Castle, a spacious ruin.—“ This castle is situated on the north side of the Roman station *Broconiacum*, which has formed an area and outwork 120 paces square, defended by the vallum and an outward ditch, both at this time very discernible.”

BEFORE we cross the river Eamont in our way to Penrith, it will be necessary to observe, that this district contains some curious antiquities, which have been thus described by Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his *Excursion*, &c. page 90—“ From thence we went to view a place by the inhabitants called *Arthur's Round Table*, near to Eamont bridge, and about half a mile from

Penrith.—This is said to be of great antiquity, but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpose it was made. It is cut in a little plain near the river, of an exact circular figure, save to the eastern and western sides an approach is left to the common level of the plain :—the trench by which it is formed is near ten paces wide, the soil which has been thrown up on the outward side making a kind of theatre :—the approaches are ten paces wide, and the whole circle within the ditch is 160 paces in circumference.—We were induced to believe this was an ancient tilting ground, where justings had been held : the approaches seemed to answer for the career, and the circle appears sufficient for the champions to shew their dexterity in the use of the lance and horsemanship ; the whole circus being capable of receiving 1000 spectators on the outer side of the ditch.—It is not probable that this was an intrenchment or fortified camp, it being too small for such purposes ; and more particularly it is overlooked by an adjoining rising ground, from whence it might be annoyed by missile weapons. Another reason for the same opinion, given by a learned author, is, that the ditch is on the inner side.*

“ It is said of the order of Knights of the

* “ Magna Britannia,”

Round Table, that it was instituted by King Arthur, to the end there might be no question about precedence, and to teach heroic minds not to be ambitious of place, but merit.

“ AT a little distance from the Round Table, and nearer to Eamont bridge, is another circular ditch, with a very low rampart, but of much greater size, being 70 paces diameter, without any apertures or advances.—If we presume the other was intended for feats of chivalry, this may be supposed calculated for pedestrian exercises.

“ AT about half a mile's distance we viewed a place called *Maybrough*, a hill, which arises gradually on every side about 140 paces from the level of the lands below, forming the lower section of a regular cone ;—the ascent is on every side grown with oaks and ashes, and seems, from the reliques of the ax, to have been covered in former ages with wood, though no very ancient trees now remain standing.

“ THE summit of the hill is fenced round, save only an opening left to the east, 12 paces wide ;—the fence is very singular, being composed of an immense quantity of loose pebble stones, which seem to have been gathered from the river, by their quality, and the similarity

there is between them and the gravel of the bed of the Eamont.—No kind of mortar appears to have been used here, the stones lie uncemented, and in a heap, the foot is near 20 paces wide, rising to an edge, in height about eight feet from the level of the interior plain.—Here and there time has scattered a few trees and brushwood over the pebbles ; but in other places they are loose and naked, both on the out and inside of the fence.—The space within consists of a fine plain of meadow ground, exactly circular, 100 paces diameter. Inclining a little to the westward from the centre, a large mass of unhewn stone is standing erect, placed with the smaller end in the earth, on which some little ash trees have taken their growth, by striking their roots into the natural fissures of the stone ;—the stone is in circumference, near its middle, 22 feet and some inches, and in height 11 feet and upwards ; it is a species of the freestone, and appears to have been gathered from the surface, and not won in any quarry or bed of stone.—The inhabitants in the neighbourhood say, that within the memory of man two other stones of similar nature, and placed in a kind of angular figure with the stone now remaining, were to be seen there, but as they were hurtful to the ground, were destroyed and removed.

“ THE traditional account given of this place is in no wise to be credited : ‘ That it was a Roman theatre, where criminals were exposed to wild beasts ; and that those stones were placed for the refuge and respite of the combatant in his unhappy conflict.’

“ The name of Maybrough induced us to believe, that this was a British fortification, and its name a corruption of Maiden Burg*, a title given to many fortresses which were esteemed impregnable, and which were boasted never to have known a conqueror ; but the large stone placed within the plain, and those said to have been defaced within the memory of man, confounded this conjecture, and prompted an idea, that the whole was a druidical monument, and the name of it Mayberiet†, or Maleberge‡. The

* “ The word Maiden has gained an acceptation for Military, as the Maiden Ways in Northumberland, &c.——
WALLIS’S ANTIQUITIES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.”

† “ Antiquarians have frequently confounded Bury for BERIE ;—the one implying the tomb of some great or remarkable personage ;—the latter, Berie, being the name of a plain, or vale, surrounded with groves and forests, and held sacred by the ancient Britons.——LORD COKE.”

‡ “ MALEBERGE, Mons Placiti ; a hill, where the people assembled at a court like our assizes, which by the Scotch and Irish are called Parley Hills.——DU CANGE.”

elevated plain, the surrounding woods, and this rude pillar, render it probable that it was a temple of the Druids, where, under the solemn shade of the consecrated grove, they exercised their religious rites, and taught the multitude; and also held those convocations in which they determined the rights of the people, and administered public justice.—Perhaps, when they were driven out of Mona, and fled before the Roman sword, they might fortify their sacred places, and gather their people into such strong holds, to resist the power which had avowed their extirpation.”

CARLTON-HALL, on the Cumberland side of the Eamont, is a good, plain, and modern building, the seat of THOMAS WALLACE, Esq. sweetly situated in a rich and beautiful vale, inclosed with wooded high-grounds of various aspect, but always pleasing. The lawn in front is extensive, and irregularly intersected with the river Eamont, while the Lowther winds round its western extremity, and then pours its waters into the

“ Collis vallo plerumq; munitus in loco campestri, ne insidius exponatur, ubi convenire olim solebant centuriæ aut vicinæ inculæ ad lites inter se tractandas et terminandas. Scotis reorq; Grith hail, mons pacificationis cui asyli privilegia concedebantur.—SPELMAN.”

Eamont.—Westwards, the vale of Eamont opens to a considerable distance, and discovers the elevated and rugged barriers of Ulls-water.—Eastwards, we see the high mountain of Cross-fell peeping over inferior hills, and looking into this valley. In the vicinity of the house, walks are formed in various directions, from which the beauty and richness of the country is seen in different points of view.

PENRITH stands at the foot of a considerable eminence, in a pleasant, open vale. The country for several miles to the south, east, and west, is fertile, and well cultivated: the surface, however, is somewhat uneven. Inclosures, as well as farms, are rather small in this neighbourhood. On the north side of the town an extensive common darkens the prospect for eight or nine miles, gathering up at the middle in a long ridge of high barren hills; at the head of which, above Penrith, a beacon is erected, from whence there is a remarkably extensive prospect on every side. This view has been already painted by the descriptive pen of Mr. HUTCHINSON.—“The northern window of the beacon house affords a prospect of Cross-fell, with the pikes of Dufton, together with a chain of mountains extending from east to west near 30 miles, the western point sinking in the spacious plain where the

city of Carlisle lies. The utmost bounds of this view are formed by a ridge of Scotch mountains.—Some faint appearance of St. Mary's church marks to the eye the scite of Carlisle.

“ THE eastern window presented a view of the country we had passed, bounded by the hills of Stainmore, and that lofty promontory Wilbore fell, with its neighbouring mountains above Kirkby-Stephen.

“ THE south window presented to us a view of Brougham Castle, with its plains of pasture ground.—The spreading woods of Lowther, intermixed with rich cultivated lands, formed the rising grounds.—Some parts of the lake of Ullswater were seen ; whilst the mighty rocks and mountains which hemmed in the lake lifted up their heads in rude confusion, and crowned the scene.

“ THE western window afforded a new and not less pleasing prospect ;—the town of Penrith lay before us, and here and there the river Eamont shewed its windings through the woods.—The hill which rises above the town is crowned with the awful remains of a royal fortress ;—time has despoiled its grandeur, but its honours still survive to its noble owner, the Duke of Port-

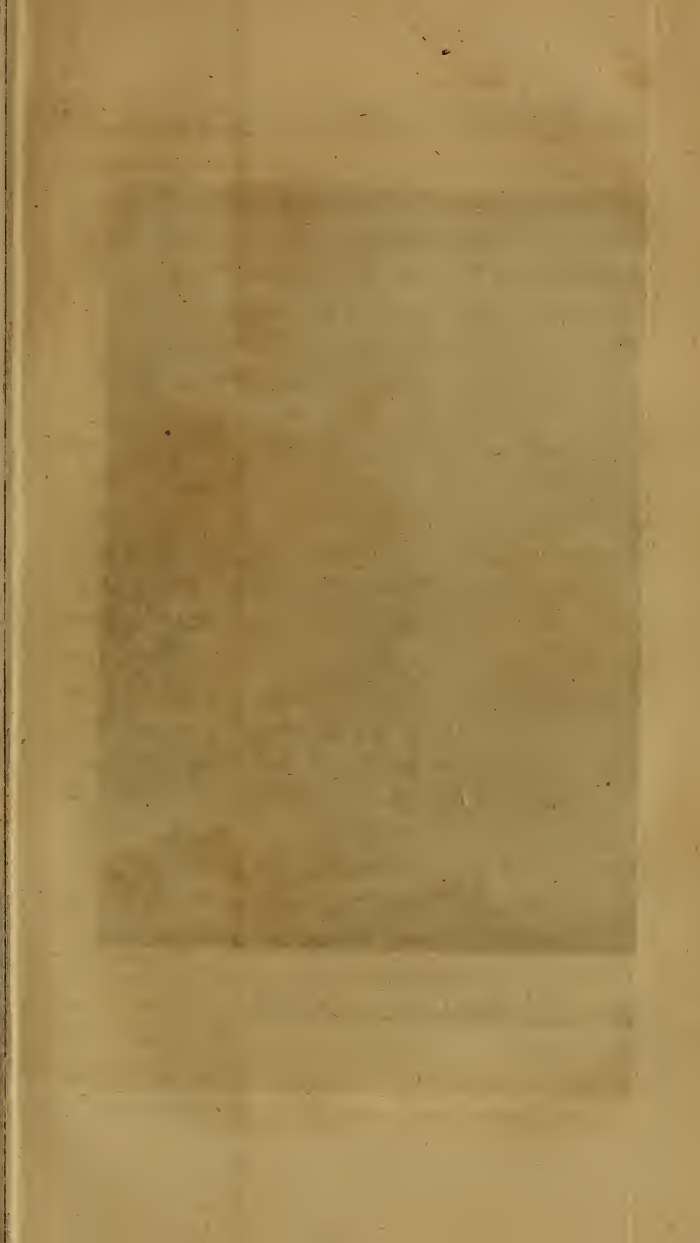
LAND*, who therewith holds the honour of Penrith, formerly a royal franchise.—Beyond these objects, amidst a range of mountains, at the distance of 18 miles, Skiddaw is seen, whose majestic front surmounts all the high lands that terminate the view.

“ THE whole prospect from the beacon hill, as you turn every way, presents you with a vast theatre, upwards of 100 miles in circumference, circled with stupendous mountains.”

THE town of PENRITH is well built, with its principal street running north and south. The houses are of red freestone, and, in general, covered with blue slate. The town contains some good and commodious inns ; and the market is well supplied with provisions. The population, at present, is about 4000 souls. There is no manufacture of much consequence in or near this town, the bulk of the inhabitants being farmers, innkeepers, shopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers. In the church-yard there is a remarkable monument, apparently of great antiquity. It consists of two upright single stone pillars, about 10 feet in height, and 15 feet apart, in a direction of east and west ; and on each side of the tomb,

* Now belonging to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

two stones of a semi-circular form are placed edgewise in the ground. This is doubtless a sepulchral monument, but whether British, Roman, Saxon, or Danish, is difficult to determine. Many strange traditional tales retain credit among the common people respecting this singular monument ; viz. that it is the burial place of a giant 10 or 12 feet in height, who was famous for killing wild boars in the Forest of Inglewood, &c. —The ruins of a strong castle, on a rising ground near the town, form a prominent object. It has been formed on a parallelogram, fortified with a rampier and a very deep outward fosse, or ditch ; the only approach was on the side next to the town, where an opening through the works still appears, which is supposed to have been kept by a draw-bridge. Nothing is observable about the fabric which indicates a date much prior to the reign of King Edward V. Some writers suppose it to have been repaired out of the ruins of Maybrough ; and others with materials from Old Penrith, a Roman station at a few miles distance ; but Mr. HUTCHINSON, can see no probability of either from the stones with which it is formed. — He is inclined to state its rise after Penrith was granted to Nevill, and thinks it was first erected by that family. But be that as it may, it is the general opinion that Richard Duke of Gloucester resided here, that he might be more at





J.W. delin.

R. Scott sculp.

hand to oppose the Scots, who were incessantly turbulent ; as also to keep the adjacent country in awe, the inhabitants being chiefly attached to the Lancastrian party.

WE now turn towards

ULLS-WATER,

about five miles south-west from Penrith, and to which a good road leads along each side of the Eamont, through a delightful country. That on the north pursues a pleasant fertile part of the vale along the borders of the river, and leads past the front of Dalemain, the sweetly secluded mansion of EDWARD HASELL, Esq. surrounded with woody eminences. The other road from Penrith crosses the Eamont at Eamont-bridge, and passes Arthur's Round Table on the left, and Maybrough on the right, running through the village of Yanwith, with Yanwith-Hall, a pleasant modern seat of JOSEPH BOAK, Esq. at a little distance to the north, and continuing through a fine wooded, fertile, and rural country to the lake. The tall hedges on each side of this road almost totally shut out the prospect, except at intervals, when we gain a peep through the trees over the delightful vale below. The mountains are seen towering to the clouds in the rudest or-



J.W. delin.

R. Scott sculp.

Ullswater looking into Patterdale

der, increasing in awful grandeur, and seeming to threaten the intrusive stranger with destruction, should he venture to approach them.

TRAVELLERS who visit this lake will find every necessary accommodation at a small inn (the sign of the Sun) in the little village of Pooley, which is situated at the foot of the lake ; as also a good boat, guide, and proper apparatus for rousing the surprising echoes from the surrounding mountains. Accommodations of this nature may likewise be procured at DOBSON'S, in Patterdale, and at other places adjoining the lake.

FROM Pooley, ascend the beautiful conic-topped mount, Dunmallett, which stands at the outlet of the lake, as if intent on stopping its passage. On the summit of this hill a fine view opens up the first reach of the lake, for about the space of three miles, and discovers all its little capes, bays, and promontories. The mountain called Haller-fell then intervenes, and seems almost to shut up the vale. A little to the right, a large collection of still higher and more rugged mountains present their frowning aspects, awful and intimidating to the fearful stranger.

DUNMALLET is covered with young trees of various sorts ; but the broad direct avenues which

lead from the base to the summit, are formal, glaring, and unpleasant ; narrow winding paths would have been much more easy and natural. On its top are the vestiges of a Roman fort of 110 paces by 37, surrounded with a fosse.

AFTER enjoying the view from Dunmallet, either take a boat and navigate the lake, landing occasionally as fancy may direct : or first take the pleasure of a walk or a ride along the margin of the water to Patterdale, which is about eight or nine miles.—From Pooley there is a pleasing excursion of three miles on the southern side of the lake through a shady lane, which sometimes draws close to the water's edge ; and the rising ground affords a variety of fine prospects over the lake and the adjoining country. The land here is remarkably fertile, and lies in gentle declivities, till, approaching the mountains, it ascends abruptly, and bursts out in awful rocky fronts. Before we reach the first turn of the lake, the mountain descends quickly to its margin, and denies any further passage. The principal road, however, leads along the northern shore, winding close to the margin of the lake, having Soulby-fell, a smooth verdant mountain, on the right, which rises from the very edge of the water, and just leaves a space for the road. After passing this hill, we leave the lake at a little distance,

and, mounting over a small common, soon reach Watermillock, the seat of Colonel ROBINSON—a delightfully situated residence.—From hence we direct our course, for about a mile further, to Gowbarrow-park, through shady lanes and small inclosures. The opposite shores display a pleasant strip of cultivated land; above which Swarth-fell raises his lumpish back, and, with Hallen-fell, forms a fine and spacious bay. This last-mentioned mountain steps boldly forward into the lake, and confines it to a span, giving it a more northerly turn. The middle reach opens upon us all at once, and discovers a fine sheet of water, three miles long, and in some parts upwards of three quarters of a mile broad, with all its winding shores and numerous little inlets. The rugged mountains to the west rise in terrific grandeur, and, above all, the broad shoulders of huge Helvellin form the distant back ground of this wild scene. The road leads, for about three miles, through Gowbarrow-park, keeping in a line with the shore, and generally through groves of trees and brushwood, which form the most delightful vistas and glades. The waters of the lake, shining like a mirror, appear doubly beautiful, when partially seen through these openings of the groves. Sometimes the thickets dilate so far as to afford a full view. The opposite mountains of Birk-fell and Place-fell, present craggy,

uneven, and generally naked surfaces, and rise rapidly from the very water's edge.—On this side the mountains ascend more gently, and leave a space of low ground along the border of the lake. This extensive park belongs to the Duke of NORFOLK, and is said to contain 1800 acres of land, and 600 head of deer, besides great numbers of sheep and cattle. Many of the old oaks, which once contributed to ornament the scene, have been cut down.—The scenery now increases in beauty as we advance : yawning rocks, “ silvered o'er with age,” with trees and evergreen shrubs springing from their crevices, stare across the lake. Again, nothing but broken rough woodlands appear ; and now shelving rocky knolls strike the eye. Here Lyulph's Tower, at a little distance from the road, is a pleasing object : it is a square grey edifice, with turreted corners, battlements and windows in the Gothic style, erected by the present Duke of NORFOLK in a most delightful situation, abounding with views of the grand and sublime. Not far from that structure there is a fine cascade, worth the notice of those who delight in natural curiosities of this nature.

WE now reach the second bend of the lake, and see the last stretch, of about a mile and a half in length, with a view into the gorge of Patterdale. This, with its environs, is the most pic-

turesque arm of the lake. It is spotted with three or four small rocky islands, making a noble sweep round Place-fell, which mounts abruptly from the opposite shore to an immense height. On this side the woody knolls project from the sides of the adjoining mountains, rocky cliffs hang over the road, and, at intervals, we gain a peep into a sweetly retired dell, overhung with impending woods and darkened with towering mountains.—Glencoyn, a small triangular farm, and one of the most delightful retreats we have seen, appears on the right. The farm-house, buried in a grove of trees, stands near one of the angles, under the shade of high wooded rocks on each side, which form a striking contrast with a few beautiful level fields stretching to the lake, and affording, through straggling trees, a complete view of its middle reach. The road now winds gently over a rocky promontory, when the view becomes so extended as to comprehend the whole lake, except the lowest arm. The water laves the rocks below, while the ponderous cliffs above, crowned with trees, hang over our heads in terrific grandeur. We continue our route through woods, groves, and meadows, with a continued diversity of scenery, to the head of the lake, where the mountains close in, and apparently leave no more than a narrow glen above. Here we see the church of Patterdale, and a few

straggling farm-houses peeping out in the most romantic situations. Patterdale-Hall, the residence of J. MOUNSEY, Esq. stands pleasantly at the mouth of the dell which opens near the head of the lake. The ancestors of this respectable gentleman (who is an active magistrate for the county of Westmoreland) have, for ages, obtained the distinguished appellation of *Kings of Patterdale* ; probably on account of their possessing more property than any of their neighbours in this sequestered dale. From a rock immediately behind the little inn called the King's Arms, there is a fine view over the first reach of the lake ; having Gowbarrow-park in the back ground : a most beautiful range of rocky steeps, generally covered with trees, forms the side skreen on the left ; while the naked breast of Place-fell constitutes that on the right.

FROM hence the road, which leads to Ambleside, about ten miles, is truly an Alpine pass, winding in a contracted vale, with a high and naked mountain on the left. The valley is pleasantly undulated, and abundantly scattered over with trees.—The rocky hills on the right contain quarries of fine blue slate, which is conveyed down the lake in boats to Pooley, &c. Brooks as clear as crystal push down from the surrounding eminences into a little river called Goldrill

Beck, which issues from a small lake called Broad-water, which, at no great distance, spreads out its waters at our feet. The road runs along the eastern side of this lake up to the head of the vale, which is closed in by mountains on every side, except that which we have just explored. Here every thing around assumes a barren and forbidding aspect, exchanging the mild climate of the peaceful vale for the wild and inhospitable regions before us. A steep and rugged path ascends to the heights of Kirkstone, meeting the noisy waters of an angry brook tumbling over its rocky channel. The road on each side is strewed with the large fragments of rocks that have from time to time been severed from the frowning cliffs above. About half way up the mountain we find an opening, which admits a passage to the other side ; from thence we descend for some miles, through a dreary and mountainous country, to Ambleside. The contrast between this desolate region, which we have just traversed, and the delightful vale and lake of Windermere, which, from the higher part of the road, present themselves to our view, is agreeable, and wonderfully surprising.

BUT, as we shall have occasion, in the succeeding pages of this work, to notice the picturesque scenery in this district, and as this is a

route we would by no means recommend to those who wish to make a complete tour, we will conduct the traveller back from Patterdale to Pooley—and for the sake of variety, recommend him to take a boat and navigate the lake, when the various objects, with which he was before so much delighted, will appear in equally pleasing, but different points of view.

BEFORE we quit Ulls-water, we must mention those surprising echoes, which the report of a swivel will excite.—Of these Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his *Excursion to the Lakes*, page 65, gives the following description :—Having landed on the shores of a bay opposite to Watermillock, he proceeds thus :—“ Whilst we sat to regale, the barge put off from shore to a station where the finest echoes were to be obtained from the surrounding mountains.—The vessel was provided with six brass cannon, mounted on swivels ;—on discharging one of these pieces, the report was echoed from the opposite rocks, where, by reverberation, it seemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley, till the decreasing tumult gradually died away upon the ear.

“ THE instant it had ceased, the sound of every distant water-fall was heard ; but for an

instant only ; for the momentary stillness was interrupted by the returning echo on the hills behind, where the report was repeated like a peal of thunder bursting over our heads, continuing for several seconds, flying from haunt to haunt, till once more the sound gradually declines ;—again the voice of water-falls possessed the interval,—till, to the right, the more distant thunder arose upon some other mountain, and seemed to take its way up every winding dell and creek, sometimes behind, on this side, or on that, in wondrous speed, running its dreadful course. When the echo reached the mountains within the line and channel of the breeze, it was heard at once on the right and left, at the extremities of the lake. In this manner was the report of every discharge re-echoed seven times distinctly.

“ AT intervals we were relieved from this entertainment, which consisted of a kind of wondrous tumult and grandeur of confusion, by the music of two French horns, whose harmony was repeated from every recess which echo haunted on the borders of the lake ;—here the breathings of the organ were imitated ; there the bassoons with clarinets ;—in this place, from the harsher sounding cliffs, the cornet ;—in that, from the wooded creek, amongst the cavern and the trilling water-falls, we heard the soft-toned lute, ac-

accompanied with the languishing strains of enamoured nymphs ; whilst in the copse and grove was still retained the music of the horns. All this vast theatre was possessed by innumerable aerial beings, who breathed celestial harmony.

“ As we finished our repast, a general discharge of the guns roused us to new astonishment. Although we had heard with great surprise the former echoes, this exceeded them so much, that it seemed incredible ; for on every hand the sounds were reverberated and returned from side to side, so as to give the semblance of that confusion and horrid uproar, which the falling of these stupendous rocks would occasion, if, by some internal combustion, they were rent to pieces and hurled into the lake.”

CHARR is sometimes caught in this lake, but in no great quantities. It, however, abounds with a variety of other fish. Trout of 30 pounds weight and upwards, of a particular species, are frequently caught ; and also eels of a large size and of the finest quality.

FROM Pooley, either return to Penrith, or rather take the nearer and more direct road to Keswick, by way of Dacre, having Dacre Castle on the right, and enter the Penrith road near

Hutton John, an old castle-like mansion on the left, about ten miles from Keswick.—From Dacre to Penruddock the country is pleasing, with a good road, through winding lanes, and a variety of prospects, particularly to the north, where, at a few miles distance, the castle, church, and village of Graystock, with an extensive deer-park, are striking and conspicuous objects.

LEAVING Penruddock, we cross a dreary moor of considerable extent, and descend through the peaceful vales of Grisdale and Threlkeld, having Saddleback on the right, and, on the left, a heavy, dull mountain, branching from huge Helvelling, whose top is seen rearing into the airy regions.

As our route now skirts the base of Saddleback, we presume the following pleasing description of that mountain, inserted by Mr. HUTCHINSON, in his History of Cumberland, will here be acceptable to our readers:—"A friend," he says, "has indulged us with the following description of his view of Saddleback, and the curious crater and lake there, where the lava of a volcano is unquestionably to be found in large quantities.* His tour was made in 1793.

* "Near Crummock-water is a place which bears the name of *Crater*, evidently the crater of a volcano."

“ He speaks with great respect, in the first instance, of one Mr. JOHN GRAVES, who gave him the earliest description of those scenes, and excited his curiosity to visit them ; and of Mr. THOMAS CLEMENT, a resident of the skirts of the mountain, who attended him and his party on the view. It was remarked to our friend, that travellers who made the tour of the lakes generally visited Skiddaw, and left Saddleback unexplored, whence they might indulge the eye with as extensive and pleasing prospects as they could by ascending the sister mountain ; besides the curious view of Scales tarn, which is herein after described.—He adds, he had at some distant time, seen Scales tarn described in some periodical publication, but diligent search had not restored the description to him. He says Mr. CLEMENT lives about a mile and a half eastward of Threlkeld, at the foot of the mountain, from whose house the party proceeded about one o’clock, *p. m.*—That they made their passage in an oblique direction up that part which is called Scales-fell ; and he proceeds in his description thus :—‘ When we had ascended about a mile, ‘ one of the party, on looking round, was so astonished with the different appearance of objects in the valley, so far beneath us, that he declined proceeding. We had not gone much ‘ further, till the other companion (of the relator)

‘ was suddenly taken ill, and wished to lose
‘ blood, and return. I was almost ready (adds
‘ he) to give up my project, which I should
‘ have done with great reluctance, as the day
‘ was remarkably favourable, and exhibited every
‘ scene to the greatest advantage.—Mr. CLE-
‘ MENT assured us, if we proceeded a little way,
‘ we should find a resting place, where the second
‘ defaulter of our party might recover the effects
‘ of his journey. After labouring another half
‘ hour, we gained the margin of an immense ca-
‘ vity, in the side of the mountain, the bottom of
‘ which formed a wide bason, and was filled with
‘ water, that from our station looked black,
‘ though smooth as glass, covering the space of
‘ several acres.† It is said to be so deep, that
‘ the sun never shines upon it, and that the re-
‘ flection of the stars may be seen therein at noon-
‘ day ; but that was a curiosity we did not en-
‘ joy. From our station there was a gentle de-
‘ clivity to a smooth and verdant lawn, several
‘ yards in breadth, which was the situation
‘ our guide had promised us ; and the des-
‘ cent thereto led us about half-way to the lake :

† “ Some visitors, as well as Mr. GRAVES, have said that the lake contains thirty-five acres—our correspondent apprehends that it is not less than twenty acres in dimension.”

‘ a like easy descent would have led us to the
‘ edge of the lake, round which there appeared a
‘ broad green walk ; but our leader informing us
‘ of the danger of passing that slippery path, we
‘ did not proceed. We now contemplated the
‘ scene with *awe-struck wonder*.—We stood di-
‘ rectly facing the middle of the mountain, the
‘ form of which gives it the name of *Saddleback* ;
‘ and to the lake a perpendicular rocky preci-
‘ pice presented itself, extending to the north-
‘ east side of the mountain, called Foul-crag. To
‘ the right hand the steepness of the rocks gradu-
‘ ally declined ; above us, and on the left, they
‘ were stupendous and perpendicular ; so that in
‘ one half of the circle the rocks were lofty and
‘ precipitous, whilst in the other half they gra-
‘ dually decreased. My fellow-traveller would
‘ proceed no further ; and, with my guide, I was
‘ left to explore the other parts of the mountain.
‘ Winding round, and keeping the cavity on our
‘ right, we attained the ridge or summit of the
‘ rock, where we found a passage three or four
‘ yards broad—on the right, the descent to the
‘ lake looked truly awful ; whilst the steep rocks
‘ on the other side were lofty, and not to be
‘ climbed by human steps. This passage, some
‘ hundred yards in length, may be compared to a
‘ bridge covered with grass. Having reached
‘ the summit, we went to the point nearest to

‘ Keswick vale, and there enjoyed a most delight-
‘ ful prospect ; from thence we passed to the
‘ next point, being Foul-crag, with Skiddaw on
‘ the left ; from whence we looked down into a
‘ dreadful abyss, the bottom of which the eye
‘ could not penetrate : sheep frequently perish
‘ in this place, as the number of dead carcasses
‘ and skeletons evinced.—We walked back by
‘ the side next to the lake ; but to look down
‘ from thence was so terrible, I could not endure
‘ it a moment. We perceived from thence, that
‘ my companion, whom we had last left, was laid
‘ upon the ground ; I pressed the guide to has-
‘ ten to him, but he refused, alledging that a fog
‘ was rising, and it would be very hazardous for
‘ me to explore my way alone down the moun-
‘ tain : in a short time we were enveloped in a
‘ very dense vapour, so that we were obliged to
‘ keep near to each other ; the sudden change
‘ was almost incredible. It was with difficulty
‘ my guide regained the passage, or dry bridge,
‘ which we missed on several attempts ; and one
‘ incautious step would have plunged us in the
‘ horrid abyss. The fog soon afterwards dispersed,
‘ as precipitately as it came on, and left us again
‘ under a serene sky. We passed to the foot of
‘ Foul-crag, to view its wonderful precipices from
‘ their base ; and again reached Mr. CLEMENT’s
‘ house, after a laborious travel of four hours.

‘ ON the side of the mountain we found several large plots of the *Lycopodium Clavatum*, or club-moss ; the creeping branches of which were closely matted and interwoven, and formed a carpet that seemed to surpass the workmanship of the finest artists.’ ”

Nothing very interesting is observed, till, passing the village of Threlkeld, the beautiful vale of St. John opens obliquely to the view. Here a curious castle-like rock presents itself, which has been deservedly admired, and described by several tourists. Mr. HUTCHINSON speaks of it thus (Excursion to the Lakes, page 121) :—“ We now gained a view of the vale of St. John’s, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meandrings, washing little inclosures of grass ground, which stretch up the risings of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shews a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements :—we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architec-

ture ; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

“ THE traveller’s curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural arts and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings ;—its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report ; we were soon convinced of its truth ;—for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of *The Castle Rocks of St. John’s*.

“ THE delusion afforded us matter of laughter, till we descended towards the vale of Keswick.”

THE same learned author also mentions a re-

markable thunder storm which took place there in August, 1749, (page 122) :—"On the 22d of August, 1749, by impetuous rains, a remarkable flood happened in the vale of St. John's : the clouds discharged their torrents like a waterspout ;—the streams from the mountains uniting, at length became so powerful a body, as to rend up the soil, gravel, and stones, to a prodigious depth, and bear with them mighty fragments of rocks ;—several cottages were swept away from the declivities where they had stood in safety for a century ; the vale was deluged, and many of the inhabitants with their cattle were lost. A singular providence protected many lives :—a little school, where all the youths of the neighbourhood were educated, at the instant crowded with its flock, stood in the very line of one of these torrents ; but the hand of God, in a miraculous manner, stayed a rolling rock in the midst of its dreadful course, which would have crushed the whole tenement with its innocents ; and, by its stand, the floods divided, and passed on this hand and on that, insulating the school-house, and leaving the pupils, with their master, trembling, at once, for the dangers escaped, and as spectators of the horrid havock in the valley, and the tremendous floods which encompassed them on every side. I received this account on my journey from one of the people then at school

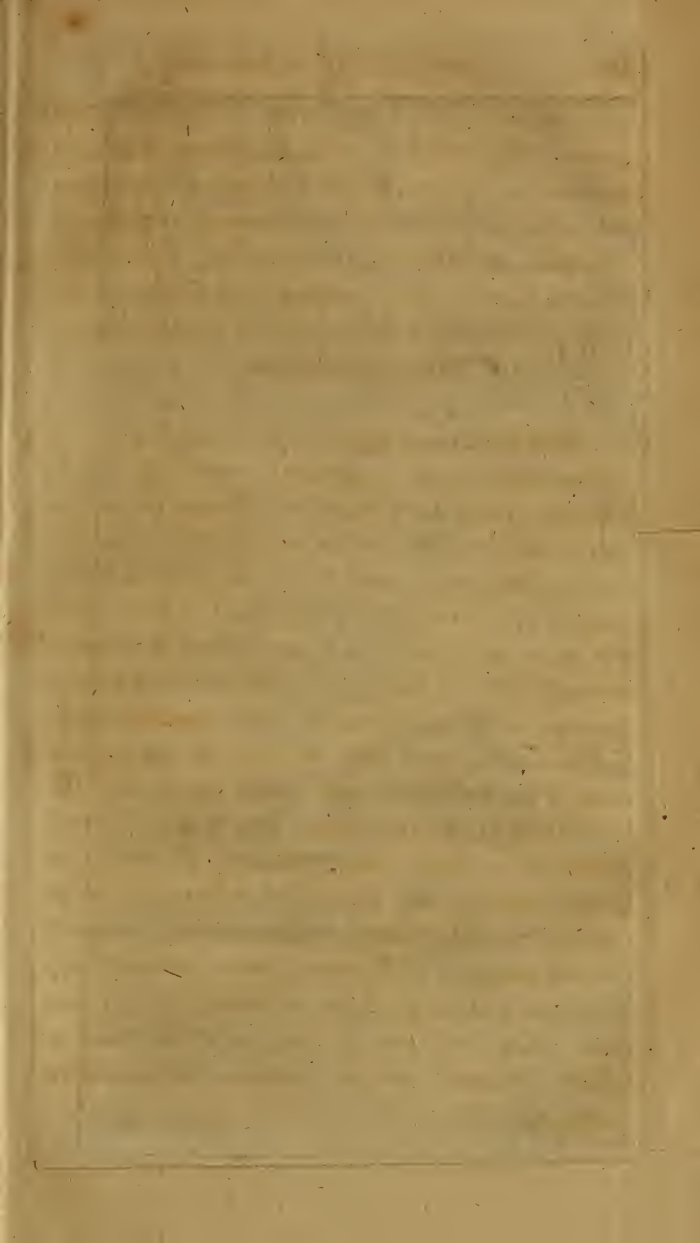
—but since that have met with the following description of that inundation :—‘ It began with
‘ most terrible thunder and incessant lightning,
‘ the preceding day having been extremely hot
‘ and sultry ; the inhabitants, for two hours before the breaking of the cloud, heard a strange
‘ noise, like the wind blowing in the tops of high
‘ trees. It is thought to have been a spout or
‘ large body of water, which, by the lightning incessantly rarefying the air, broke at once on
‘ the tops of the mountains, and descended upon
‘ the valley below, which is about three miles
‘ long, half a mile broad, and lies nearly east and
‘ west, being closed on the south and north sides
‘ with prodigious high, steep, and rocky mountains.—Legbert Fells, on the north side, received almost the whole cataract, for the spout
‘ did not extend above a mile in length : it
‘ chiefly swelled four small brooks ; but to so
‘ amazing a degree, that the largest of them, called *Catcheety Gill*, swept away a mill and other
‘ edifices in five minutes, leaving the place where
‘ they stood covered with fragments of rocks and
‘ rubbish three or four yards deep, insomuch
‘ that one of the millstones could not be found.
‘ During the violence of the storm, the fragments of rocks which rolled down the mountain choked up the old course of this brook ;
‘ but the water forcing its way through a shivery

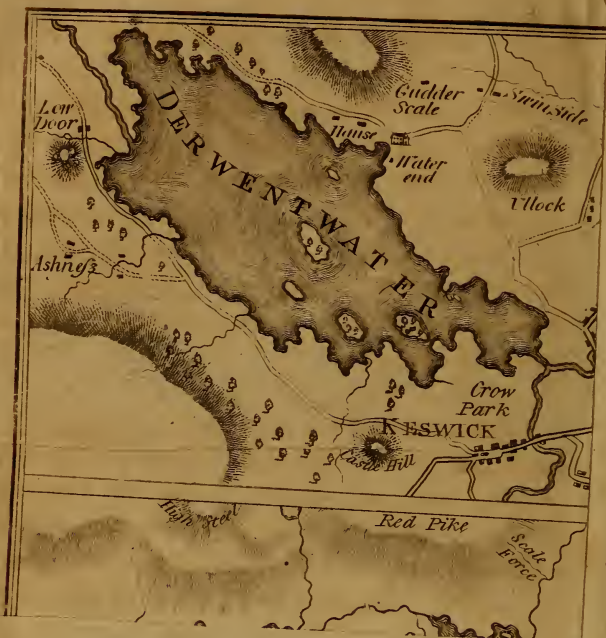
‘ rock, formed a chasm four yards wide, and
‘ about eight or nine deep.—The brooks lodged
‘ such quantities of gravel and sand on the mea-
‘ dows, that they were irrecoverably lost.—Ma-
‘ ny large pieces of rocks were carried a consider-
‘ able way into the fields ; some larger than a
‘ team of ten horses could move, and one of them
‘ measuring nineteen yards about.’ ”

ABOUT a mile and a half from Keswick, a druidical temple is situated, in a field on the left, adjoining the road. This remarkable piece of antiquity consists of a rude circle of large stones, some standing upright, some fallen down, and others leaning obliquely. The stones are in a natural and unhewn state, most of them a species of granite, and are 50 in number. The diameter of the circle, or oval, is 30 paces by 32.—At the eastern end, a small inclosure is formed within the circle by 10 stones, making an oblong square, in conjunction with the stones of that side of the circle, seven paces in length and three in width, within where, it is conjectured, the altar was erected. Not far from hence, we gain a view of the enchanting vale of Keswick, widely extended between the lakes of Derwent and Bassenthwaite, a small portion of each being now in sight. The former appears much distended, and beautifully spotted with islands ; while the latter has only

the semblance of a large river. This scene is greatly heightened by a back-ground of Alpine mountains, thrown into the rudest order imaginable.—The road from hence descends rapidly to the town of Keswick, leaving the beautifully smooth and verdant mountain Latrigg on the right, above which lofty Skiddaw lifts his brows in sullen and majestic grandeur.

KESWICK is a small but neat and pleasant market-town, and, in general, well-built ; with some good inns for the accommodation of travellers ; and a weekly market on Saturdays, chiefly for woollen yarn (spun in the adjacent dales) a variety of fish from the lakes, and the finest mutton in the kingdom.—A cotton factory has lately been established here ; and coarse woollen goods, kerseys, and some linen, are also manufactured.—The town is pleasantly situated on the eastern side of an extensive and fertile vale, near the lower end of Derwent lake ; and, from its central situation, is much frequented by strangers, on their tour to the lakes and other curiosities in this neighbourhood.—The distant prospect of the beauties of Keswick must naturally excite the curiosity of every traveller, and render them impatient to take a nearer view of those romantic scenes around the matchless lake of





DERWENT-WATER,

which is about three miles long, and a mile and a half over in the broadest part, forming an irregular figure.—Its beauties may be seen to advantage either by sailing on its bosom, or traversing its borders ; there being an excellent road on each side, which, in some parts, is considerably elevated, and in others nearly on a level with the surface of the water.

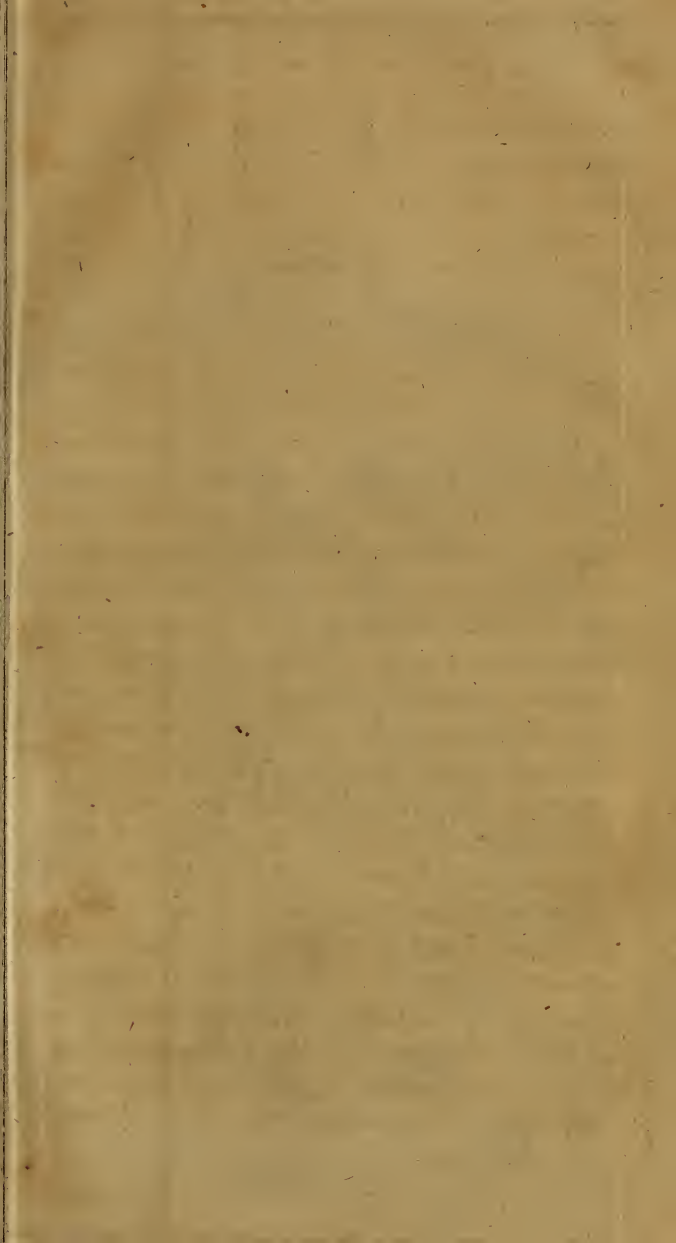
FIRST walk to Crow-park, a gentle eminence, once a grove of oaks, but now a beautiful pasture, swelling gently from the adjacent grounds. From the summit of this hill, which is scarcely 200 yards from the town of Keswick, and adjoining the lake, we have one of the finest views of this delightful vale. Before us a beautiful sheet of water, as transparent as crystal, distends its sides to a great width ; its bosom is variegated with wooded islands, and the whole guarded with legions of mountains rearing their heads to the skies, and hovering over the lake in the most grotesque figures. Turning to the left, towards the head of the lake, we look full into the frightful jaws of Borrowdale ; and on the right, majestic Skiddaw, with smoother sides, is seen arresting every cloud that passes.

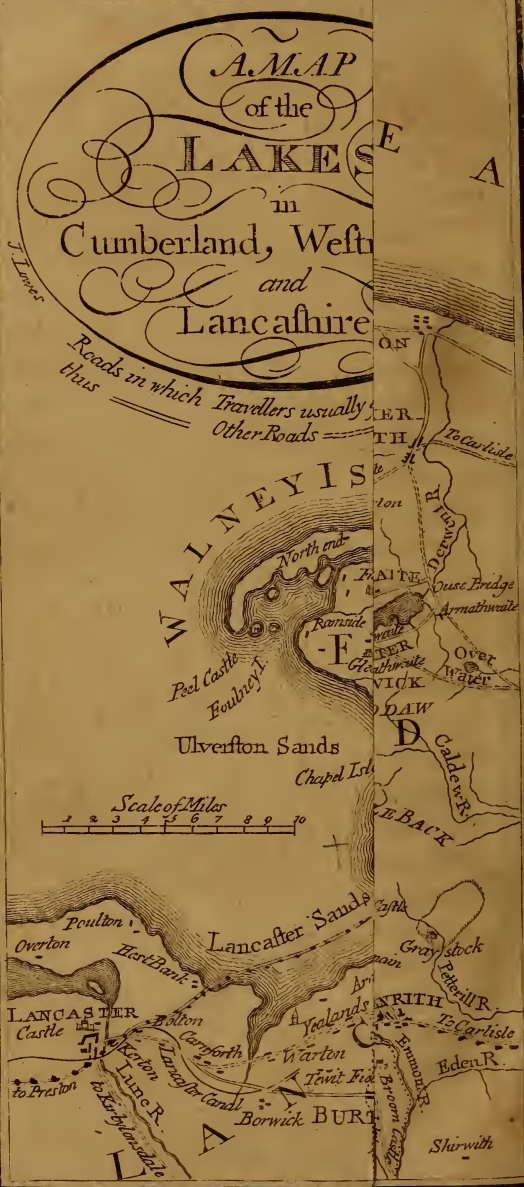


LAKEs in CUMBERLAND.

NEAR this place is Cockshut-Hill, which, till lately, was a celebrated station for a general view, and from whence the lake appeared to great advantage ; but the young oaks and growing plantations have now almost shut up every prospect.

CASTLE-HILL, a woody rock of considerable elevation, at a little distance from thence, affords a complete view over the vale, including the lake, &c. Every bay, creek, and promontory, is delineated before us : the woods of Lord WILLIAM GORDON, Mr. POCKLINGTON, and others, on the opposite shore, rise from the borders of the lake, and climb considerably up the sides of the mountains.—The extensive plain from hence to Bassenthwaite-water is spread out in full view, and the lake itself is seen winding towards the lowest point of land in front.—A great number of white houses, sweetly situated at the foot of the surrounding mountains, are seen on every side.—Lysick, a neat house of Mr. FISHER's, stands like a white point at the very base of Skiddaw : Crosthwaite church appears prominently above the plain, with the vicarage a little to the right. The little town of Keswick, with whitened walls and blue roofs, appears at our feet ; and the small intervening fields are as distinctly shewn as the beds in a garden ;





A MAP
of the

LAKE

in

Cumberland, West

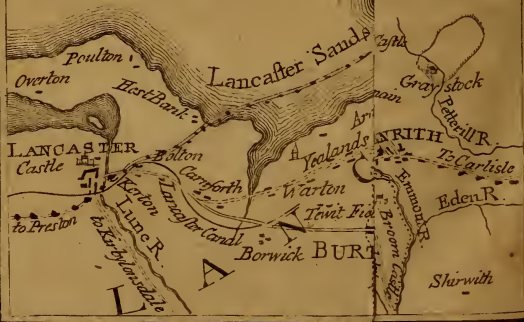
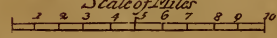
and

Lancashire

Roads in which Travellers usually
thus Other Roads

WALNEY ISLAND
North end
Peel Castle
Foulrey
Ulverston Sands
Chapel Island
DAW
D
E
F
G
H
I
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Scale of Miles

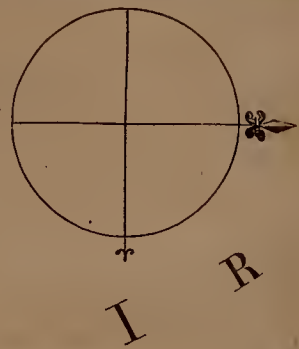


while the cattle feeding therein seem quite diminutive. **POCKLINGTON'S** Island, just before us, emerges from the water in a spheroidical form ; near its centre is a modern-built dwelling-house, from which the smooth surface of the ground, clad in richest verdure, slopes regularly on every side to the pebbly-bottomed lake. Clumps of trees in different parts ornament the island ; and on the eastern side, a little tower and fort, provided with cannon, seem to defend it from the invasion of the obtrusive stranger. According to the modern taste, too much formality seems to have been employed in beautifying this enviable situation : the house has been regularly planted on the summit, and shews somewhat the appearance of a light-house.—**Lord's Island**, a beautiful retirement, a little to the left, near the shore, is covered with wood : it was formerly a seat of the Earls of **DERWENTWATER** ; the ground work and ruins of which still appear. **St. Herbert's Island** is seen towards the middle, in form like a large boat steering obliquely across the lake. This island is also wholly covered with various sorts of trees.—**Ramps-Holm**, a still smaller island, and without wood, appears likewise in nearly the same point of view.

THE prospect from this elevated rock gives a good general view of the beauties of the lake,

A. MAP
of the
LAKES
in
Cumberland, Westmorland
and
Lancashire.

Roads in which Travellers usually go are marked
thus Other Roads



I R I S H S E A



though perhaps lower stations may afford more pleasing landscapes of particular parts.

RETURNING to the road, we pursue it along the eastern shores, keeping almost on a level with the water, and winding through pleasing fields, and thick groves of trees. The rocky mountains on the left now begin to rise in awful grandeur ; and, though nearly perpendicular, are generally covered on their fronts with trees and shrubs growing from the crevices in the most picturesque manner.—Wallow-crag, an enormous rock of astonishing height, thrusts forward his massy head frightfully over the lake.—After passing a little wood, we enter a small rocky common : just without the gate, on the left, there is a sort of knoll, with a collection of large fragments of rock pitched into the ground : from thence we look down upon the lake, and see the same objects in a new and very interesting point of view. On the opposite side of the lake, a rural seat, or lodge, of Lord WILLIAM GORDON, called Water-end, appears on the very margin of the water, in a fine bay, as if emerging from the recesses of a deep wood.

WE continue to skirt the lake through another little wood, where the rocky cliffs, wooded to the top, and sounding with the noise of falling

rills, are just descried on the one hand, with partial views of the lake on the other.—Cascade-House, the principal residence of Mr. Pock-LINGTON, now appears by the side of the road, situated romantically under shaggy hills, with buildings in various antique figures adjoining. A small cascade plays from the rocky sylvan skreen which almost half surrounds the house, and sparkles over a pebbly bed to the lake. The wild beauty of the scenery increases as we proceed, though viewed with a sort of pleasing horror : huge fragments of rocks, that have been occasionally tumbling from the impending mountains, lie scattered in various positions on each hand; and others apparently hanging loose, ready to precipitate themselves upon the unwary traveller below.—The celebrated waterfall of Lodore, rushing from a rock of great height, now presents itself. The mountain here forms a rude curve, inclining towards the road ; its sides are rugged beyond description, displaying rocks, trees, and shrubs, in the most fantastic shapes, and its top ragged and broken. This stupendous cataract first appears issuing through an incisure of the scalloped ridge before us, and tumbles over a collection of enormous projecting crags, which oppose its fall, concealed by the stretching arms of trees on each side. After heavy rains, the noise and violence of this waterfall are truly

grand and astonishing ; but in dry seasons there is only an inconsiderable stream, when its grandeur is lost. An opening in the grove, directly above the mill, is the most convenient station for viewing this cataract to advantage.

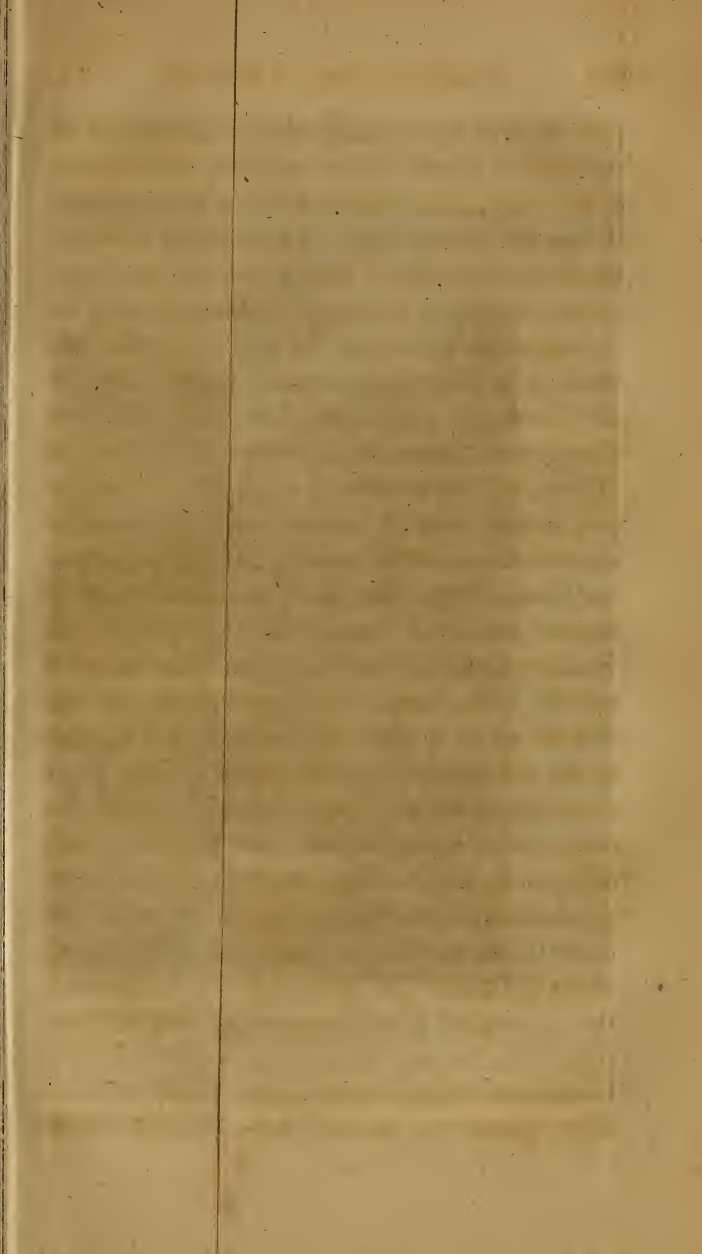
As we proceed from hence, past the inn at Lodore, the scenery becomes more wild, the lake almost discontinued, and we perceive the river Derwent, the principal feeder of that large body of water, serpentising thereto through low, swampy meadows.—We approach the village of Grange, romantically situated at the foot of Castle-Crag, which stands in the gorge of Borrowdale : the rocky hills close, and, with angry looks, seem to dispute all further progress. But, notwithstanding the threatening aspects of these awful barriers, we find a narrow zigzag passage among the tremendous rocks, now assuming a countenance which strikes the astonished stranger with surprise. The verdure of grass, and foliage of trees, now give way to the terrific glare of naked rocks, which overspread the surface with horrid grandeur, and burst out in various huge distorted figures, as if, in this corner of the universe, old Nature had deposited her rubbish during the formation of some happier district.

THIS narrow winding valley, so justly term-

ed the Straits of Borrowdale, and replete with hideous grandeur, is washed by the Derwent, which hurries, in its romantic course, from rock to rock, often in very acute angles. In one of the recesses formed in this vale is that wonderful stone, or fragment of rock, called *Bowder-stone*; this massy body, which is a little mountain of itself, has in some former age, probably by some great convulsion of Nature, been detached from the rock above. Its shape bears some resemblance to that of a large ship lying upon its keel, or of a house resting upon its roof. That it should stop in this position, after the violence of its motion in its descent from the mountain, is surprising; and to place it in its present posture, or even to move it by any power of art, seems utterly impossible. The road winds about the eastern side of this stone, towards which it projects 10 or 12 feet over its base, forming a good shelter for sheep and cattle; and the proprietor of the ground adjoining, taking advantage of this circumstance, has walled in the other side for a sheepfold. On its top, a little earth affords nourishment to a quantity of heath, and one or two small trees. It is ascended without much difficulty, but to return is attended with considerable danger.

CASTLE-CRAG, a somewhat detached mountain of rock, the sides of which are adorned with

various sorts of trees and shrubs hanging from the fissures, stands nearly opposite, on the right, in the very pass of Borrowdale. The view from its top will amply repay the labour of climbing thereto, which may be done up the narrow paths cut in the side of the hill for carrying down the slate quarried on its top. From hence the lake and vale of Keswick are spread out before us in the most picturesque manner : the village of Grange stands romantically below us, at the foot of the rock, beyond which every bend of the river, as it serpentises through a range of marshy meadows to the lake, may be distinctly traced : the sides of the lake seem distended, and its length contracted ; while the little islands, like so many gems, decorate its bosom in a beautiful manner. The strip of low ground along the line of shore on each side is nearly lost in the vastness of its circumscribing neighbours ; those surly guardians with all their beautiful accompaniments of projecting rocks, and hanging woods coloured in various tints, drop down almost perpendicularly to the lake, and form a barrier infinitely more strong and grand than the famous Wall of China. At the lower end of the lake, the cultivated vale, interspersed with villages, seats, farm-houses, cottages, and the church of Crosthwaite almost in the centre, forms an interesting part of the picture ; beyond which, Skid-





R. Scott sculp^t

Crag, Borrowdale

daw, with a mild countenance, rises majestically to the skies, smiling over his more savage neighbours, and forming an excellent back-ground to the whole.

TURNING to the other hand, the scene becomes sublimely terrible ; the rocky mountains strangely intersect each other, and are huddled together in the most extraordinary arrangement, as if just emerging from, or returning to the wildest chaos : rock riots over rock, and mountain triumphs over mountain. Among the numerous crags of immense height and magnitude, many of which are nameless to all except a few shepherds, is Eagle-Crag, so called from the bird of Jove having his annual nest thereon. These nests are generally plundered by the neighbouring shepherds, who, taking advantage of the absence of the parent birds, let down one of their companions from the summit of this dreadful rock to the nest, about twenty fathoms, by means of a rope. The carnage made among the lambs by these birds of prey, during the breeding season, is considerable, viz. about a lamb a day ; consequently we need not wonder that the shepherds venture so far to effect the destruction of the young eagles.

BEFORE we leave the summit of Castle-Crag, we must notice the remains of a fort, which,



J. W. delin^r

R. Scott sculp^t

Stonewaite, & Eagle Crag, Borrowdale

from some articles found thereon, appears to have been of Roman origin ; erected, perhaps, to guard the pass, or more probably, to secure the treasure contained in the bosom of these mountains. The Saxons, and after them, the monks of Furness, are said to have maintained this fort for the same purpose ; and as all Borrowdale belonged to that religious body, they are supposed to have laid up, at Grange, near the foot of this mountain, their grain, their tithe, and also their salt, made at a salt spring in the neighbourhood. The dimensions of the castellum are about 70 yards by 40. If the visitor is already satisfied with the rugged scenes of nature, and his curiosity prompts him not to proceed further into the vale of Borrowdale, let him descend to the village of Grange, and return down the contrary side of the lake, through the woods of Lord WILLIAM GORDON.—Opposite to the head of the lake, a station, on a woody rock near the road, shews its beauty and grandeur in a new and surprising point of view.—Not far from this, we enter upon an excellent new road, made by Lord WILLIAM GORDON : it is easy, smooth, and perfectly safe, and, from its elevation, commands a complete view of the lake and its various accompaniments.—We first wind through a wood to a naked rocky mountain, along the side of which the road ascends gently and regularly to

the upper corner of Brandelow-Park, with an open view to the lake. Here we find ourselves among lead-mines, which, however, are not at present very productive. The road, after running parallel to the upper wall of Brandelow-Park to another open district, proceeds on a level for a considerable distance along the verdant breast of a high and steep mountain, winding into the dells, and around some gentle protuberances, with a pleasing variety of prospects. Here nothing obstructs our view of the various beauties of the scene. Above us, the mountain, on whose skirts we are now treading, rises abruptly into the cloudy regions, the very summit of which is spotted with a hardy breed of sheep, that support themselves thereon. On the opposite side of the lake the white foam of Lodore cataract is distinctly seen, together with Lodore-House, the little white inn, and other prominent objects, as if stuck to the base of the mountain ; but the beauty of the several parts is destroyed by the distance. On one hand we have Brandelow-Park, and on the other Foe-Park, with Water-End, the little romantic seat of Lord WILLIAM GORDON, peeping from the wood, at our feet, and opening to the widest part of the lake, at the extremity of a fine bay, which washes its very walls.—With an easy descent we enter the vale of Newlands, which opens into that of Kes-

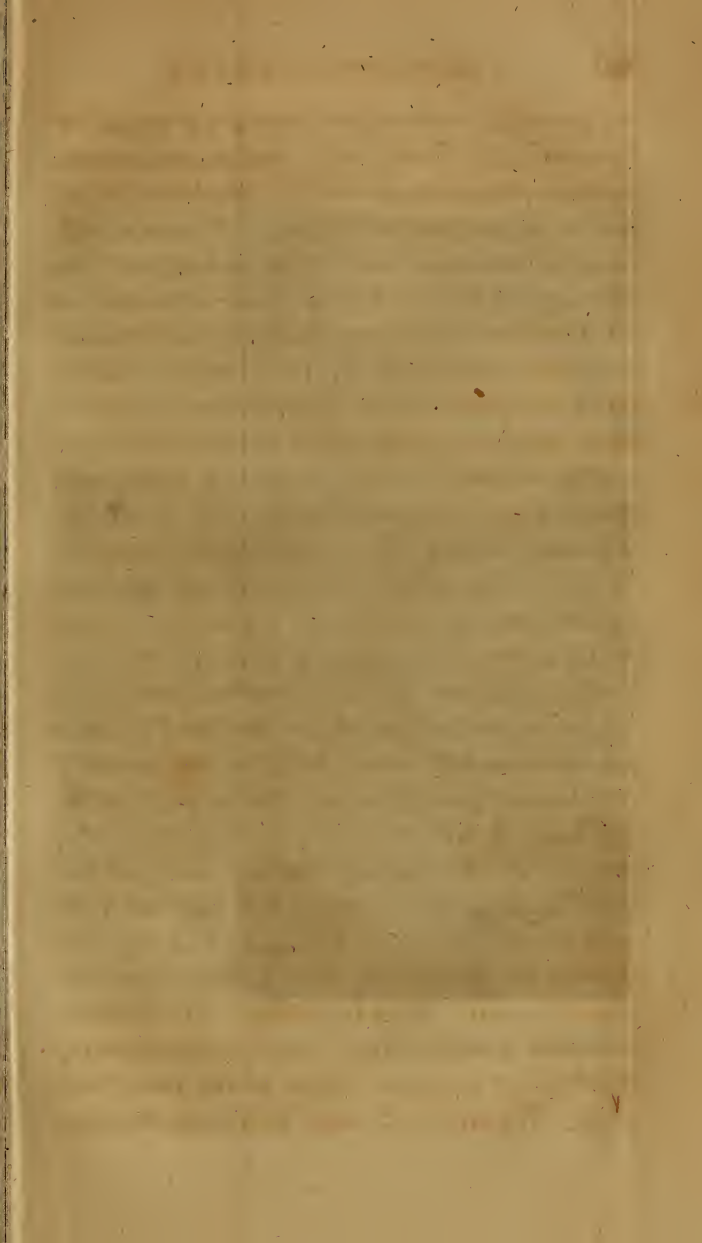
wick ; and, winding round Foe-Park, we approach the foot of Swinside, a little green-sided mountain which intersects the vale. Ascend this hill, and from its side there is a full view of Derwent and Bassenthwaite lakes, with their indented shores, monstrous side skreens, and all the intervening vale. If this place is visited in the evening, when the departing rays of the setting sun tinge the tops of the mountains, the prospect is doubly interesting. After enjoying this scene, return to the road, which leads past one of Mr. **POCKLINGTON**'s houses to the village of Portinscale, and, crossing the river Derwent, we travel about two miles obliquely across an extensive level vale to Keswick.

SHOULD this last route, however, be reserved for some future excursion, and the visitor wish to explore the very farthest recesses of these mountainous regions, let him proceed from Castle-Crag up the chasm of Borrowdale, which soon becomes so wide as to admit a strip of cultivated ground ; while many of the rocky fronts of the hills are softened with hanging woods. The village of Rosthwaite is seated in a most secluded corner ; and, a little beyond, we reach Borrowdale Chapel, where the vale divides to the right and left, with a narrow road up each valley : that on the left leads to Hawkshead and Amble-

side, over a high mountain, called Stake.—This Alpine pass is one of the wildest imaginable for about eight miles ; but in seasonable summer weather it affords much amusement. The dale soon becomes so narrow as to exclude entirely all cultivation ; the skirts of the mountains are clad in verdure, with pleasing sylvan scenes from the chapel to the Stake. A serpentine path then winds up the mountain, with a variety of cataracts in view, and afterwards descends in the same zigzag manner into the vale of Langdale, accompanied by a succession of sounding waterfalls.—Langdale Pike, an inaccessible pyramidical rock, and other pointed eminences, here present themselves.—Paveyark is a hanging rock, said to be 600 feet in height, in whose bosom is a large basin of water, called Stickle-tarn, which empties itself in a cataract at Mill-beck. A little lower down, a dreadful yawning chasm opens to the centre of Whitegill-crag.—After passing Langdale Chapel, the vale becomes more pleasing, with a good road to Hawkshead, or Ambleside, by Scalewith-bridge.

THE road from Borrowdale Chapel, on the right, leads over Styhead to Wastdale, Wastwater-lake, Ravenglass, &c. In this route we soon come opposite the famous wad, or black-lead mine, which is seen opening about half-way up

the mountain on the right : below the mouth of the mine, the brown earth thrown out in the working streams down the hill, and shews the situation of this singular mineral. The vale now becomes more contracted, bleak, naked, and less pleasing ; it is washed by a principal branch of the Derwent, which here marks its course with desolation occasioned by the torrents, poured down in rainy seasons, carrying away hedges, roads, and every thing that obstructs its passage. —Here we pass the little village of Seathwaite, deeply intrenched in mountains, and on which, it is said, the sun never shines in the depth of Winter ; consequently, when his rays gild the chimney tops at noon-day, it is a welcome signal of the approach of cheerful Spring. The last vestiges of human industry now disappear, and we see the termination of the vale closed in by a mountain running across, down the sides of which the Derwent pours in a long, steep, and roaring cataract. A dim shepherd's track conducts the traveller up this mountain with a painful and difficult ascent. As we mount the hill, the Derwent tumbles down on the right ; and reaching the top, we again meet it in a more calm and peaceful mood. After travelling a little further, we reach a small lake, called Sparkling-tarn, which is one principal source of the river Derwent. We afterwards meet with a small brook





J.W. dekin?

R. Scott sculp?

running in a contrary direction ; following the course of which, we soon gain a view into Wastdale, which forms a remarkable contrast with the vale we have just left. The mountains on each side rise to an immense height, and almost meet at their bases : some of them lean their rocky heads towards each other from the opposite sides of the vale, as if wishing to embrace ; while others rise perpendicularly, with their sides covered with loose stones, which shiver down in long streamers of different colours, somewhat resembling, in appearance, the Aurora Borealis. The vale appears a most delightful recess, but, from hence, seems sunk much below the common level of the earth. The road now descends, sometimes over rocks, so rapidly, that it is travelled on, not only with difficulty, but with danger, and continues uneven till we reach the pleasing, unfrequented vale of Wastdale, where every thing is rural, and every scene in the true style of pastoral beauty and simplicity.—The road here becomes good, running along the north side of the lake, which is about three miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth in the widest part. The Screes, a very high ridge of mountains, runs along the southern shore, and the loose rocks on its sides are in an almost constant motion, shivering down into the water. On the north, a small tract of cultivated country in-



J.W. delin^t

R. Scott sculp^t

The Head of Wast-water

tervenes between the lake and the mountains, divided into small farms.—Upon the whole, the lake and vale of Wastdale, with their encircling mountains, though perhaps not reckoned among the most picturesque, present an appearance very different to those already described. About the north end of this valley the mountains begin to lower, and afterwards diminish by degrees, till they terminate in an open country towards Ravenglass and the coasts of the Irish Sea.

As travellers, in general, in their tour to the lakes, seldom proceed farther in this track than the black-lead mines in Borrowdale, we will return back from thence to Keswick ; not, however, by the same road we have already traced, but, for the sake of variety, ascend from Rosthwaite, over an Alpine pass, into the vale of Watenlath, which is thus accurately described by the elegant pen of Mr. GILPIN :—

“ WATENLATH is that tract of mountainous country (itself surrounded by mountains still higher) which, coming boldly forward, breaks down abruptly from the south, upon the vale of Keswick. The stream which forms the fall of Lodore adorns first the scenes of Watenlath.

“ WHICH way to Watenlath ?” said one of

our company to a peasant, as we left the vale of Borrowdale. "That way," said he, pointing up a lofty mountain, steeper than the tiling of a house.

"To those who are accustomed to mountains, these perpendicular motions may be amusing; but to us, whose ideas were less elevated, they seemed rather peculiar. And yet there is something unmanly in conceiving a difficulty in traversing a path, which we were told the women of the country would ascend on horseback, with their panniers of eggs and butter, and return in the night. To move upwards, keeping a steady eye on the objects before us, was no great exercise for the brain; but it rather gave it a rotation to look back on what was past—and to see our companions below *clinging*, as it appeared to the mountain's side; and the rising breasts and bellies of their horses straining up a path so steep, that it seemed as if the least false step would have carried them rolling many hundred yards to the bottom.

"We had another apprehension—that of mistaking our way. If a mist had suddenly overspread the mountain, which is a very common incident, we might have wandered all night; for we had not the precaution to take a

guide. The question we asked of the peasant, at the bottom of the mountain, "Which *way* to Watenlath?" we found was a very improper one. We should have asked in what *direction* we were to seek it? For *way* there was none, except here and there a blind path, which being itself often bewildered, of course served only to bewilder us. The inhabitants pay little attention to *paths*; they steer along these wilds by *land-marks* which to us were unknown.

"AT length, however, after a painful perpendicular march of near two miles, and many a breathing pause, which our horses required, we gained the top. Here we expected at least to be rewarded by an amusing prospect over the neighbouring country. But in this too we were disappointed. We found ourselves in the midst of a bog, with still higher grounds around us; so that, after all our toil, we had a view only of a vile circumscribed waste.

"IT was our business now to get out of this unpleasant scene as soon as we could, which was a matter of no great difficulty. An easy and short descent on the other side of the mountain, brought us quickly to Watenlath. Here our labours were amply rewarded. We fell into a piece of scenery, which, for beauty and gran-

deur, was equal, if not superior, to any thing we had yet seen.

“THE first object we found was a small lake, about two miles in circumference, through which flows the Lodore, and, after a course of three miles farther, forms that noble cascade, which we had seen in the morning at the head of the Derwent-water.

“THE accompaniments of this river, from the lake of Watenlath to its fall, make the scenery of which we came hither in quest.

“IT is a valley so contracted, that it affords room for little more than the river, and a path at the bottom : while the mountains, on each side, are so perpendicular, that their summits are scarce more asunder than their bases. It was a new idea. Many mountains we had seen hanging over the sides of valleys ; but to be immured for a space of almost three miles, within a chasm of rifted rocks (for that was in fact the idea presented by the scene before us) was a novel circumstance, though we had now been two or three days the inhabitants of mountains.

“THE form of this valley was very different from the valley of Borrowdale. The one led

us through a winding route : the other is nearly a vista. Each hath its mode of grandeur. The valley of Borrowdale has more variety ; but this is certainly the more majestic scene. The whole is only one vast effort. In point of immensity indeed it yields to the vista at the entrance into Cumberland. It is not so vast a *whole* ; but being contracted within a smaller compass, we examine its limits with more ease ; and with regard to the grandeur and variety of the several *objects*, it loses nothing. As we stood *under* the beetling cliffs on each side, they were too near for inspection : their harsh features wanted softening : but we had noble views of them all in order, both in *prospect* and *retrospect*. Not only the design and composition, but the very strokes of Nature's pencil might be traced through the whole scene ; every fractured rock, and every hanging shrub, which adorned it, was brought within the compass of the eye : each touch so careless, and yet so determined : so wildly irregular ; and yet all conducing to one whole,

“ WHEN we arrived at the close of the valley, the grandeur of the scene increased. It opened into an amphitheatre, the area of which, like the valley that led to it, was contracted ; scarce containing the circumference of a mile ; but the mountains which environed it were beautiful.

“ IN most of the scenes we had passed, we were obliged to look for contrast in the different modes of desolation : but here barrenness was contrasted with all the tints of vegetation. The mountains in front, and on the left, were covered with wood, which mantled from the top to the bottom. Those on the right were barren ; yet broken so variously, as even in themselves to make a contrast. We admire the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre : but what are the most magnificent of the works of art compared with such an amphitheatre as this ? Were the Colosseum itself brought hither, and placed within this area, the grandeur of the idea would be lost ; and the ruin, magnificent as it is, would dwindle into the *ornament of a scene*.

“ AT the entrance of the amphitheatre, another bright mountain-torrent joins the Lodore from the east, and forms it into a more considerable stream. With increased velocity (the ground growing every step more declivous) it now pours along with great rapidity ; and throwing itself into the thickest of the woods, which close the scene, disappears. The imagination pursues its progress. Its roar is heard through the woods ; and it is plain from the sound, that it suffers some great convulsion. But all is close ; impervious rocks and thickets intervene, and to-

tally exclude the sight.—We indeed had been behind the curtain, and knew we were at that instant upon the summit of the fall of Lodore : but the imagination of a stranger would be held in stimulating suspense. The grandeur of the sound would proclaim the dignity of the fall ; and his eye would wish to participate of what his ear alone could inadequately judge.

“ THOUGH we had seen the fall of Lodore from the bottom, we had a curiosity to see how it appeared from the top ; and, dismounting, we contrived, by winding through the thickets, and clinging to the projections of the rocks, to get a dangerous peep down the abyss. There was nothing picturesque in the view, but something immensely grand. We stood now above those two cheeks of the chasm, through which the water forced its way ; and which in the morning, when seen from the bottom, appeared towering to a great height, and were the most interesting parts of the view. But, amidst the greatness of the objects, which now surrounded them, they were totally lost ; appearing less than warts upon those vast limbs of nature, to which they adhered.

“ IN our passage through the valley of Watenlath, we met with many fragments of rocks, in which the several component strata were very





R. Scott sculp.

Lake from Ormathwaite

strongly marked.—In some they could not have been more regularly formed by a rule and chissel—and in a few (whose softer laminae the weather had decayed) as perfect cornices remained, as art could have produced.”

SAILING round the lake has been generally thought the best means of seeing its beauties and accompaniments : some, however, are of a contrary opinion, though each mode has its peculiar advantages.—Embark opposite to POCKLINGTON’S Island, which, with the other islands, visit in succession.—POCKLINGTON’S Island, containing about five or six acres, has lately undergone much alteration, at a great expence, and is certainly a most beautiful spot ; but, as before observed, its ornaments are, by many, thought too glaring.—Mr. POCKLINGTON lately sold this island to a gentleman in the south of England.—Here was held annually, from 1781 to 1791, that species of amusement called a *Regatta*. One, which took place on the 6th of September, 1782, was thus described in the *Cumberland Pacquet*, a weekly paper published at Whitehaven :—

“ AT eight o’clock in the morning, a vast concourse of ladies and gentlemen appeared on the side of the Derwent lake, where a number of marquees, extending about 400 yards, were erect-



Derwent-Water or Keswick Lake from Ormathwaite

ed for their accommodation. At twelve, such of the company as were invited by Mr. POCKLINGTON, passed over in boats to the island which bears his name ; and, on their landing, were saluted by a discharge of his artillery. This might properly be called the opening of the Regatta ; for, as soon as the echo of this discharge had ceased, a signal gun was fired, and five boats, which lay upon their oars (on that part of the water which runs nearest the town of Keswick) instantly pushed off the shore, and began the race.

“ A view from any of the attendants’ boats (of which there were several) presented a scene which beggars all description. The sides of the hoary mountains were clad with spectators, and the glassy surface of the lake was variegated with a number of pleasure barges ; which, tricked out in all the gayest colours, and glittering in the rays of a meridian sun, gave a new appearance to the celebrated beauties of this matchless vale.

“ THE contending boats passed POCKLINGTON’S Island, and, rounding ST. HERBERT’S and Ramps-Holm, edged down by the outside of Lord’s Island, describing in the race almost a perfect circle, and, during the greatest part of it, in full view of the company.—About three o’clock, preparations were made for the sham-

attack on POCKLINGTON'S Island. The fleet (consisting of several barges, armed with small cannon and musquets) retired out of view, behind Friar-Crag, to prepare for action ; previous to which, a flag of truce was sent to the Governor, with a summons to surrender upon honourable terms. A defiance was returned ; soon after which, the fleet was seen advancing, with great spirit, before the batteries, and instantly forming into a curved line, a terrible cannonade began on both sides, accompanied with a dreadful discharge of musquetry.—This continued for some time, and being echoed from hill to hill, in an amazing variety of sounds, filled the ear with whatever could produce astonishment and awe. All nature seemed to be in an uproar, which impressed on the awakened imagination the most lively ideas of the “ war of elements,” and “ crush of worlds.”

“ AFTER a severe conflict, the enemies were driven from the attack, in great disorder. A *feu-de-joye* was then fired in the fort, and oft repeated by the responsive echoes.—The fleet, after a little delay, formed again, and practising a great variety of beautiful manœuvres, renewed the attack. Uproar again sprang up, and the deep-toned echoes of the mountains again joined in the solemn chorus, which was heard to the distance

of ten leagues to leeward, through the eastern opening of that vast amphitheatre, as far as Appleby.

“ THE garrison at length capitulated, and the entertainments of the water being finished, (towards the evening) the company moved to Keswick ; to which place, from the water’s edge, a range of lamps was fixed, very happily disposed, and a number of fire-works were played off.

“ AN assembly-room, (which had been built for the purpose) next received the ladies and gentlemen, and a dance concluded this annual festivity ; a chain of amusements which, we may venture to assert, no other place can possibly furnish, and which wants only to be more universally known, to render it a place of more general resort than any other in the kingdom.

“ To those whom nature’s works alone can charm, this spot will, at all times, be viewed with rapture and astonishment ; but no breast, however unsusceptible of pleasure, can be indifferent to that display of every beauty which decks the ancient vale of Keswick on a *Regatta-day*.”

LATTERLY that sort of diversion has been

discontinued, not being suited to the rural simplicity of these peaceful and sequestered vales.

ST. HERBERT'S Island, late the property of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, contains about four acres, planted with fir and other trees : its situation in the lake is more central. A curious octagonal grotto, or cottage, built with unhewn stones, mossed over, and thatched, is situated here ; its scite is near that of an ancient hut said to have been occupied by ST. HERBERT, the ruins of which are left untouched. From the vestiges remaining, it seems to have been divided into two apartments, with a little garden adjoining. Respecting this religious recluse Mr. HUTCHINSON speaks thus :—

“ WE landed at ST. HERBERT'S Island, which contains about four acres of land, now covered with young trees, famous for being the residence of ST. HERBERT, a priest and confessor, who, to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode. The scene around him was well adapted to the severity of his religious life—he was surrounded with the lake, from whence he received his diet. On every hand, the voice of waterfalls excited the most solemn strains of me-

ditation—rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, inspiring his mind with ideas of the might and majesty of his Creator ; and were suitable to his disposition of soul. Silence seemed to take up her eternal abode. From the situation of this island, Nature hath given one half of the year to impetuous hurricanes and storms.—Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear to this day, being built of stone and mortar, formed into two apartments—the outward one, about twenty feet long and sixteen feet broad, has probably been his chapel ; the other, of narrower dimensions, his cell.

“ BEDE, in his History of the Church of England, writes thus of our Saint :—‘ There was
‘ a certain priest, revered for his uprightness and
‘ perfect life and manners, named HEREBERTE,
‘ who had a long time been in union with the
‘ man of God (St. CUTHBERT of Farm Isle) in
‘ the bond of spiritual love and friendship : for
‘ living a solitary life in the isle of that great and
‘ extended lake from whence proceeds the river
‘ of Derwent, he used to visit St. CUTHBERT
‘ every year, to receive from his lips the doctrine
‘ of eternal life. When this holy priest heard of
‘ St. CUTHBERT’s coming to Luguballia, he
‘ came, after his usual manner, desiring to be
‘ comforted more and more with the hopes of

‘ everlasting bliss by his divine exhortations. As
‘ they sat together, and enjoyed the hopes of
‘ heaven, among other things, the Bishop said,
“ Remember, brother HEREBERTE, that what-
‘ soever ye have to say and ask of me, you do it
‘ now, for after we depart hence, we shall not
‘ meet again, and see one another corporally in
‘ this world for I know well the time of my dis-
‘ solution is at hand, and the laying aside of this
‘ earthly tabernacle draweth on apace.” When
‘ HEREBERTE heard this, he fell down at his feet,
‘ and, with many sighs and tears, beseeched
‘ him, for the love of the Lord, that he would
‘ not forsake him, but to remember his faithful
‘ brother and associate, and make intercession
‘ with the gracious God, that they might depart
‘ hence into heaven together, to behold his grace
‘ and glory whom they had in unity of spirit
‘ served on earth : for you know I have ever
‘ studied and laboured to live according to your
‘ pious and virtuous instructions ; and in what-
‘ soever I offended or omitted through ignorance
‘ and frailty, I straightway used my earnest ef-
‘ forts to amend after your ghostly counsel, will,
‘ and judgment.—At this earnest and affectionate
‘ request of HEREBERTE’s, the Bishop went to
‘ prayer, and presently being certified in spirit
‘ that his petition to heaven would be granted—
“ Arise,” said he, “ my dear brother ; weep

‘not, but let your rejoicing be with exceeding
‘gladness, for the great mercy of God hath
‘granted unto us our prayer.”—The truth of
‘which promise and prophecy was well proved
‘in that which ensued ; for their separation was
‘the last that befel them on earth : on the same
‘day, which was the 19th day of March, their
‘souls departed from their bodies, and were
‘straight in union in the beatific sight and vision
‘—and were transported hence to the kingdom
‘of heaven by the service and hands of angels.’

“It is probable the hermit’s little oratory, or chapel, might be kept in repair after his death, as a particular veneration appears to have been paid by the religious of after ages to this retreat, and the memory of the Saint.—There is a variance in the account given by authors of the day of the Saint’s death : BEDE says the 19th day of March ; other authors on the 20th day of May, A. D. 687 ; and, by a record given in Bishop APPLEBY’S Register, it should appear that the 13th day of April was observed as the solemn anniversary. But, however, in the year 1374, at the distance of almost seven centuries, we find this place resorted to in holy services and procession, and the hermit’s memory celebrated in religious offices.”—History of Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 170.

MR. GILPIN says—"If a painter were desirous of studying the whole circumference of the lake from one station, Sr. HERBERT'S Island is the spot he should chuse, from whence, as from a centre, he might see it in rotation. I have seen a set of drawings taken from this island, which were hung round a circular room, and intended to give a general idea of the boundaries of the lake. But, as no representation could be given of the lake itself, the idea was lost, and the drawings made but an awkward appearance."

MR. PENNANT, who navigated the lake, describes the prospects from thence as follows :—

"THE views on every side are very different; here all the possible variety of Alpine scenery is exhibited, with the horror of precipice, broken crag, overhanging rock, or insulated pyramidal hills, contrasted with others whose smooth and verdant sides, swelling into immense ærial heights, at once please and surprise the eye.

"THE two extremities of the lake afford most discordant prospects: the southern is a composition of all that is horrible; an immense chasm opens, whose entrance is divided by a rude conic hill, once topt with a castle, the habitation of the tyrant of the rocks; beyond, a

series of broken mountainous crags, now patched with snow, soar one above the other, overshadowing the dark winding deep of Borrowdale. In the recesses are lodged variety of minerals, &c.

“ BUT the opposite, or northern view, is in all respects a strong and beautiful contrast. Skiddaw shews its vast base, and, bounding all that part of the vale, rises gently to a height that sinks the neighbouring hills ; opens a pleasing front, smooth and verdant, smiling over the country like a gentle generous lord ; while the fells of Borrowdale frown on it like a hardened tyrant.

“ EACH boundary of the lake seems to take part with the extremities, and emulates their appearance : the southern varies in rocks of different forms, from the tremendous precipice of Lady's-leap, the broken front of Falcon's nest, to the more distant concave curvature of Lodore, an extent of precipitous rock, with trees vegetating from their numerous fissures, and the foam of a cataract precipitating amidst,

“ THE entrance into Borrowdale divides the scene, and the northern side alters into milder forms ; a salt spring, once the property of the monks of Furness, trickles along the shore ; hills (the resort of shepherds) with downy fronts, and

lofty summits, succeed, with wood clothing their bases to the water's edge.

“ NOT far from hence the environs appear to the navigator of the lake to the greatest advantage ; for, on every side, mountains close the prospect, and form an amphitheatre almost matchless.

“ THE isles that decorate this water are finely disposed, and very distinct ; rise with gentle and regular curvatures above the surface ; consist of verdant turf, or are planted with various trees. The principal is Lord's Island, above five acres, where the RATCLIFF family had some time its residence ; and, from this lake, took the title of DERWENTWATER.

“ ST. HERBERT's Island was noted for the residence of that Saint, the bosom friend of ST. CUTHBERT, who wished, and obtained his desire of departing this life on the same day, hour, and minute, with that holy man.

“ THE water of Derwent-water is subject to violent agitations, and often without any apparent cause, as was the case this day ; the weather was calm, yet the waves ran a great height, and the boat was tossed violently with what is called a

bottom-wind.”—Besides other prospects from the boat, the surprising transparency of the water (in clear weather) renders the bottom of the lake visible in almost every part, which is beautifully bespangled with smooth pebbles, spar, &c. and over which various sorts of fish may be observed, in clear calm weather, gamboling and swimming to and fro.

SOME writers recommend a voyage on the lake by moonlight on a still evening, when the distant waterfalls will be heard playing in different notes ; this, added to the reflecting light of the moon on the smooth surface of the water, the deep shades of the lowering mountains, and many other pleasing objects, must certainly make such an excursion highly interesting.

MR. HUTCHINSON, in his History of Cumberland, gives the following beautiful description of his voyage by moonlight :—“ We began our voyage soon after the moon was risen, and had illumined the top of Skiddaw, but, from the intercepting mountains, had not (within the ascent of an hour) reached the lake ; we were surrounded with a solemn gloom ; the stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they in all their variety of sounds were re-echoed from every cliff.—The summits

of the rocks, when they began to receive the rising rays, appeared as if crowned with turrets of silver, from which the stars departed for their nightly round. As the gloom below grew deeper, objects around us seemed to rise in view, as surging on the first morning from chaos. The water was a plain of sable, studded over with gems reflected from the starry firmament; the groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were rapt in darkness; and all below was one grave and majestic circle of Skiddaw,

——‘till the moon,

‘Rising in cloudy majesty, at length,

‘Apparent queen, unveil’d her peerless light,

‘And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw;’

when the long protracted shades the mountains cast on the bosom of the lake shewed the vastness of those masses from whence they proceeded; and still as the moon arose higher in the horizon, the distant objects began to be more illumined; and the whole presented us with a noble moonlight piece, delicately touched by the hand of Nature, and far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemish painters.—Mists began to arise on the lake; and, by reason of the air which bore them aloft being confined, and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round, and car-

ried upwards like a column, which, so soon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a most wonderful appearance, and resembled a pillar of light.—I recollect that Maupertuis, describing the lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, speaks of a phenomenon of the like nature, which the people called *Haltios*, and which they esteemed to be the guardian spirits of the place.—Be these as they might, we may venture to assert, no Druid, no St. HERBERT, no Genius, had a more glorious ascension.—The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, the islands, with a meekness of colouring which added to the solemnity of the night ; and these noble and romantic objects struck us with reverence, and inspired the mind with pious sentiments and ejaculations.—It was observable, that by day we were incessantly communicating our raptures and surprise on each new wonder that opened to our view—we now enjoyed them in silence.—Every bay and promontory assumed an appearance different from what it had by day-light ;—the little dells which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were shadowed by interposing objects, or silvered by the moon, afford most enchanting scenes, where we could have wandered long with delight.—Where the lake narrows, and runs up in a creek towards Borrowdale, the rocks looked tre-

mendous, almost shutting us in from the face of heaven; the cliffs were struck with scanty gleams of light, which gained their passage through the interstices of the hills, or chasms in the rocks, and served only to discover their horrible overhanging fronts, their mighty caverns, where the water struck by our oars made a hollow sound, their deformed and frowning brows, the hanging shrubs with which they were bearded, their sparkling waterfalls that trilled from shelf to shelf; the whole half seen and half concealed, leaving imagination at large to magnify the images of their grandeur and stupendous magnificence. The opening of the vale of Newlands was particularly beautiful."

SOME writers have asserted that a floating island occasionally appears on this lake; while others have denied its existence. The place where it is said to have been seen, is on that side of the lake, and nearly opposite to Lodore. Desirous of investigating the truth of this matter, we requested our conductor to row us to the place, October, 1798. There was then no appearance of any island; but he positively asserted that it had appeared above the water for six weeks during the summer before; that it was long and narrow, being at one time upwards of 100 yards in length, having long grass upon it, and that it

gradually sunk down again. We rowed up to a pole which had been stuck into the island when above water, and then found it about five feet under the surface of the lake. It had not appeared for some years before.—Whether this is a portion of earth which occasionally breaks partially from the bottom, and comes to the surface, or it is only a prominent ridge which merely appears when the water in the lake is low, we cannot determine, but are strongly inclined to believe the former, especially as the water is deep immediately on each side ; and in probing the earth no rock is found ; but, on the contrary, at the depth of about two yards, a pole seems to have pierced quite through, and water then follows it up.

A journey to the top of Skiddaw will be found an agreeable excursion in clear weather, which indeed is absolutely necessary during such an expedition. The distance from Keswick to its base is about a mile, with a winding ascent of five miles to its summit, from whence the grandeur and variety of the most extensive prospects will amply compensate for the fatigue in climbing.

THIS excursion, however, ought not to be undertaken by a stranger without an experienced

guide ; because, should the mists unexpectedly come on (to which these lofty eminences are peculiarly subject, even without the least previous appearance of their approach) the traveller might be enveloped in darkness, and wander in these trackless deserts, not without the greatest danger.

THE following is a journal of our observations in a tour to this mountain, in October 1798, which we inconsiderately undertook to perform without a guide :—

‘ TEN minutes past eight o’clock, a fine autumnal morning, set out from Keswick to Skiddaw. Go through narrow lanes to the base of Latrigg, a smooth, verdant hill of considerable height, and from whence there is one of the finest views of the lake and vale of Keswick, with their environs.—Wind gently round the swelling breast of that beautiful mountain, along an easy path, leaving an elevated farm on the left, and skirting a deep chasm on the right. This glen runs into the bosom of Skiddaw, and draws a small rivulet from thence, which descends in a foaming cataract, and runs towards Threlkeld ; the valley widening and becoming more pleasant as it proceeds.—We now climb up a steep of near a mile, on the sweeping base of lofty Skid-

daw : the hills on the right are heavy and dull, much covered with heath, and thinly spotted with sheep.—Surmounting this difficulty, we have before us a very easy ascent of more than half a mile, the surface of which is cloathed with a carpet of long moss and bent grass, almost as easy to tread upon as the softest velvet ; and beyond that there rises a summit which we take to be one of the tops of Skiddaw.—On looking back, the scenes which present themselves excite our astonishment in the highest degree : a boiling sea of mountains, with pointed, conical, and broken tops, appear rioting over each other in a most turbulent manner, like a legion of raging monsters preparing to spread destruction on every side ! The lake of Derwent dwindles as the prospect around it expands ; the bends of every river, brook, and hedge in the vale beneath, as well as every seat, farm-house, and cottage, are delineated at our feet as on a map.—Ormthwaite, the house of Dr. BROWN RIGG, adorned with several rising plantations, peeps out from under the very base of the mountain, and one would suppose that a stone would hurl from hence to the door.—Crosthwaite church and the vicarage are also conspicuous and agreeable objects.—At length we reach the eminence which we had been aiming at for some time, crowned with a heap of stones ; but are surprised to find another much

higher, and considerably before us.—Thither we hasten with all the speed our exhausted strength will admit of, and are the more anxious to reach the summit, as we observe that a small cloud has just been arrested by the top of Saddleback, a high mountain on the right of Skiddaw ; but, in point of elevation, somewhat his inferior.—The morning was perfectly calm in the valley, and the sun shone very hot : this occasioned so copious a perspiration while climbing the first steep, that we had pulled off our coats and neckcloths : here we find the air is so sharp and thin, that it is necessary to put on our cloaths, and button them tight about us ; but feel our muscles much braced, and strength returning every minute. A sort of blue slaty stone now bursts out here and there on the highest parts ; but the surface has few abrupt irregularities, swelling and lowering in long and noble sweeps.—The efforts of vegetation in these elevated regions are languid, and nothing besides the hardiest plant can live. We observe some straggling blades of fescue grass, and considerable quantities of a strong short plant, provincially called *buck's grass*. This grows like a tree in miniature, seems to be in its proper sphere, and looks healthy. The greatest quantity of herbage, however, is a sort of sickly-looking dark-coloured moss.—We now arrive at the second eminence, never doubting that we

had reached the highest part ; but how great is our surprise on seeing, from hence, another point much higher, and almost a mile distant ; but which, till this moment, had been wholly concealed from our view !—And what contributes still more to heighten our disappointment and confusion, is a huge intervening gap, while the clouds continue gathering on Saddleback, and threaten to roll down the chasm towards us. Here we hesitated, and felt a sort of tremour ; but, in such a situation, no time must be lost, and we soon came to a resolution of proceeding forward. We descend through the verdant cavity before us with all possible dispatch, busied in forming schemes for self-preservation in case we should be overwhelmed in atmospheric obscurity, which now seems more than probable. A track now appears considerably below us on the right, winding round the verdant breast of that part of the mountain, which, by mistake, we had unnecessarily ascended : this track, which seems to have been made here a little way by the shepherds, is the proper route for people to follow in their ascent of Skiddaw. Our mistake consisted in holding too much to the left after having ascended the first steep, and lost every appearance of a path : we should have proceeded directly forward, keeping just under the heights on our left, till we found the road now in our view. Here we

find ourselves in a wild elevated forest of immense extent, without a house, hedge, tree, road, or the least mark of human existence in view ; where nothing but the long round backs of heathy mountains, stretching far and wide, with deep barren valleys between them, are to be seen. Along one of these chasms the river Caldew, which rises just below us in the heart of Skiddaw, takes his course, and after hurrying through this dreary desert, bends round Carrock-fell, and accompanies a sweet wooded vale to Carlisle, where it loses its waters and name in the Eden.

‘ AFTER many a panting pause and broken step, we mount the real summit of this stupendous mountain, having been two hours and ten minutes in performing the journey. The atmosphere immediately about us is tolerably clear ; but the horizon so hazy, that we lose part of the wonderful prospect which this place affords : we, however, enjoy enough to excite the greatest astonishment. The lake of Keswick contracts to a pond, and in which the fine islands are mere points : its circumscribing mountains, which before appeared almost to touch the skies, now sink at our feet, and all the beauties of particular parts are lost. The Derwent is seen twining along the vale like a silver thread, connecting the

lakes.—The mountain is here a narrow ridge of about a quarter of a mile in length ; and the other, or north end, is said to be the highest. The top of this ridge is regularly round, but soon descends on each side so rapidly, that it is not safe to venture far from the middle either way. On looking down the profound precipice, in almost any direction, the eye recoils with horror. Chasms of enormous depth in the bowels of the mountains, forming steeps of slaty shiver, yawn upwards with frightful grin, and threaten to swallow inferior hills. A sort of blue slaty stone wholly covers the surface, and shuts out vegetation, did even this frigid region admit of it. Indeed the greatest part of the mountain seems composed of this sort of stone. Towards the northern extremity there are the ruins of a hut, which has stood on the highest part. It is said this building was made in 1689, by Mr. JOHN ADAMS the Geographer, of a sufficient size to contain his telescopes and optic glasses, whereby he was enabled to give a better description of the two counties : but being arrested by his engraver, and death soon following, his labours were lost.

‘ HERE a large heap of stones has been raised by the contribution of one from every visitant, generally with his name and a date upon it.—

We now look down into the triangular vale of Bassenthwaite, speckled with white and green fields, and washed with different brooks : the lake of Bassenthwaite also stretches itself before us in a long indented sheet, overhung with the woody brows of Withop. Towards Carlisle, and from thence down to Whitehaven, an open flat country dilates as far as the eye can reach ; but, unfortunately, the thickness of the atmosphere prevents our recognizing particular objects at a great distance : only we see the Northumberland and Scotch hills, the Solway Frith and Irish Channel, dimly rising in the horizon ; together with volumes of smoke ascending from limekilns, iron forges, &c. on various parts of the plain.

‘ BUT whilst we were highly gratified in making these observations, we were suddenly surprised with the appearance of a dense cloud hovering near the mountain, and threatening to envelope us in its thick vapour ; and, notwithstanding the violence of the wind, which blew directly against it, the cloud kept its station at an equal height with ourselves, and, awfully grand, began to drop half round the mountain like a curtain ; while others at a greater distance were flying briskly forward before the strong current of air. This alarmed us still more, and we hastily

departed towards the other end of the ridge ; but soon had the pleasure of seeing this bulky volume beginning to dismiss.—We now find the air extremely sharp, and keep our hats on with difficulty, which, should they escape, might almost instantly get beyond the reach of our recovery.—Here are no very large stones, and many of the slates are standing separately, edgewise in the ground, and half above the surface—a position which must have been occasioned by some unaccountable concussion of the earth.—We had now reached the other end of the ridge, and sat down under a heap of stones on the southmost pinnacle. Clouds of various density were flying swiftly by, or rolling down the mountain's sides on each hand, forming curious spectacles in the eye of a person unaccustomed to such appearances. But while we amused ourselves with contemplating these phenomena, and the great and boundless scenes around us, a heavy cloud suddenly approached, and instantly buried us in misty darkness. Every object is now hid, except the stony surface a few yards round our station. To remove is dangerous, and to continue till the air clears may confine us till night spreads its still more sable covering over us. We were considering which plan it would be most prudent to adopt, but remained undetermined ; when, fortunately, in less than half an hour, the humid

curtain opened, and admitted a glimpse of light. We seized the favourable opportunity, hurried down the rapid declivities, soon leaving behind us the murky vapour, reached the vale in less than two hours, and found a fine calm day.'

MRS. RADCLIFFE visited this mountain in 1795, under a clear sky, and thus describes the view from the summit :—

“ WE stood on a pinnacle commanding the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which had been before considered separately as a great scene, were now miniature parts of the immense landscape. To the north, lay like a map, the vast tract of low country which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silver circles of the river Derwent, in its progress from the lake. Whitehaven and its white coast were distinctly seen ; and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye. A long blackish line, more to the west, resembling a faintly formed cloud, was said by the guide to be the Isle of Man, who, however, had the honesty to confess, that the mountains of Down, in Ireland, which have been sometimes thought visible, had never been seen by him in the clearest weather.—Bounding the low country to the north, the wide Solway Frith,

with its indented shores, looked like a grey horizon ; and the double range of Scottish mountains, seen dimly through mist beyond, like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared surprisingly near us, though at fifty miles distance, and the guide said, that, on a bright day, its shipping could be plainly discerned. Nearly in the north, the heights seemed to soften into plains, for no object was there visible through the obscurity that had begun to draw over the furthest distance ; but, towards the east, they appeared to swell again, and what we were told were the Cheviot hills dawned feebly beyond Northumberland. We now spanned the narrowest part of England, looking from the Irish Channel, on one side, to the German Ocean, on the other, which latter was, however, so far off as to be discernible only like a mist.

“ NEARER than the county of Durham, stretched the ridge of Cross-fell, and an indistinct multitude of the Westmoreland and Yorkshire highlands, whose lines disappeared behind Saddleback, now evidently pre-eminent over Skiddaw, so much so as to exclude many a height beyond it. Passing this mountain in our course to the south, we saw, immediately below, the fells round Derwent-water, the lake itself remaining still concealed in their deep rocky bosom.

Southward and westward, the whole prospect was “ a turbulent chaos of dark mountains.” All individual dignity was now lost in the immensity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of astonishing and gloomy grandeur.

“ OVER the fells of Borrowdale, and far to the south, the northern end of Windermere appeared, like a wreath of grey smoke, that spreads along the mountain’s side. More southward still, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaster sands extended to the faintly seen waters of the sea. Then to the west, Duddon sands gleamed in a long line along the fells of High Furness. Immediately under the eye, lay Bassenthwaite, surrounded by many ranges of mountains, invisible from below. We overlooked all these dark mountains, and saw green cultivated vales over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over these vales in many ridges, whilst innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings, and seen uniting behind the hills with others that also sloped upwards from the lake.

“ THE air on this summit was boisterous, intensely cold, and difficult to be inspired, though the day was below warm and serene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of

the point on which we stood upon the lake of Bassenthwaite, and over a sharp and separated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now seemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw ; it was almost as if

‘ the precipitation might down stretch
‘ Below the beam of sight.’ ”

BASSENTHWAITE-LAKE,

which frequently presents itself to the view in the above excursions, is formed by the river Derwent (after leaving Derwent-lake) which serpentinises through a fine extensive vale. This lake is near four miles long, and in some parts near a mile broad, but in others not more than a quarter of that breadth. On the east side is the beautiful and extensive vale of Bassenthwaite, cut into small irregular inclosures, with fine thorn hedges, spotted with neat farm-houses, half surrounded by little groves, and deeply indented with three noble bays.—Beyond this, mighty Skiddaw rears his lofty head, and shews a blue front covered with slaty shiver. The opposite shore is hemmed in with high mountains, which fall abruptly to the water's edge, leaving only two or three little corners where cultivation can prevail. These hasty declivities are called Withop-brows,



E. W. delin^o

Bassenthwaite



are partly rocky, and generally covered with thick woods.

A visit to this lake is frequently neglected by parties on pleasure, under an idea that its beauties are eclipsed by the superior grandeur of Keswick lake. The scenery here is indeed different to that of Keswick ; but it affords a great variety, and will be found to exhibit some of the most pleasing pictures of nature.

From Keswick we proceed to Ousebridge, along a good carriage road, having Skiddaw on the right, with the lake on the left. In this pleasing ride, we are led through rural winding lanes, passing several genteel houses, finely situated ; and, making an easy curve round the western verge of Skiddaw, we have a delightful view of the vale and opposite hills on the left.

MIREHOUSE, the seat of THOMAS STORY, Esq. is a neat modern building, shaded with groves of young trees, and standing in the vale at almost an equal distance between the base of Skiddaw and the lake.—Here the successful essay of Mr. STORY, in rearing a thriving plantation of larch on the rocky front of the barren mountain, ought to encourage similar attempts in many other parts of Cumberland and Westmorland, to





J.W. delin.

R. Scott sculp.

Bassenthwaite Lake, from Armathwaite

turn the almost useless hills to advantage, and beautify the country, by planting them with trees. —About half a mile further, a road, turning to the left from the main road, leads down to Broadness, a round green hill that extends considerably into the lake, forming, with the assistance of two other promontories, a large semicircular bay on each side, with Bowness on the south, and Scarness on the north. —The best general view of the lake is from the crown of this hill, behind the farm-house. Here we have three finely formed bays immediately under the eye. The uniformity of the shore, consisting of steep wooded declivities, on one side of the lake, forms a striking contrast with the low and soft boundaries, scalloped into sweeping headlands and promontories, on the other. A long jutting point of land, planted with firs, stretches considerably into the lake, and contracts its dimensions. From hence we pass to Scarness, on the other side of the bay, and proceed to the extremity of the promontory. On the right we have a noble circular bay, a mile in diameter, with a beautifully variegated line of shore, consisting of low meadows, fringed with trees and brushwood, high wooded rocks, and neat buildings fronting the lake. On the left another small sweeping bay, and before us the same front skreen of Withop-brows, in a somewhat different point of view.

WE now recede a little from the lake, and proceed towards Ousebridge, by way of Bassenthwaite-halls. From a considerably elevated part of the road, on the north side of this village, there is a commanding view of the lake, with its accompaniments, and the northern front of Skiddaw, which admits an ascent almost as easy as that on the south. The lengthening vales of Embleton and Isel are also conspicuous objects from this station.

WE now reach Armathwaite, a small, but finely situated seat, overlooking the lake through a grove of trees. Here the lowest bay, lashing its circular shores on every side, is seen in all its majesty ; every idea of a river is lost, and the lake seems retiring behind the peninsula of Scarness in a delightful manner. The hanging woods of Withop appear on the other side of the lake, beautiful beyond description.—Sir FREDERICK FLETCHER VANE, Bart. who now chiefly resides at his seat at Armathwaite, near the foot of Bassenthwaite-lake, has lately made a pleasant road through Withop woods, which gently ascends through coppices of different growths, sometimes opening to a full sight of the lake, and sometimes the trees rise so close as nearly to shut up the view, affording only an occasional glimpse through the parting foliage.—This road, we are

informed, Sir FREDERICK intends to continue to the top of Birk-hill, from whence the view is truly admirable.—Birk-hill top is a conically formed eminence of considerable height, covered with a thick carpet of soft grass, and shooting up a little above the surrounding woods, which it just overlooks. From this place we have a distinct view of the vales of Bassenthwaite and Keswick, with the surrounding objects, the two lakes therein, and the river Derwent serpentising through among the meadows between them. The town and church of Keswick also appear, as well as the rugged mountains of Borrowdale. On the other hand the little secluded vale of Withop, and also that of Embleton, open at our feet, and discover all their little pleasing retreats.

A pleasant road leads us to Ousebridge, where there is a good inn fronting the lake, and commanding an extensive view. Here the lake, without any previous contraction, or the least appearance of an outlet, pours forth its waters (passing beneath a good stone bridge * of three arches) under the continued name of Derwent, which river immediately takes a rapid course past Cocker-mouth, through fine vales, to Workington.

* This Bridge fell down Jan. 1802,

For the sake of variety, so necessary in excursions of this nature, we shall direct our route to Keswick, along the western shores, by a road passable on horseback.—This road, if possible, should be taken in the evening, before the setting of the sun, when the views of the opposite mountains are delightful. The road sometimes mounts up the side of the mountain, and sometimes drops down to the margin of the water, and is frequently immersed among the woods so as to admit only occasional glimpses of the lake. At intervals we leave the woods for a little space, and pass through small inclosures.

At Beck-Withop our views of the lake and its circumjacent parts are very full and pleasing. Behind us, Withop hangs his surly wooded brows in sullen pride, and seems to frown upon us as invaders of his dominions. Before us the shore is margined with rocks, half concealed in brushwood ; the opposite land is deeply indented with fine bays ; while the bold promontories of Scarness, Broadness, and Bowness, push far into the lake.—The vale of Bassenthwaite, with its chapel, in a retired situation, and whitened houses interspersed, is seen from hence in a good point of view.—The mountain Ullock, a supplement to mighty Skiddaw, forms the back-ground of this picture ; and Skiddaw himself, higher

still, soars to the skies, and shuts in the scene. Though this majestic mountain has a lofty appearance from whatever point it is seen, yet from this station its height is most conspicuous, forming a striking contrast with the intervening lake and the lower hills around.—The skirts of these mountains are clad in verdure, and their breasts purpled with heath, covered with a smooth cap of blue slate at the top, the fragments of which shiver down their steep sides.—Armathwaite is a pleasing object from hence, seen over a great expanse of the lake. Further to the north the ground rises in easy slopes, and is much variegated with cultivated tracts, woodland, and round-topped hills. The views up the lake are various and picturesque.—From hence continue this pleasing route, through Thornthwaite and Portinscale, to Keswick.

THOSE who wish to explore still further into the grand and sublime scenes, and other extraordinary works of nature in the vicinity of Keswick, will meet with ample gratification in an excursion from thence to the vale and lake of

BUTTERMERE.

Cross the Derwent at the bridge near Portinscale, and from thence turn to the left, leaving Foe-

park on the same hand, and Swinside on the right, and proceed up the vale of Newlands, along a good mountain road.—On passing the first two or three cottages, called Swinside, we have a fine view of the vales on each hand : that on the right here presenting itself. We now gently descend to the bottom of the pleasant wooded vale, and join the course of a stream which, clear as crystal, rattles over a pebbled channel. The regular and rapid declivities of a murky ridge on the right, with horizontal sheep paths at different heights, exhibit a new and pleasing object. The road soon crosses the brook, and is confined in narrow winding lanes*, shaded with trees, till it enters the common under Rawling-head. Here we have a back view of the vale of Keswick in a deep and fertile scene. The brook bubbles quickly along a deep channel, having its immediate banks fringed with trees and bushes ; the ground on each side then rises

* Lanes of this sort, as well as old and crooked hedges, and small irregular inclosures, are universally met with among mountains, and along their confines, particularly in the north of England, and in Wales ; which proves that these districts have been sooner inhabited than plains and open countries ; or at least, that they have been generally inclosed at an earlier period of civilization.

in gentle waving ascents to the mountains, the bases of which are verdant, whilst a mixture of heath and grey rock covers their more elevated surfaces.—Whitened farm-houses, peeping out among tufts of trees, are scattered over the vale, and diversify the landscape.

THE valley now turns quickly to the right, when we find ourselves in a deep recess, called Keskadale, in appearance completely surrounded with mountains. This vale is of considerable width, and the green fields rise irregularly from the bottom, in an undulating manner, up the sides of the bordering mountains, which afterwards swell suddenly into Alpine heights, dressed in heath, with curious arrangements of grey ~~intempered~~ —Grisdale-pike, vying with Skiddaw for pre-eminence, rears its pointed summit on the right ; while Robinson, an immense ridge of rocks, forms the southern border. —Here all is calm ; and the great lines of nature, in the true style of pastoral beauty, remain unbroken by any efforts of art : neither the rattling of carriages, nor the noise of busy commerce and manufacture, is heard. The murmuring of the brook below, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep straggling on the side of the mountain, and the echoing voice of the shepherd, are the only disturbers of this peaceful vale. No lake, no

seat house, nor even village, is seen in the valley of Keskadale ; only a few scattered farm-houses, surrounded with hanging fields, point out the haunts and habitations of those happy and contented shepherds who have found their way into this calm mountainous recess.

THE road leads us, in a pleasant easy curve, along the sides of the mountains ; when, approaching the head of the dale, the country becomes more wild, and all appearance of cultivation ceases : neither hut nor inclosure strikes the eye, but all is pure nature. The brook below makes a thousand unrestrained links ; while from the heights of craggy Robinson, where a mountain, stretching across, closes up the valley, we see the river tumbling down in a foaming cataract. This waterfall is nearly perpendicular, and curiously broken ; sometimes disappearing a few yards behind projecting rocks, and then shewing its silvery fluid in a precipitate motion. Its height is upwards of 100 yards : towards the top the figure of a huge bear appears climbing up the steepest part of the rock, and dividing the water as it falls. Other smaller cascades are also playing down the steeps of this rocky ridge.

WE now surmount the hill (called Newlands-hawse) which threatened to obstruct our

passage ; and on its top the road gradually decreases in breadth, till it assumes the appearance of a mere shepherd's path, with a long descent, winding round the breast of a verdant mountain to the vale of Buttermere. Here we are presented with a mountain scene different from any we have hitherto observed. The hills continue to rise eminently, smooth and verdant almost to the top, with scarce a stone projecting from their swelling breasts. They intersect each other in a singular manner, and descend rapidly to the bottom, leaving merely a space for the transparent brook which we see hurrying along at a distance below us.—The sides of these high, narrow-topped ridges, and particularly the soft heaving bosom of the opposite mountain, appear marked with several small horizontal lines, formed by the sheep in passing and repassing for a variety of pasturage.

A legion of rugged mountains in front, whose pointed summits have long been in view, runs across the end of this vale ; as we approach their bases, which are deeply entrenched on the opposite side of the vale, they appear still higher, and rise in Alpine forms, with dark and gloomy aspects, known to the shepherds by the names of Hay-cock, High-crag, High-stile, and Red-pike.—Just over the little village of Butter-

mere, which now opens to the view at the bottom of the vale, we see a long white strip of water rushing down from the summit of the mountain, known in the neighbourhood by the name of Sour-milk-force, which falls some hundreds of yards in almost a perpendicular descent. It issues from a small lake, singularly placed in the upper regions of High-crag and High-stile, the scite of which, some imagine, has been the focus of a volcano. This elevated lake, called Burt-ness-tarn, is not without its finny inhabitants, trout being found there in considerable quantities.

WE now reach the village of BUTTERMERE, leaving the little rural chapel seated on the rock by the road. Here is a small inn, where visitors will meet with honest rustic civility, and the necessary refreshments.—This village is situated on the eastern borders of a vale, near half a mile broad, and as level as a bowling-green : it is neatly divided into fields by fine quickset hedges ; and the soil remarkable fertile. At each end of this plain a fine lake expands itself, and stretches away to a great distance, washing the feet of the mountains, sometimes only on one side, and sometimes on both. That on the south is called Buttermere-water, and that on the north Crummock-water.—Those who would return to Keswick, by way of Borrowdale, may first visit Crummock,

and afterwards Buttermere-water, from the head of which a most romantic road, winding up the dell, enters Borrowdale near the black-lead mines. But such as would return by Lowes-water, Lorton, &c. must reverse that plan of visiting these lakes, and will find a curious Alpine pass, by way of Whinlatter, back to Keswick. The distance from hence by Borrowdale to Keswick, is about 12 miles, and the other route about 14. We shall at present adopt the latter.

ABOUT 300 yards from the village, we approach the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad. The western shores are hemmed in by those grim-looking mountains we saw before, and which rise precipitately from the very margin of the water : the eastern shores rise more gently, are wooded, and admit of cultivation to a little distance from the lake : the north end washes the fine vale of Buttermere, which is little elevated above the water, and the southern extremity peeps into different recesses, and washes the verdant feet of lofty mountains. Honister-crag, at the head of the lake, is an abrupt termination of a chain of mountains extending behind, leaving a vale on each side, and presenting a square front. Mountain torrents on every side are here perpetually pouring down their foamy waters into the

lake. The beautiful vale on the western side of Honister-crag is soon closed in by a cross ridge, called a *hawse*; but that through which the road leads to Borrowdale opens for several miles, and is called Gatesgarth-dale, from Gatesgarth, a group of houses at its entrance. Here we find an astonishing transition of scenes, from smooth green hills to the most rugged and craggy imaginable. —Mr. GILPIN, with his usual nicety, thus describes this vale :—

“ GATESGARTH-DALE, into which we soon entered, is indeed a very tremendous scene. Like all the valleys we had yet found, it had a peculiar character. Its features were its own. It was not a vista like the valley of Watenlath; nor had it any of the sudden turns of the valley of Borrowdale: but it wound slowly and solemnly in one large segment. It was wider also than either of those valleys; being at least half a quarter of a mile from side to side; which distance is pretty uniformly observed; the rocky mountains which environed it keeping their line with great exactness: at least, never breaking out into any violent projections.

“ THE area of this valley is, in general, concave; the sides almost perpendicular, composed of a kind of broken craggy rock, the ruins,

of which every where strew the valley; and give it still more the idea of desolation.

“ THE river also which runs through it, and is the principal supply of the lake, is as wild as the valley itself. It has no banks, but the fragments of rocks; no bed, but a channel composed of rocky strata, among which the water forces its course. Its channel, as well as its bank, is formed of loose stones and fragments, which break, and divide the stream into a succession of wild, impetuous eddies.

“ A stream, which is the natural source of plenty, is perhaps, when unaccompanied with verdure, the strongest emblem of desolation. It shews the spot to be so barren, that even the greatest source of abundance can produce nothing — The whole valley, indeed, joined in impressing the same idea. Fruitful nature, making in every part of her ample range unremitting efforts to vegetate, could not here produce a single germin.

“ As we proceeded, the grandeur of the valley increased. We had been prepared indeed to see the highest precipices which the country produced. Such a preface is generally productive of disappointment; but on this occasion it did no

injury. The fancy had still its scope. We found the mountains so overhung with clouds, that we could form little judgment of their height. Our guide told us they were twice as high as we could see : which, however, we did not believe from the observations we were able to make, as the clouds, at intervals, floated past, and discovered, here and there, the shadowy forms of the rocky summits. A great height however they certainly were ; and the darkness in which they were wrapped gave us a new illustration of the grandeur of those ideas which arise from obscurity.—‘ Dark, confused, uncertain images,’ Mr. BURKE very justly observes, ‘ have a greater power on the fancy to form the grander passions, than those which are more clear and determinate. For hardly any thing can strike the mind with its greatness, which does not make some sort of approach towards infinity ; which nothing can do, whilst we are able to perceive its bounds : but to see an object distinctly, and to perceive its bounds, is one and the same thing. A clear idea therefore is another name for a little idea.*’

“ THE middle of the valley is adorned, as

* On the Sublime and Beautiful, Part II. Sect. IV.

these valleys, in some part, often are, by a craggy hill ; on the top of which stands the fragment of a rock, that looks, in Ossian's language, like the *stone of power*—the rude deity of desolation, to which the scene is sacred.

“ THIS valley is not more than six miles from the black-lead mines ; and would have led us to them, if we had pursued its course.”

RETURN to Buttermere, and from thence make a little excursion of a mile and a half, on the west, to Scale-force, a most astonishing waterfall. In this walk every stranger should be accompanied with a guide. Proceed along a footpath which intersects the sweet vale ; and, at the further side, cross the river Cocker, which runs between the lakes of Buttermere and Crummock. Turn downwards between the mountain and Crummock-lake, which soon appears in full view, bounded by lofty mountains on each side, which rise from the margin of the water. At the further end we see hills with milder aspects, and the wooded and cultivated dales of Bracken-thwaite and Lowes-water.

BEFORE us lay an extensive boggy pasture, scattered with detached stones ; while the mountain on the left—the sides of which, at a distant

view, appear covered with a thick wood—on a nearer approach displays only a few straggling trees, interspersed among the rocks.—An opening between the mountains of Mellbreak and Blea-crag points out the course to the object of our curiosity.

HAVING obliquely crossed the pasture, we come to a wall close under Blea-crag, which shews nothing but a most rugged face of rock, rising in successive tiers, like so many huge walls of old castles. Here our ears are stunned with a hoarse dashing noise at a little distance, without any appearance of its cause. Climbing over the wall, we descend a few paces, turning to the left, towards the place from whence the sound proceeds, when the sense of sight is still more confounded than that of hearing—a cascade, different from any of those hitherto noticed, but not less wonderful, suddenly strikes the eye. The rocks yawn, and open, in a frightful chasm, near 100 yards into the mountain, the horrid aspect of which at first almost staggers our resolution of advancing further. We cautiously proceed over fragments of rocks up this awful cavity; and soon after our entrance, a waterfall of four or five yards in height meets the eye. We ascend with difficulty over the rocks on one side of this cascade, when we enter a long level passage, cover-

ed with rocky fragments, and a brook tumbling at the bottom. The roofless walls on each side are perpendicular, covered with dark-coloured moss, fern, and shrubs ; and, near the top, large trees grow from the crevices, darkening the cavern with their impending boughs. The natural walls increase in height from about 30 to 180 feet, and are there abruptly terminated by another perpendicular wall of equal elevation running across, over which a large body of water rushes forward, and falls 60 yards in one unbroken sheet, with a noise that seems to shake the mountain, and alarms the most intrepid. The spray occasioned by the falling water rises in the form of a thick mist, and fills that part of the cavity, keeping us at a little distance, otherwise we might travel with caution along one side of the brook quite to the fall.—This chasm is uniformly about four or five yards wide, the bottom almost horizontal, and, between the falls, about the space of 80 yards in length, nearly in a direct line.—The regularity of the walls, forming the side and front screens of this natural curiosity, is very remarkable ; nor is it easily conceived what process of nature could effect the singular excavation.—This cascade, after heavy rains, becomes terrible, and no one can approach even to the first fall ; but in very dry seasons the quantity of water is inconsiderable.—Scale-force, on account of the

difficult passage to it, has hitherto been little known, or visited, by strangers : however, we are informed that a convenient path will shortly be made from Buttermere to this singular curiosity.

As there is no road down this side of the lake, we return again to the village of Buttermere, and from thence proceed down the eastern side of

CRUMMOCK-WATER.

The road leads through groves and pleasant fields to the banks of the lake, which sweeps away to the right round a promontory called Randon-knot, or Buttermere-hawse, under a craggy pyramidal mountain. From the breast of this rock we view the whole extent of the lake, which is beautifully ornamented with three little islands, one of which is a naked rock, and the other covered with wood. The western shores reach the skirts of naked Mellbreak, and other lofty mountains, whose mighty steeps descend generally to the water's edge, leaving few tracts for cultivation. As we proceed, a sweetly-situated farm displays its rural scenery opposite the middle of the lake, at the foot of a dell which separates Grasmere from Buttermere-hawse. This

side is beautifully indented with bays, and scattered trees adorn the banks. At the foot of the lake, a beautiful hill, partly wooded, and partly cultivated, steps forward a prominent object ; and over it the sloping cultivated parts of Loweswater are arranged in little fields.—The ragged and pointed summits of this chain of mountains, on each side, are truly picturesque : some naked, others wooded to their bases ; some verdant, some rocky and heathy, and others covered with red shiver, which streams down their furrowed precipitous sides, exhibiting an odd appearance.

THIS lake is about four miles in length, and half a mile broad ; and, like that of Buttermere, is very deep and clear, which is supposed to be the reason why char breeds in these in preference to Derwent and Bassenthwaite lakes. That delicate fine flavoured fish is caught here in great abundance : and generally weighs from six to eight ounces each : they are sold for 4*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* per dozen.

THE outlet of this lake is at the north-east corner, where the river Cocker draws forth its waters ; which, thence intersecting a pleasant country to Cockermouth, enters the Derwent.

CONTINUING this delightful ride through a part of Brackenthwaite, over Cocker-bridge, and by High-cross, to

LOWES-WATER,

a beautiful lake, about one mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad, which is seen to advantage from a station through a gate that leads to the common. Here a pretty sheet of water expands before us, discovering all its picturesque appendages. A mixture of woodland and cultivated fields adorns the extremities, which rise up from the borders of the lake in waving lines ; while various lofty mountains, in different attitudes and attire, bound the southern shore, dropping down in quick descents. The northern skreen is more humble, covered with soft vegetation, and soon gives way to an open country. Along the borders of the lake, and in its neighbourhood, we meet with farms in the sweetest situations, beautified with neat buildings, and frequently occupied by their proprietors, men of respectability and easy fortune.

THIS lake discharges its waters at the southern end, and, after running in that direction about a mile, falls into Crummock under the brows of Mellbreak. It produces pike, perch,

and some trout ; but no char, probably on account of its shallow water.

FROM the breast of Mellbreak we have good views of both lakes, together with their huge barriers, clad in different garbs, displaying various and grotesque appearances, in which the scenery is remarkably grand and picturesque.—Mr. WEST speaks of this station as follows :—

“ AN evening view of both lakes, is from the side of Mellbreak, at the gate, under a coppice of oaks, in the road to Ennerdale. Nothing exceeds, in composition, the parts of this landscape. They are all great, and lie in fine order of perspective.—If the view be taken from the round knoll at the lower end of the lake, the appearance of the mountains that bound it is astonishing. You have Mellbreak on the right, and Grasmere on the left, and betwixt them a stupendous amphitheatre of mountains, whose tops are all broken and dissimilar, and of different lines, and their bases skirted with wood, or cloathed with verdure. In the centre point of this amphitheatre is a huge pyramidal broken rock, that seems with its figure to change place, as you move across the fore-ground, and gives much variety to the scenes, and alters the picture at every pace. In short, the picturesque views in this

district are many, some mixt, others purely sublime ; but all surprise and please. The genius of the greatest adepts in landscape might here improve in taste and judgment ; and the most enthusiastic ardour for pastoral poetry and painting will here find an inexhaustible source of scenes and images.

“ WHEN the roads to Ennerdale and Wastwater are improved, they may be taken in this morning ride.

“ FROM the bridge, at the foot of the lake, ascend the road to Brackenthwaite. At the ale-house, Scale-hill, take a guide to the top of the rock, above Mr. BERTIE's woods, and have an entirely new view of Crummock-water. The river Cocker is seen winding through a beautiful and rich, cultivated vale, spreading far to the north, variegated with woods, groves, and hanging grounds, in every pleasing variety. The most singular object in this vale of Lorton and Brackenthwaite, is a high crown-topt rock that divides the vale, and raises a broken craggy head over hanging woods, that skirt the sloping sides, which are cut into waving inclosures, and varied with groves and patches of coppice wood. To the west, a part of Lowes-water is seen, under a fringe of trees at High-cross. Behind you, aw-

ful Grasmere (the Skiddaw of the vale) frowns in all the majesty of furrowed rock, cut almost perpendicularly to the centre by the waterfalls of ages. The swell of a cataract is here heard, but entirely concealed within the gloomy recess of a rocky dell, formed by the rival mountains, Grasmere and White-side. At their feet lie the mighty ruins brought down from the mountains by the memorable water-spout, that deluged all the vale, in September, 1760.

“ AFTER this the mountains become humble hills, and terminate the sweet vale that stretches from the feet of Black-crag and Carling-knot, and spreads itself into a country watered by the Cocker.

“ THE ride down this vale is pleasant. All the scenes are smiling, rich, and rural. Every dale-lander appears to be a man of taste, and every village, house, and cot, is placed in the choicest scite, and decorated in the neatest manner and stile of natural elegance. Not one formal avenue, or straight-lined hedge, or square fish-pond, offends the eye in all this charming vale. The variety of situation gives diversity of views, and a succession of pleasing objects creates the desire of seeing.”

ENNERDALE-WATER,

to which there is a difficult Alpine pass from hence over a tract of the wildest mountains, lies southwards, about four miles distant. The shepherds, indeed, climb over these rugged monsters to Ennerdale by a variety of paths ; but the most convenient mode of visiting this vale is to take a circuitous route by way of Lamplugh, and come in at the west end of the lake, which is so guarded on every side, except the west, with mountains almost impassable, that it is seldom visited in a general tour : those, however, who have leisure, and a taste for variety of mountain, sylvan, and pastoral scenes, will not be disappointed in a ride to Ennerdale.

MR. HUTCHINSON, in his History of Cumberland, seems to think its beauty no way extraordinary. He says—" When we treated of Ennerdale in the preceding pages, we merely noticed the lough or lake there. The passage winding round the base of mountains has a variety of narrow pastoral scenes, overlooked by scowling rocks and precipices, of which that called the *PILLAR* is remarkable. The lake has no very singular features ; yet, in a newspaper of this county, an enraptured traveller, describing the scene, said—" It forms a picture such as the

‘ canvas never represented ; it embraces a variety so distributed as no pencil can ever imitate. No designer in romance every allotted such a residence to his fairy inhabitants : I had almost said, no recluse ever wooed religion in such a blessed retirement.’—‘ The genius of OVID would have transformed the most favoured of his heroes into a river, and poured his waters into the channel of the Lissa, there to wander by the verdant bounds of Gillerthwaite—the sweet reward of patriotism and virtue.’—How happy that man’s state of mind.

“ STYE-HEAD, Honister-crag, Wastdale, the Pillar, and Red-pike, are the great land-marks of this tract.

“ GILLERTHWAITE is a narrow tract of cultivated land, a peninsula on the lake or lough, whose verdure receives additional beauties from the stony desert with which it is environed, where the mountains are barren in the extreme. This little spot has two cottages upon it, and has no neighbouring habitations to alleviate the gloom of its situation. As you advance, some woodlands creep up the sides of Cold-fell, from the opposite side of the lough : an abrupt turn to the right opens the whole to the view, where the herd’s house is no insignificant object. On the

eastern side, several little farmholds are spread out, and make a contrast with the opposite mountains, which, in serene weather, are reflected in softened colouring in the water.

“ON the whole, there is something melancholy in this scenery, and the mind is apt to be depressed, rather than enlivened and touched with pleasure, at the view of human habitations sequestered and shut out for many seasons even from the comfortable rays of the sun.”

THE lake is about two miles and a half long, and three quarters of a mile broad in the widest part.

RETURN from Lowes-water, by Brackenthwaite, to Lorton; and from thence, along the Cockermouth road, to Keswick. In this route, the scenery is generally new, and always pleasing. After passing Cocker-bridge, we enter the vale of Brackenthwaite, and pursue a winding, well-made road through narrow shady lanes, with the mountain White-side on our right. This mountain shews a few rocky points bursting from its verdant slopes; which are also scattered over with fern, and a few trees and bushes, among which the yew grows spontaneously, in perpetual verdure. On the opposite side we see

Whinfield-fell, having somewhat the same appearance, but more humble. The valley still continues to exhibit some marks of an astonishing inundation, which happened in 1760, and is thus recorded by the ingenious Mr. GILPIN :—

“ OUR road carried us near the village of Brackenthwaite, which lies at the bottom of Grasmere.

“ HERE we had an account of an inundation occasioned by the bursting of a water-spout. The particulars, which are well authenticated, are curious.—In that part, where Grasmere is connected with the other high lands in its neighbourhood, three little streams take their origin, of which the Lissa is the least inconsiderable. The course of this stream down the mountain is very steep, and about a mile in length. Its bed, and the sides of the mountain all around, are profusely scattered with loose stones and gravel. On leaving the mountain, the Lissa divides the vale through which we now passed ; and, after a course of four or five miles, falls into the Cocker.

“ ON the 9th of September, 1760, about midnight, the water-spout fell upon Grasmere, nearly, as was conjectured, where the three little streams, just mentioned, issue from their fountains,

“ AT first it swept the whole side of the mountain, and charging itself with all the rubbish it found there, made its way into the vale, following chiefly the direction of the Lissa. At the foot of the mountain it was received by a piece of arable ground, on which its violence first broke. Here it tore away trees, soil, and gravel ; and laid all bare, many feet in depth, to the naked rock. Over the next ten acres it seems to have made an immense roll, covering them with so vast a bed of stones, that no human art can ever again restore the soil.

“ WHEN we saw the place, though twelve years after the event, many marks remained, still flagrant, of this scene of ruin. We saw the natural bed of the Lissa, a mere contracted rivulet ; and, on its banks the vestiges of a stony channel, spreading far and wide, almost enough to contain the waters of the Rhine or Danube. It was computed from the flood-marks, that in many places the stream must have been five or six yards deep, and near a hundred broad ; and if its great velocity be added to this weight of water, its force will be found equal to almost any effect.

“ ON the banks of this stony channel, we saw a few scattered houses, a part of the village

of Brackenthwaite, which had a wonderful escape. They stood at the bottom of Grasmere, rather on a rising ground ; and the current, taking its first direction towards them, would have undermined them (for the soil was instantly laid bare) had not a projection of naked rock, the interior stratum, on which the houses had unknowingly been founded, resisted the current, and gave it a new direction. Unless this had intervened, it is probable the houses and all their inhabitants (so instantaneous was the ruin) had been swept together.

“ In passing farther along the vale, we saw other marks of the fury of this inundation ; bridges had been thrown down, houses carried off, and woods rooted up. But its effects on a stone causeway were thought the most surprising. This fabric was of great thickness ; and supported on each side by an enormous bank of earth. The memory of man could trace it, unaltered in any particular, near a hundred years ; but by the soundness and firmness of its parts and texture, it seemed as if it had stood for ages. It was almost a doubt whether it were a work of nature or of art. This massy mole the deluge not only carried off, but, as if it turned it into sport, made its very foundations the channel of its own stream.

“ HAVING done all this mischief, not only here, but in many other parts, the Lissa threw all its waters into the Cocker, where an end was put to its devastation ; for though the Cocker was unable to contain so immense an increase, yet, as it flows through a more level country, the deluge spread far and wide, and wasted its strength in one vast, stagnant inundation.”

THE mountains now begin to lower on each side, and, as we enter the beautiful vale of Lorton, expand to a considerable distance. Here we find a new landscape ; the vale is near a mile broad, remarkably level, of a fertile loamy soil, and neatly divided into inclosures by fine thorn hedges. The mountains on each side are variegated with little hollows and rocky knolls, margined with woods, which in some places straggle up their sides : trees, singly, and in small collections, are scattered over the vale ; which is watered by the Cocker, and several other clear mountain streams pouring from the hills on every side. In short, this vale, although it displays nothing very great nor grand, if compared with those mighty productions of nature which we have already seen, is, upon the whole, we think not excelled by any in this island for the beauty and symmetry of its parts (every one of which speaks the undisguised language of nature) and

the engaging sweetness of the whole.—Mr. WEST, speaking of Lorton, says—“ The ride down this vale is pleasant. All the scenes are smiling, rich, and rural. Every dale-lander appears to be a man of taste, and every village, house, and cot, is placed in the choicest scite, and decorated in the neatest manner and stile of natural elegance. Not one formal avenue, or straight-lined hedge, or square fish-pond, offends the eye in all this charming vale. The variety of situation gives diversity of views, and a succession of pleasing objects creates the desire of seeing.”

NEAR Lorton we turn an acute angle on the right, and entering upon the great road from Cockermouth to Keswick, we soon find ourselves again immersed among mountains. This is called the Whinlatter road ; thus described by Mr. HUTCHINSON :—“ The steep and Alpine passes of Whinlatter form an ascent of five miles, up stupendous heights, by a winding path, contrived in an excellent manner, passing round the foot of the mountains, and taking the course of every little valley, to render the advance more gradual. In some parts you catch the prospect of small recesses, where some cottages stand in a solitude romantic and highly pastoral ; in other parts you look down from such tremendous precipices, on whose brink you are travelling, that

from the windows of a carriage, the aspect and situation are alarming.—The lake of Bassenthwaite looks from thence like a gloomy abyss ; and the vale about Keswick, with the lake of Derwent-water, appeared to us as enchanted ground, where the scene seemed realized which was imagined by the ingenious author of the tale of the Prince of Abyssinia, in which the young hero of his narrative was held secluded from the busy world by encircling mountains.—Skiddaw, shrouded with vapours, appeared to nod his drowsy head ; and innumerable eminences, one behind another, pushed their fronts to the view, and crowded the horizon with enormous objects. From this pass, where the road becomes more level, you are inclosed by mountains on each hand, at whose feet the path lies, and whose summits are not to be reached by the traveller's eye, who passes so immediately under them, as they rise almost perpendicularly. A fine verdure covers most of them, and they afford excellent sheepwalks ; others are barren, bleak, and shivery, sending down continued streams of sand, slates, and stones, with every shower of rain. The contrast makes these vast objects agreeable to the eye.”—Hist. Cumb. vol. ii. p. 120.

MR. GILPIN travelled over this road in a stormy night, and thus speaks of it :—

“ THE evening, which grew more tempestuous, began to close upon us as we left the more beautiful parts of the vale of Lorton. We were still about six miles from Keswick ; and had before us a very wild country, which probably would have afforded no great amusement even in full day : but amid the obscurity which now overspread the landscape, the imagination was left at large, and painted many images, which perhaps did not really exist, upon the dead colouring of nature. Every great and pleasing form, whether clear or obscure, which we had seen during the day, now played, in strong imagery, before the fancy ; as when the grand chorus ceases, ideal music vibrates in the ear.

“ IN one part, a view pleased us much, though, perhaps, in stronger light it might have escaped notice. The road made a sudden dip into a little, winding valley, which, being too abrupt for a carriage, was eased by a bridge ; and the form of the arch was what we commonly find in Roman aqueducts. At least such it appeared to us.—The winding road, the woode valley, and broken ground below, the mountain beyond, the form of the bridge, which gave a classic air to the scene, and the obscurity, which melted the whole into one harmonious mass—made all together a very pleasing view.

“ BUT it soon grew too dark even for the imagination to roam. It was now ten o'clock ; and though in this northern climate the twilight of a clear summer evening affords, even at that late hour, a bright effulgence, yet now all was dark.

———“ A faint, erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Threw half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
Th' ascending gleam, where all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld.”———

“ WE could just discern, through the dimness of the night, the shadowy forms of the mountains, sometimes blotting out half the sky on one side, and sometimes winding round, as a gloomy barrier, on the other.

“ OFTEN, too, the road would appear to dive into some dark abyss, a cataract roaring at the bottom ; while the mountain-torrents on every side rushed down the hills in notes of various cadence, as their quantities of water, the declivities of their fall, their distances, or the intermission of the blast, brought the sound fuller, or fainter, to the ear ; which organ became now more alert, as the imagination depended rather

on it than on the eye for information.—These various notes of water-music, answering each other from hill to hill, were a kind of translation of that passage in the Psalms, in which *one deep* is represented *calling another because of the noise of the water-pipes*.

“ AMONG other images of the night, a lake (for the lake of Bassenthwaite was now in view) appeared through the uncertainty of the gloom, like something of ambiguous texture, spreading a lengthened gleam of wan, dead light under the dark shade of the incumbent mountains : but whether this light were owing to vapours arising from the valley, or whether it was water—and if water, whether it was an arm of the sea, a lake, or a river—to the uninformed traveller would appear matter of great uncertainty. Whatever it was, it would seem sufficient to alarm his apprehensions, and to raise in his fancy (now in quest of dangers) the idea of something that might stop his farther progress.

“ A good turnpike-road, on which we entered near the village of Lorton, and a knowledge of the country, set at nought all such ideas with us ; but it may easily be conceived, that a traveller, wandering in the midst of a stormy night, in a mountainous country, unknown, and unbeat-

en by human footsteps, might feel palpitations of a very uneasy kind.

“ WE have in OSSIAN some beautiful images, which accompany a night-storm in such a country as this. I shall subjoin, with a few alterations, an extract from them, as it will illustrate the subject before us. It is contained in a note on CROMA, in which several bards are introduced entertaining their patron with their respective descriptions of the night.

“ THE storm gathers on the tops of the mountains, and spreads its black mantle before the moon. It comes forward in the majesty of darkness, moving upon the wings of the blast. It sweeps along the vale, and nothing can withstand its force. The lightning from the rifted cloud flashes before it : the thunder rolls among the mountains in its rear.

“ ALL nature is restless and uneasy.

“ THE stag lies wakeful on the mountain-moss ; the hind close by his side. She hears the storm roaring through the branches of the trees. She starts—and lies down again.

“ THE heath-cock lifts his head at intervals, and returns it under his wing.

“ THE owl leaves her unfinished dirge, and sits ruffled in her feathers in a cleft of the blasted oak.

“ THE famished fox shrinks from the storm, and seeks the shelter of his den.

“ THE hunter, alarmed, leaps from his pallet in the lonely hut. He raises his decaying fire. His wet dogs smoke around him. He half opens his cabin-door, and looks out ; but he instantly retreats from the terrors of the night.

“ FOR now the whole storm descends. The mountain-torrents join their impetuous streams. The growing river swells.

“ THE benighted traveller pauses as he enters the gloomy dell. The glaring sky discovers at intervals the terrors of the scene. With a face of wild despair he looks round. He recollects neither the rock above, nor the precipice below.—He stops.—Again he urges his bewildered way. His steed trembles at the frequent flash.—The thunder bursts over his head.—The torrents roar aloud.—He attempts the rapid ford. Heard you that scream ? It was the shriek of death.

“ How tumultuous is the bosom of the lake !

The waves lash its rocky side. The boat is brimful in the cove. The oars are dashed against the shore.

“WHAT melancholy shade is that sitting under the tree on the lonely beach?—I just discern it faintly shadowed out by the pale beam of the moon, passing through a thin-robed cloud. It is a female form. Her eyes are fixed on the lake. Her hair floats loose around her arm, which supports her pensive head. Ah! mournful maid! dost thou still expect thy lover over the lake? Thou sawest his distant boat, at the close of day, dancing upon the feathery waves. Thy breast throbs with suspence; but thou knowest not yet that he lies a corpse upon the shore.”

EVERY stranger, before he leaves Keswick, should visit one or both of the Museums which are there exhibited; the one by Mr. CROSTHWAITE, and the other by Mr. HUTTON.—Mr. CROSTHWAITE's is a spacious building, divided into several large apartments, and contains a profusion of singular curiosities, consisting of a great number and variety of fossils, shells, petrifications, rare birds, serpents, the stuffed skins and bones of several uncommon animals, foreign and British; some monstrous productions of nature,

both animal and vegetable ; a number of Asiatic curiosities, among which the Chinese *Gong* (a Chinese bell), the vibration of which resembles the loudest thunder, is very astonishing : optic glasses, coins, models of several of his own ingenious inventions, maps of the lakes, &c. &c. &c.

MR. CROSTHWAITE, who is a native of this place, was a Naval Commander in India ; and after returning from thence, collected the contents of this Museum at a great expence.

MR. HUTTON, who is by profession a guide to the neighbouring lakes and mountains, has likewise a good collection of rarities, curiosities, antiques, &c. gathered in this county. His knowledge of botany enables him to collect many curious plants, with which, as well as fossils, he furnishes the inquisitive naturalist. This gentleman has found *Epimedium Alpinum*, a plant said not to have been discovered before in Great Britain.

HAVING visited all the great and grand, the sweet and pleasing scenes in the environs of Keswick, we next direct our route towards Ambleside, along a good road, through new scenes of mountains, rocks, and lakes.—The road, with a steep ascent of about a mile, leads from Keswick

to Castle-rigg, where, on turning round, we see the delightful vale we have just left, in one of its finest points of view, including the lakes of Derwent and Bassenthwaite, with the river winding through the intervening meadows, together with the surrounding mountains, the vale of Newlands, &c.—Mr. GRAY was so charmed with this view, that it almost determined him to return and repeat his tour.

WE descend Castle-rigg, and, skirting the head of Naddle vale, enter the narrow green valley of Legberthwaite, displaying a few small inclosures and straggling cots, with rocks and craggy precipices on the left.

LEATHES-WATER, OR THIRLMERE-LAKE,

a narrow, irregular sheet of water, stretching along the foot of Helvelling for about four miles, soon afterwards presents itself to view. This lake, although its sides are not so much adorned with wood as many of those we have seen, is, however, guarded by some of the highest mountains in Cumberland; among which Helvelling and Catchedicam dispute the claim of pre-eminence with mighty Skiddaw. Sometimes we meet with a rocky knoll, covered with wood;

but the shores are generally naked and rocky, and display a scene of desolation. Innumerable rocks, of immense bulk, which, at some time, have been severed from the steeps of Helvelling, now hang motionless on his sides, and threaten the traveller with a new precipitation ; others have reached the bottom, and are at rest in the lake. On the opposite side a mixture of trees and shaggy rocks runs up the verdant mountains—the shore is much indented ; and, near the middle, the lake becomes so contracted, that a bridge of three arches spans the whole, and forms a communication for the neighbouring inhabitants. As we proceed, the noise of waterfalls assails the ear on every side, which are seen tumbling from amazing heights in silvery threads. From the vale of Legberthwaite we have an easy ascent, which is continued to Dun-mail-raise Stones, situated about two miles above the lake, and nine from Keswick.—This is an Alpine pass, and divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. But what renders it particularly worth notice, is the scite of a *kairn*, or large heap of stones, called Dun-mail-raise, said to have been placed there to perpetuate the memory of the last King of Cumberland, defeated there by EDMUND, the Saxon Monarch, who put out the eyes of the two sons of his adversary ; and for his confederating with LEOLIN, King of Wales,

first wasted his kingdom, and then gave it to MALCOLM, King of Scots, who held it in fee of EDMUND, A. D. 944, or 945.

Not far from hence the mountains open a verdant lap, and discover the sweetly retired, circular vale of Grasmere, with a beautiful small lake, graced with a fine island, and margined with a few pretty inclosures.—“*This vale of peace*” is about four miles in circumference, and guarded by high mountains : at the upper end, Helm-crag, pyramidal and broken, exhibits an immense mass of antideluvian ruins.—Mr. GRAY was delighted with this view, which is noticed by him thus :—“Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountain spreading here into a broad bason, discovers in the midst Grasmere-water ; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences ; some of rock, some of turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command ; from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it ; hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water ; and just opposite to you is a large farm-

house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountains' side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise ; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest, most becoming attire."

MR. WEST recommends Lough-rigg, a steep hill on the south end of the west side of the lake, as a station for viewing its beauties to the greatest advantage.

TOWARDS the southern end of Grasmere, we mount over the rugged side of a rocky mountain, that shuts the lake from our view ; but Rydal-water, another still smaller lake, presents itself, apparently shallow, and inferior to the other in point of beauty. Some old woods, however, grace the opposite banks, a few trees spring from the grey rocks on this side, and its bosom contains two small islands.—These lakes empty themselves by the river Rothay ; which, after running about two miles, enters the lake of Windermere.—Turning a rocky protuberance on the left, we gain a view of Rydal-hall, seated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two valleys :

it stands among waving woods, which climb up the surrounding steeps ; and Rydal-head, a rocky mountain of great height, rises rapidly behind, and almost hangs over the vale.

AT Rydal-hall, the seat of the co-heiresses of the late Sir MICHAEL LE FLEMING, Bart. are two cascades worthy of notice ; one at a little distance from the house, in a glen, to which a convenient path has been cut, leads us suddenly upon it in the best point of view. This is a considerable stream, tumbling, in one unbroken sheet, from a rock of great height into a bason below, with a concussion that seems to shake the very mountain.—The other is a small waterfall, seen through the window of a summer-house, and is beautiful beyond description. On this cascade Mr. GILPIN says—“ One of these, though but a miniature, is so beautiful, both in itself and its accompaniments, as to deserve particular notice. It is seen from a summer-house ; before which its rocky cheeks, circling on each side, form a little area, appearing through the window like a picture in a frame. The waterfalls within a few yards of the eye, which being rather above its level, has a long perspective view of the stream, as it hurries from the higher grounds, tumbling, in various little breaks, through its rocky channel, darkened with thicket, till it arrive at the

edge of the precipice before the window, from whence it rushes into the bason, which is formed by nature in the native rock. The dark colour of the stone, taking still a deeper tinge from the wood which hangs over it, sets off to wonderful advantage the sparkling lustre of the stream, and produces an uncommon effect of light. It is this effect indeed from which the chief beauty of this little exhibition arises."

ASCEND Rydal-head, the mountain behind Rydal-hall, which is covered with soft herbage intermixed with a few bursting rocks. The ascent is steep ; but the view from the top amply repays the toil of climbing it. From hence we see the lakes and vales of Grasmere and Rydal pleasingly delineated far below our feet, and on which we look down, almost perpendicularly, observing every sweep, in the line of shore.—Beyond these, the mountains, with verdant skirts, and bosoms purpled with heath, rise in various forms, and discover a small elevated lake, called Elter-water, seated high in the dimpled breast of one of them, and sending forth a white silvery stream, which joins the Brathay, and thence pushes over a succession of little cascades to mighty Windermere. This famous lake, which gradually unfolds itself during our ascent, now spreads out far and wide a shining mirror, stud-

ded with numerous islands, and half intersected by stretching promontories. Irregular, broken ridges of mountains bound the lake ; but more humble than the guardians of those lakes we have before seen, and softened with a profusion of wood, running up from the embayed borders of the water almost to the summits of the hills. Seats, farm-houses, and pleasant inclosures, sparkle among the trees, and decorate the scene.

OVER the western boundary of Windermere, Esthwaite-water, a small lake, is seen extending towards Hawkshead ; and to the right of that, Conistone-lake, an extensive sheet of water, stretches, in a long line, among the high rocky fells of Furness. Further still, the Irish Sea shines in the horizon, and washes a very indented shore.—Tracing back the prospect, the little town of Ambleside stands just before us ; while Rydal-hall is hid under the brow of the mountain upon which we stand.—On the other hand, the range of mountains extends to an imperceptible distance, covered with a dry, verdant turf, and rising up in pointed summits of different elevations ; the most prominent of which are Dow-crags, Grisdale-pike, and Helvellin. Nothing can be conceived more romantic than an excursion over the tops of these mountains, which, with a guide, may be made without that dan-

ger or inconvenience which strangers generally conceive.

THE anonymous author of “ *A Fortnight’s Ramble to the Lakes* ” traversed these hills to Helvellin, and, in his jocular style, gives us the following account of his views from thence :—

“ WE then clambered to a heap of stones upon Grisdale-pike, or, as it is called by the country people, in remembrance of some rustic fun, *Dolly Waggon Pike* ; and I may venture to say, she has a more commanding prospect than any Dolly in the kingdom : to the west, immense mountains that hide the vale of Borrowdale, shewing three lakes, and the sea bounding them ; to the east, fleecy clouds are rolling about the hills, and she appears (from our situation) the head of a delightful valley and of Ulls-water : plainly shewing us Gowbarrow Park, Dunmallet Head, and the outlet of the lake.

“ WE are in the midst of sharp whirlwinds, which rustle up the dry moss, and by lifting up the skirts of my coat, have given some fine colours to my back.

“ ON Whelpside we see Bassenthwaite-lake ; and after declining in order to ascend the

south-east flank of Helvellin, a hill, a mile long, extends to the east, so narrow, you might sit across any part of the ridge. The clouds are flying before the wind, and reflect their shadows so fantastically, that beggars what we admired when on Windermere. But, as we have had a hard march, I will close this chapter."

AFTER mentioning his arrival at the highest pinnacle of Helvellin, he says—

"THE view gets more hazy ; still the magnificence around is beyond description. Mountains towering above hills, as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellin in the centre of them.—Skiddaw is below us to the north. Cross-fell is large enough to be visible from an exalted summit, and is only exceeded by Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, which holds her crowned head amidst a chain of hills, and seems from her height, deserving of her royal appearance.

"OLD MAN is just in sight, and old friends deserve not to be forgotten. Place-fell cuts off a branch of Ulls-water, and makes the shape of the lake resemble *a pair of breeches*, inlaid with pasturage about the old church as rich, as nature and industry can make it.—Just under us is Red-

tarn, shaped like a Bury pear ; if I had but a draught of it, it would be worth all the fruit in the world, for my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth.

“RAVENS are croaking, and the wind, which did not blow when I began to write, is coming on in flurries.”

WE return to Rydal, and from thence through a pleasant variety of woods and fields, proceed to Ambleside, which is one mile distant.

THE following concise account of a journey from Keswick to Ambleside, by the descriptive pen of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, is so interesting, that we cannot resist the temptation to insert it :—

“THE road from Keswick to Ambleside commences by the ascent of Castle-rigg, the mountain which the Penrith road descends, and which, on that side, is crowned by a Druid’s temple. The rise is now very laborious, but the views it affords over the vale of Keswick are not dearly purchased by the fatigue. All Bassen-thwaite, its mountains softening away in the perspective, and terminating, on the west, in the

sister woods of Withop-brows, extends from the eye; and, immediately beneath, the northern end of Derwent-water, with Cawsey-pike, Thornthwaite-fell, the rich upland vale of Newland peeping from between their bases, and the spiry woods of Foe-park jutting into the lake below. But the finest prospect is from a gate about half way up the hill, whence you look down upon the head of Derwent-water, with all the Alps of Borrowdale, opening darkly.

“ AFTER descending Castle-rigg, and crossing the top of St. John’s vale, we seemed as if going into banishment from society, the road then leading over a plain, closely surrounded by mountains so wild, that neither a cottage or a wood soften their rudeness, and so steep and barren that not even sheep appear upon their sides. From this plain the road enters Legberthwaite, a narrow valley, running at the back of Borrowdale, green at the bottom, and varied with a few farms, but without wood, and with fells of grey precipices rising to great height, and nearly perpendicular on either hand, whose fronts are marked only by the torrents that tumble from their utmost summits, and perpetually occur. We often stopped to listen to their hollow sounds, amidst the solitary greatness of the scene, and to watch their headlong fall down the rocky chasms,

their white foam and silver line contrasting with the dark hue of the clefts. In sublimity of descent these were frequently much superior to that of Lodore, but as much inferior to it in mass of water and picturesque beauty.

“ As the road ascended towards Helvelling, we looked back through this vast rocky vista to the sweet vale of St. John, lengthening the perspective, and saw, as through a telescope, the broad broken steeps of Saddleback, and the points of Skiddaw, darkly blue, closing it to the north. The grand rivals of Cumberland were now seen together ; and the road soon winding high over the skirts of Helvelling, brought us to Leatheswater, to which the mountain forms a vast side skreen, during its whole length. This is a long, but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls of rocky fells, starting from its margin. Continuing on the precipice, at some height from the shore, the road brought us, after three miles, to the poor village of Wythburn, and soon after to the foot of Dun-mail-raise, which, though a considerable ascent, forms the dip of two lofty mountains, Steel-fell and Seat Sandle, that rise with finely sweeping lines on each side, and shut up the vale.

“ BEYOND Dun-mail-raise, one of the grand

passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland, Helm-crag rears its crest, a strange fantastic summit, round, yet jagged and splintered like the wheel of a water-mill, overlooking Grasmere, which, soon after, opened below. A green spreading circle of mountains embosoms this small lake, and, beyond, a wider range rises in amphitheatre, whose rocky tops are rounded and scalloped, yet are great, wild, irregular, and were then overspread with a tint of faint purple. The softest verdure margins the water, and mingles with corn inclosures and woods, that wave up the hills ; but scarcely a cottage any where appears, except at the northern end of the lake, where the village of Grasmere and its very neat white church stand among trees, near the shore, with Helm-crag, and a multitude of fells, rising over it and beyond each other in the perspective.

“ THE lake was clear as glass, reflecting the headlong mountains, with every feature of every image on its tranquil banks : and one green island varies, but scarcely adorns its surface, bearing only a rude and now shadeless hut. At a considerable height above the water, the road undulates for a mile, till, near the southern end of Grasmere, it mounts the crags of a fell, and seemed carrying us again into such scenes of ruin and privation as we had quitted with Leg-

berthwaite and Leathes-water. But, descending the other side of the mountain, we were soon cheered by the view of plantations, enriching the banks of Rydal-water, and by thick woods, mingling among cliffs above the narrow lake, which winds round a close valley for about a mile. This lake is remarkable for the beauty of its small round islands, luxuriant with elegant trees and shrubs, and whose banks are green to the water's edge. Rydal-hall stands finely on an eminence, somewhat withdrawn from the east end, in a close romantic nook, among old woods, that feather the fells which rise over their summits, and spread widely along the neighbouring eminences. This ancient white mansion looks over a rough grassy descent, skreened by groves of oak and majestic planes, towards the head of Windermere, about two miles distant, a small glimpse of which is caught beyond the wooded steeps of a narrow valley. In the woods, and in the disposition of the ground around Rydal-hall, there is a charming wildness, that suits the character of the general scene ; and wherever art appears, it is with graceful plainness and meek subjection to nature.

“ THE taste by which a cascade in the pleasure grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude bridge, amidst the green tints of woods, is shewn

through a darkened garden house, and, therefore, with all the effect which the opposition of light and shade can give, is even not too artificial ; so admirably is the intent accomplished of making all the light that is admitted fall upon the objects which are chiefly meant to be observed.

“ The road to Ambleside runs through the valley in front of Rydal-hall, and, for some distance, among the grounds that belong to it, where again the taste of the owner is conspicuous in the disposition of plantations among pastures of extraordinary richness, and where pure rivulets are suffered to wind, without restraint, over their dark rocky channels. Woods mantle up the cliffs on either side of this sweet valley ; and, higher still, the craggy summits of the fells crowd over the scene.—Two miles among its pleasant shades, near the banks of the murmuring Rotha, brought us to Ambleside, a black and very ancient little town, hanging on the lower steep of a mountain, where the vale opens to the head of Windermere.”

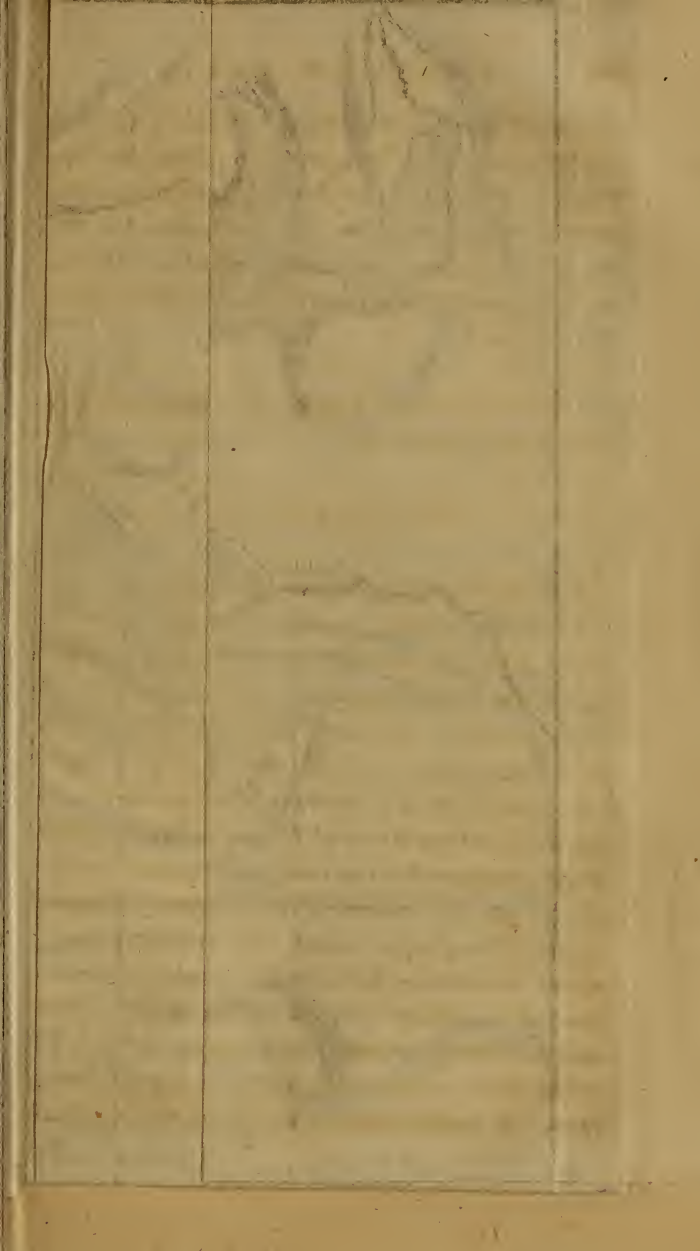
AMBLESIDE, though a small market-town, has only the appearance of a large village : it stands in a pleasant situation, is tolerably built, and contains two good inns.—Mr. HARRISON has a neat house just above the town ; and ano-

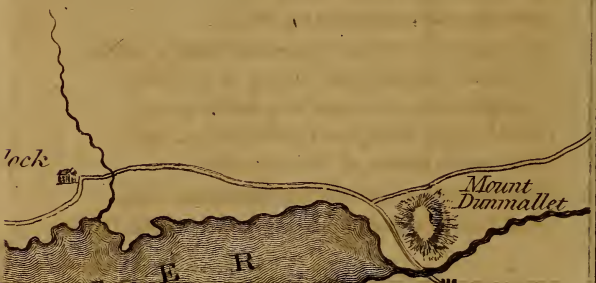
ther good house here belongs to Mrs. TAYLOR. —The vestige of a Roman station may be seen between it and the head of Windermere; this station lies in a meadow on a level with the water, and is supposed to be that called the *Dietis*, where a part of the Cohors *Nerviorum Dictentium* was stationed.

WE now leave Ambleside, and proceed to survey the beauties of

WINDERMERE,

first by pursuing the road along its eastern shore. —Travelling about a mile through winding shady lanes, we come to the head of the lake; and, at the turnpike-gate, have an open view of its upper end. The road continues almost on a level with the lake, which now recedes a little, and we only see it at intervals through embowering trees, till we arrive at Low-wood Inn, where it again approaches the road, and spreads out before us into an immense shining plain of water, curiously scalloped along the opposite shore, where the sloping hills display a pleasing mixture of woodland and beautiful farms.—This neat and finely situated inn stands on the borders of the lake, over which it has a commanding view. A small cannon is kept here, for the pur-





pose of gratifying the curious in exciting those surprising echoes for which this vale is so remarkable, and to which the following lines are not unapplicable :—

—————“ The cannon’s roar
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore :
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills.
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from a-far,
Now rages near the elemental war.
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells ;
With gather’d strength the posting clamour swells :
Check’d or impell’d, and varying in its course,
It slumbers—now awakes with double force ;
Searching the strait, and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze, or rises in the gale :
Chorus of earth and sky ! the mountains sing,
And Heaven’s own thunders thro’ the valleys ring.”

KILLARNEY.

WE now leave the margin of the water, and travel through groves, secluded farms, and parks, scarcely gaining a glimpse of the lake, till we arrive opposite Colgarth, when it again opens to the view, at half a mile distance. The sweet intervening vale, finely cultivated, and graced with the elegant new mansion of Colgarth, is the property and common place of residence of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of LANDAFF, whose agricultural improvements here me-



LAKE IN LANCASHIRE & WESTMORELAND

rit the attention of every stranger, and the imitation of every Westmoreland farmer. About half a mile further we reach a gently-rising eminence, from whence we view the principal part of the lake, with all its picturesque islands. The bounding mountains, though high, are greatly inferior to those on the confines of the lakes we have already seen, and slope irregularly to the water, leaving on this side an uneven border of low ground.—Here we stand on the side of a ridge which is cultivated, or wooded, to the top ; with its base bespangled with seats, villages, and small farms. On the opposite side, the rocky range of hills, descending quickly to the water, leaves little room for cultivation ; but are beautifully studded with bulging rocks peeping through the verdant turf, and trees scattered over the surface, or collected in woods, hanging wildly on the mountain's brow.—These guardian hills having reached that end of the lake which we have left, rise grandly in lofty heights, and overlook the lesser hills with sullen pride, shewing at their feet the little white seats of Mr. LAW and Miss PRITCHARD ; the former at Brathay, and the latter at Clappergate. On the left, low points of land from each shore, running far into the lake, contract it to the volume of a noble winding river, which, after emerging from the islands, expands again, and soon becomes a majestic lake. Imme-

diately in front, a spacious bay approaches us, giving a breadth of more than a mile, and afterwards sweeps away to the right, alternately contracting and dilating its indented shores, till it reaches the smooth soft bases of that noble amphitheatre of mountains above mentioned. This lake, taken altogether, may be compared to a mirror of immense size and rude shape, set in a huge concave frame of grotesque figure, adorned with the grandest carvings and lace-work, in a variety of the richest colours, and altogether bearing the negligent air of Nature's original workmanship.

THIS view is not seen to advantage, except in the morning, or in the absence of the sun ; nor is that general commanding view from an eminence above Bowness, which is thus elegantly described by Mr. YOUNG, less subject to the same inconvenience :—

“ THUS having viewed the most pleasing objects from these points, let me next conduct you to a spot, where, at one glance, you command them all in fresh situations, and all assuming a new appearance. For this purpose, you return to the village, and, taking the bye-road to the turnpike, mount the hill without turning your head (if I was your guide, I would conduct

you behind a small hill, that you might come at once upon the view) till you almost gain the top, when you will be struck with astonishment at the prospect spread at your feet, which, if not the most superlative view that Nature can exhibit, she is more fertile in beauties than the reach of my imagination will allow me to conceive. It would be mere vanity to attempt to describe a scene which beggars all description ; but that you may have some faint idea of the outlines of this wonderful picture, I will just give the particulars of which it consists.

“ THE point on which you stand is the side of a large ridge of hills that form the eastern boundary of the lake, and the situation high enough to look *down* upon all the objects—a circumstance of great importance, which painting cannot imitate. In landscapes, you are either on a level with the objects, or look up to them ; the painter cannot give the declivity at your feet, which lessens the object as much in the perpendicular line as in the horizontal one. You look down upon a noble winding valley, of about twelve miles long, every where inclosed with grounds, which rise in a very bold and various manner ; in some places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated ; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed, and irregular ;

here rising into hills covered with the noblest woods, presenting a gloomy brownness of shade, almost from the clouds, to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they so beautifully skirt ; their waving in glorious slopes of cultivated inclosures, adorned in the sweetest manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature : trees, woods, villages, houses, farms, scattered with picturesque confusion, and waving to the eye in the most romantic landscapes that nature can exhibit.

“ THIS valley, so beautifully inclosed, is floated by the lake, which spreads forth to the right and left, in one vast but irregular expanse of transparent water ; a more noble object can hardly be imagined. Its immediate shore is traced in every variety of line that fancy can imagine ; sometimes contracting the lake into the appearance of a noble winding river ; at others retiring from it, and opening into large bays, as if for navies to anchor in ; promontories spread with woods, or scattered with trees and inclosures, projecting into the water in the most picturesque stile imaginable ; rocky points breaking the shore, and rearing their bold heads above the water ; in a word, a variety that amazes the beholder.—But what finishes the scene with an elegance too delicious to be imagined, is, this beau-

tiful sheet of water being dotted with no less than ten islands, distinctly comprehended by the eye ; all of the most bewitching beauty. The large one presents a waving various line, which rises from the water in the most picturesque inequalities of surface : high land in one place, low in another, clumps of trees in this spot, scattered ones in that, adorned by a farm-house on the water's edge, and backed with a little wood, vying in simple elegance with Baromean palaces : some of the smaller islets rising from the lake, like little hills of wood ; some only scattered with trees, and others of grass of the finest verdure ; a more beautiful variety is no where to be seen.

“ STRAIN your imagination to command the idea of so noble an expanse of water, thus gloriously environed, spotted with islands, more beautiful than would have issued from the happiest painter. Picture the mountains rearing their majestic heads with native sublimity ; the vast rocks boldly projecting their terrible craggy points ; and, in the path of beauty, the variegated inclosures of the most charming verdure, hanging to the eye in every picturesque form that can grace landscape, with the most exquisite touches of *la belle nature*. If you raise your fancy to something infinitely beyond the assemblage of rural elegancies, you may have a faint

notion of the unexampled beauties of this ravishing landscape.”

WE now descend to BOWNESS, a pleasant, well-built village, which Mr. GILPIN stiles the “capital port town of the lake.”—“It is,” says he, “the great mart for fish and charcoal; both of which commodities are largely imported here, and carried by land into the country. Its harbour is crowded with vessels of various kinds; some of which are used merely as pleasure-boats in navigating the lake.”—Mr. TAYLOR has a small, pleasantly-situated house at Bell-field, near this place.

A pleasant road of near a mile leads from hence, through a beautiful part of the vale, to the Ferry-point, a low, extended, and narrow neck of land; towards which another point stretches from the opposite shore, and forms what is called the Straits of Windermere.—A ferry-boat is kept here in readiness to convey horses, carriages, &c. across the lake.—At Bowness we take a boat, and navigate to CURWEN’S Island, which runs obliquely across the lake. It is of an oblong shape, swelling in the middle, and pointed at each end; and contains 27 acres of land.—JOHN CHRISTIAN CURWEN, Esq. the present proprietor of this charming island, has

joined every assistance of Art to the fine dispositions of Nature, in rendering it a most delightful retreat. Sweet groves, pleasant walks, and verdant lawns, with a neat house, in a proper situation, and without one formal or direct line to offend the eye : all contribute towards its beauties. —From hence we have some of the finest views on the lake. The northern shores afford a mixed prospect of the beautiful and sublime ; a number of scattered islands interrupt the line of uniformity, which would otherwise bound a reach of the lake four miles and a half in length, and, in some parts, above one in breadth. These islands, in shape and cloathing, display a pleasing variety in the fore-ground of the picture. The side skreens are different ; that on the left consists of a rocky ridge, descending to the water, partly covered with verdure, on which flocks of mountain sheep are seen feeding, and partly cloathed with thick woods, or scattered with straggling trees and evergreen shrubs, over which the heights of Furness-fells are peeping into the lake. On the right, neat villages and farms, half buried in wood, form a delightful mixture of woodland and cultivated fields stretching, in a gradual ascent, from the water's edge to the tops of some of the hills. In front we have a large collection of high mountains, with pointed summits, rearing up in different attitudes, and one overlooking

the top of another, as if anxious to gaze on the beauties of the lake. Turning to the south, we observe the lake extending many miles in that direction, with variety of shore, and patched with islands. In every point of view, mountains, at different distances, raise their bulky crests, and form a noble amphitheatre round the lake.

FROM the southern side, also, a good prospect opens before us, particularly to the foot of the lake. The two ferry points creeping towards each other, with the island of Crow-holme on the right, form a picturesque strait, through which Berkshire island, towards the centre of the lake, is seen raising its head above the water.—Beyond this, RAWLINSON'S Nab on the west, and Stors Point on the east, are two bold promontories, which push abruptly into the lake. The line of shore on each side is much indented, and sweetly fringed with trees; while the waving hills which guard the lake are cloathed either with a combination of verdant fields and sweeping woods, or a mixture of grey rock bursting through a grassy turf, and scattered evergreen trees and shrubs.

ON this island the artist will find some good stations for making drawings of the lake and its environs.

CURWEN'S Island is thus described by the elegant and correct pen of Mr. GILPIN :—

“ IN one of these we embarked, and standing out to sea, made for the island, which we were informed was a very interesting scene.

“ WE soon arrived at it ; and landing at the south end, we ordered our boat to meet us at the north point, meaning to traverse its little boundaries.

“ A more sequestered spot cannot easily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noise and interruption of life ; or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances which make retirement pleasing.

“ THE whole island contains about thirty acres. Its form is oblong ; its shores irregular, retiring into bays, and broken into creeks. The surface, too, is uneven ; and a sort of little Apennine ridge runs through the middle of it, falling down in all shapes into the water. Like its great mother island, the southern part wears a smoother aspect than the northern, which is broken and rocky.

“ FORMERLY the whole island was one entire

grove. At present it is rather bare of wood, though there are some large oaks upon it.

“ ONE of its greatest beauties arises from that irregular little Appenine just mentioned, which extends from one end to the other. This circumstance hides its *insularity*, by connecting it with the continent. In every part, except on the high grounds, you stand in an amphitheatre composed of the noblest objects ; and the lake performing the office of a sunk fence, the grandeur of each part of the continent is called in, by turns, to aid the insignificance of the island.

“ THE oblong form also of the lake gives the island another great advantage. On both its *sides* the opposite shores of the continent are little more than half a mile distant : but at the northern and southern *points* there is a large sheet of water. The views, therefore, as you walk round, are continually changing through all the varieties of *distance* ; which are still farther improved by a little degree of obliquity in the position of the island.”

THE same author also relates the following curious fact :—

“ THIS island formerly belonged to the

PHILIPSONS, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment : the latter was a Major.

“ THE Major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprize ; and, for his many feats of personal bravery, had obtained among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of *Robin the Devil*.

“ AFTER the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and private malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals.—Colonel BRIGGS, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal ; and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of the peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major PHILIPSON was at his brother's house, on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. With this view, he mustered a party which he thought sufficient, and went himself on the enterprize. How it was conducted my authority* does not inform us—whe-

* Dr. Burn's History of Westmoreland.

ther he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed, and carried on his approach in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without, though every gentleman's house was at that time in some degree a fortress. All we learn is, that Major PHILIPSON endured a siege of eight or ten days with great gallantry ; till his brother, the Colonel, hearing of his distress, raised a party, and relieved him.

“ It was now the Major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself therefore at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here being informed that Colonel BRIGGS was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues ; and himself, armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel, and carry him off ; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot ; and, in the midst of the confusion, to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for BRIGGS happened to be elsewhere.

“ THE congregation, as might be expected,

was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man, on horseback, make his appearance among them ; and the Major taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly ; and, being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

“ AT this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants ; and the Major killed, with his own hand, the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him ; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake.—The action marked the man. Many knew him ; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but *Robin the Devil*.”

MRS. RADCLIFFE sailed over the lake where the ferry-boat crosses, and thought the northern view from thence the most interesting on Windermere.

PROCEED past Crow-holme to the ferry point, on the western side, and from thence through the sycamore grove to the road which

runs along the base of the mountain : turning a little way to the right, we approach the Harrow farm-house. Here we observe the beauties of the lake and its accompaniments in a new point of view : the landscape before us is elegant, and forms a charming picture, well worth the painter's attention. The island we have just left appears still more pleasing, with deeply-indented shores, and is proudly triumphant over a variety of small wooded isles in its vicinity.

WE return down the road ; and proceeding a little past the ferry point, ascend a prominent rock, on which a small octagonal house, called *Belle View*, has lately been built by Mr. BRAITHWAITE. Here we have another grand view of the beauties and magnificence of the lake. A great expanse of water opens on each hand, finely bayed and indented ; and from which the sweetly wooded ridges rise in a variety of shapes. In front, the small island of Berkshire raises its wooded bosom above the water ; while, on the left, the little *Archipelago* of Windermere distinctly exposes its pretty islands. Among these, the great island we have just visited eclipses all the rest in size and elegance. Between it and the western shore are the *Lillies of the Valley*, two small isles, so called from producing the flowers of that name.—THOMPSON'S Holme is

an irregular shaped, woody island.—Householme is an island of small extent.—Hemholme is a rock cloathed with shrubs.—Ladyholme, covered with coppice wood, is of an oval form, and on which there formerly stood an oratory.—Rough-holme is somewhat circular, and adorned with trees. This is the most northerly.—Crow-holme, near the ferry point, between it and CURWEN's Island, is wooded, and forms a fine promontory.—The lake twines delightfully among these islands, and, after disengaging itself, extends between sweeping shores, far to the north, till it reaches the feet of that noble assemblage of lofty, conical-topped mountains forming the grand northern scene we observed before. The opposite side displays all the pleasing variety of neat buildings (among which is that of Sir JOHN LEGARD, Bart. at Stors), looking from thick groves of trees over the lake, waving woods and cultivated fields ascending in irregular order over the tops of the lower range of hills, with rocky heights of various aspects overlooking the whole. The rugged crags of Bicot-how contrast finely with the cultivated tops of Banne-rigg and Orrest-head ; and the conic-topped mountain Hill-bell, vies with his lofty neighbours, Fairfield and Rydal-head.

THIS pleasing scene is increased as we turn our eyes towards the other end of the eastern

coast. Scattered houses stand secreted in the sweetest recesses, and surrounded with fields and little groves ; above which the mountainous ridge, fronted with interspersed woods, runs to the bottom of the lake. From that side, the Stors, a wooded cape, steps considerably into the water, as if intending to reach the little rocky island of Ling-holme ; and from this side, about three miles southwards, RAWLINSON'S Nab, a bold crowned promontory, stretches far into the lake. Beyond this latter jutting rock, the lake expands, and is seen winding far to the south, till it apparently loses itself behind a headland on the other side ; while the blue indented summits of distant mountains, over the tops of two woody hills, called Park and Landen-nab, close the scene. The broken-topped ridge on this side is higher, and falls more rapidly into the water, than that on the other : it is spotted with grey rocks, and scattered trees ; and large woods hang on its grizzly brows. That part immediately behind us, and for a considerable distance on each hand, is most picturesquely scattered with hollies, yews, juniper, ivy, and other evergreens, which grow from the rocky precipices, and upon the little knolls, in a curious manner, and thereby form a beautiful picture, which varies with almost every progressive step. These pleasing pictures are rendered still more strikingly

sweet, when the ash, the oak, and the sycamore, are touched with the golden pencil of Autumn ; thus grouping together every little tint, contrasted in a beautiful manner.—This station may either be visited in this part of our tour, or deferred to the last, as it is on the road to Hawkshead.

WE return to the ferry, and traverse the lake for a few miles towards the south. In this route, touch at every island and promontory as they occur. The lake assumes new features as we proceed, and seems to be cut in two by CURWEN'S Island, which apparently joins the ferry points. The house on the island, and the ferry-house, now become still better objects. Sylvan scenes of great beauty decorate the western side ; while the eastern displays a profusion of rural views, in all the magnificence of improved taste.

WE arrive at RAWLINSON'S Nab, a peninsular rock of circular figure, with its crown-topt head covered with wood. Ascending the interior nab, we see the lake bending in different directions, in two fine sheets of water. The southern stretch is circumscribed by rough wooded hills, interspersed with inclosures and bursting rocks, forming a variety of shore. The northern view is more beautiful, being pleasantly broken with promontories and little islands : the fine cultiva-

ted slopes intermingled with waving woods on one side, finely contrasted with the wild, abruptly-rising ridge on the other ; and the whole terminated with a back-ground of distant high mountains.

THIS is an excellent station for the exercise of the pencil : advanced considerably into the lake, we command a variety of the finest scenes. From Low-cat-crag, which is a little way south of the Nab, there are also good views both up and down the lake. The former is peculiarly pleasing, extending as far as CURWEN'S Island, with the ferry points, the Stors, the Nab, and several of the smaller islands, distinctly in sight. These, with other concurring circumstances, render the landscape pleasing and interesting.

MR. WEST says—" The fish of this lake are char, trout, perch, pike, and eel. Of the char there are two varieties, the *case* char, and the *gelt* char ; the latter is a fish that did not spawn the last season, and is on that account more delicious.

" THE greatest depth of the lake is, opposite to Ecclerigg-crag, 222 feet. The fall from Newby-bridge, where the current of the lake becomes visible, to the high water-mark of the tide

at Low-wood (distant two miles) is 105 feet : the bottom of the lake is therefore 117 feet below the high water-mark of the sea."

IF the visitor be inclined, and have time for such an excursion, the whole lake may be navigated with various and increased pleasure—new scenes presenting themselves to the view at almost every stroke of the oar.

MR. GILPIN concludes his observations on Windermere with the following account of its char fishery, and other singular properties :—

" AMONG the great variety of fish which inhabit the extensive waters of this lake, the *char* is the most remarkable. It is near twice the size of a herring. Its back is of an olive-green ; its belly of a light vermilion, softening in some into white, and changing into a deep red at the insertion of the fins.

" A parcel of char, just caught, and thrown together into the luggage-pool of a boat, makes a pleasant harmony of colouring. The green-olive tint prevails ; to which a spirit is here and there given by a light blush of vermilion, and by a strong touch of red, if a fin happen to appear. These pleasing colours are assisted by the bright

silvery lights which play over the whole, and which nothing reflects more beautifully than the scales of fish.

“ CHAR are caught only in the winter season, when twenty dozen in a day are sometimes taken by a single boat. In summer they retire to the rocky caves below, some of which are said to be unfathomable : nor do they breed in any lake in which such deep recesses are not found.

“ THE char fishing is a very profitable branch of trade to the proprietors of the lake. The whole area of it is divided into five districts. An imaginary line crosses the surface from crag to crag—a limit which the fisherman correctly knows. But though the space of each fishery is nearly equal, yet the produce is otherwise ; the fish running in shoals sometimes in one part of the lake, and sometimes in another.—When the farmer rents land, he can judge of his bargain by the surface ; when he rents water, he must take his chance.

“ BUT fish are not the only inhabitants of this lake.—Innumerable flights of water-fowl frequent its extensive plain. The naturalist may declare their names and classes ; the painter has only to remark the variety of forms in which

they appear—sometimes sitting in black groups upon the water, rising and sinking with the waves ; at other times in the air, circling the lake in figured files ; or, with hesitating wing, seizing some station on its banks or surface.

“ I have only to add, that this magnificent piece of water suffers little change, in *appearance*, from seasons : but preserves the dignity of its character under all circumstances ; seldom depressed, and as seldom raised above its ordinary level.—Even in the most violent rains, when the country is drenched in water, when every rill is swelled into a river, and the mountains pour down floods through new channels, the lake maintains the same equal temper ; and though it may spread a few yards over its lower shores (which is the utmost it does) yet its increase is seldom the object of observation ; nor does the severity of the greatest drought make any considerable alteration in its bounds. Once (it is recorded) it rose seven feet in perpendicular height. Its boundaries would then certainly *appear* enlarged : but this was a very uncommon case ; and was probably owing to the burst of a water-spout.

“ BUT if it be not raised by rains, it is often greatly agitated by winds. Of all the lakes of this country, none lies so exposed as this,

through the whole length of it, to sudden squalls—nor does any piece of fresh water in the whole island perhaps emulate the grandeur of a disturbed ocean so much. It is of course navigated with great caution, whenever there is a tendency to stormy weather. Many accidents have shewn the necessity of this caution ; but one made an impression on the country which a century has not effaced. Several people in the neighbourhood of Bowness having been attending a fair at Hawkshead, a town on the other side of the lake, had embarked, in the evening, on their return home ; but before this little voyage could be performed, so violent a storm arose, that their boats foundered, and no fewer than forty-seven persons perished."

WE now leave the vale and lake of Windermere, and proceed towards Hawkshead, along an excellent road, of about four miles. This road leaves the horse-ferry, and crossing a lower part of the mountain (where we have a new and elevated prospect of Windermere) it runs along the borders of Esthwaite-water to Hawkshead.—Another road, of five miles, leads from Ambleside round the head of Windermere ; but that by the ferry seems the more eligible, as it affords us a better view of

ESTHWAITE-WATER.

This lake is about two miles in length and half a mile in breadth ; and is almost divided by a peninsula running forward into the water from each side. These swelling projections are beautifully fringed with trees and coppice wood, and cultivated at the top. The vale, in whose lap this lake reposes, is not bounded by those rough, grotesque, or rude barriers which seem to stand as the guardians of most other lakes ; its banks, undulating irregularly, are in general covered with soft verdure, cut in various figures with hedge-rows ; cloathed also in part with little groves and hanging woods, and varied with tracts of uncultivated grounds.—Bell-mont, a genteel, modern-built house, is beautifully situated, with a commanding view of the lake and its environs.—Near the head of the lake there is a small floating island, containing about two perches, covered with shrubs. It is said to have broken from the main land about ten years ago, and was for some time tossed about in different directions by every prevailing gust of wind, till, running aground, and a long calm, or cessation of contrary winds, succeeding, it has been stationary since that time, and it is thought to have obtained at least a temporary hold of the bottom with the roots of the bushes.

THE fish found in this lake are perch, pike, eel, and trout. Although it is connected with Windermere, no char have hitherto been caught in it : probably owing to a want of depth for the encouragement of this species of fish.

HAWKSHEAD, in a hoary garb, appears before us towards the head of this pleasing vale, hanging on the easy declivity of a mountainous ridge, with the tall heads of Coniston-fells shooting up far behind. The church stands on an eminence, which renders it a conspicuous object, and from whence there is an extensive prospect over the vale and lake below.—Hawkshead is a small market-town, tolerably built; but the houses are too much crowded together to render it agreeable. It contains some tolerable inns (at one of which, viz. the Red Lion, kept by Mr. JOBSON, we met with good accommodations) and between 300 and 400 inhabitants.—Here is an excellent free school, founded by Archbishop SANDYS, a native of this place, which is at present in good repute, and well conducted, and where many able men have received the principal part of their education.—A neat town-house was lately built by subscription, of which the chief part is said to have been gratefully contributed by London merchants, who had been educated at this school.

“ NEAR Hawkshead are the remains of the house where the Abbot of Furness kept residence by one or more monks, who performed divine service, and other parochial duties in the neighbourhood : and there is still a court-room over the gateway, where the bailiff of Hawkshead held court, and distributed justice, in the name of the Abbot.”—MRS. RADCLIFFE.

WE now pursue our route towards Conistowater. After leaving the pleasant winding lanes of Hawkshead, we ascend a barren, heathy ridge ; where, turning eastwards, we catch another view of Windermere, with the declivities about Ambleside. As we advance, Coniston-fells seem to multiply, and become still more striking ; and, nearer to the eye, two lower rocky ridges, clothed with purple, and with broken tops, run towards Ambleside, forming curious precipices and deep chasms. The road descends, when

CONISTON-LAKE

soon opens its bosom before us, with the dark blue fells of Furness rising from its northern margin in a bold, though not precipitous manner. Our route lies along the southern side, near the borders of the lake, and under a sloping ridge, which somewhat corresponds with the opposite

shore, but in a style more humble. The whole length of this lake is six miles, and the greatest breadth about three quarters of a mile. Its shores are beautifully indented, and several little bays open in succession. Coppice-woods, little farms, and patches of rocky common, are interspersed along its borders; above which, the mountains, cloathed with verdure, heath, and rocky fragments, ascend in sloping lines; but neither with the tame, delicate beauty of Windermere's side skreens, nor the grand, sublime, and awful fronts which elevate their heads above the lakes of Derwent and Ulls-water.—Conistonslake seems much more secluded than those of Windermere, Keswick, or Ulls-water: the pleasing hand of Nature is here under less restraint, nor have her easy strokes been hitherto so much distorted by the intrusive hand of art; consequently the admirers of unadorned Nature will here meet with a considerable degree of gratification and delight.

A pleasant road winds, in an undulating manner, by the side of the lake; sometimes through thick groves and coppices, scarcely admitting a peep at the water, and sometimes over naked tracts, from which a full prospect of the lake is obtained. The village of Coniston, standing under the mountain on the opposite side of

the lake, is a good object ; above which, Water-head, the seat of Mr. KNOT, occupies a delightful situation. Coniston-hall, below the village of that name, and near the western edge of the lake, is an old mansion almost covered with ivy, which gives it a grotesque appearance. Above the verdant bordering (which is thinly studded with villages, seats, and cottages) the dark and rocky steeps ascend to an Alpine height, and encircle the head of the lake with a lofty amphitheatre. Copper-mines are worked in the bowels of these mountains, which also produce abundance of blue slate, which is brought down from the heights, and laid up near the water, whence it is boated down to the foot of the lake. We observed several of these slate vessels navigating the lake, some of which had sails hoisted. A long strip of water is seen hurling down a furrowed rocky declivity on the opposite mountain ; which, although a fine cataract, appears, at this distance, only like a white ribband, stretching up its purple breast.

ON the margin of a small circular bay, near to the place where the road first joins the level of the water, we have an excellent landscape. The greatest extent of the lake is here before us, over which Coniston-hills raise their lofty heads ; and behind these the blue summits of the Westmore-

land hills tower up still higher, brushed by every passing cloud. The opposite cataract, the verdant strip of cultivated land, scattered with white houses, and a wooded rock forming the side ground on the right, form a pleasant and interesting picture. The road continues sweeping along the verge of the mountain, alternately passing through beautiful groves, and over dry ferny patches of common, producing here and there a furze bush, and a solitary picturesque yew tree. During this part of our route the lake is sometimes hid from our sight, and sometimes opens in full view. From a prominent wooded rock, which stretches far into the water, and to which we approach through a gate and coppice on the right, we gain a commanding view over the lake on each hand. Looking towards its lower end, two peninsulas, forming a fine bay, jut out into the water ; and, considerably beyond these, we discern the termination of the lake, where two points of land running in, just leave room for the superfluous water to escape.—The opposite coast is variegated with verdant mounts, topped with wood ; interspersed cottages, half concealed among yew trees ; meadows, and cultivated fields ; above which a range of rocky mountains ascend in waving lines. A little higher up the lake, we observe a green hill, divided with hedge rows to its summit, and patched occasionally

with rocks and little groves, forming a fine contrast to the deep hanging wood on the one hand, and the naked barren mountain on the other. Over the top of this scene the sable mountains rear their lofty heads, and frown in sullen majesty; while a cultivated tract, spotted with little grey houses, borders the lake below. This picture, on a calm day, is seen reflected on the shining surface of the water, as in a mirror. The little oblong rocky Isle of Peel lies just at our feet; and not far from thence, we observe the points of some dark rocks peeping from the water. The fells above Coniston, and, far beyond these, Rydal-head, and other hills at a still greater distance, now appear of an awful height, and in various grotesque figures. As we approach the lower end, we find several good stations for obtaining general views of the lake, particularly one from a rock on the right of the road, a little before we reach the village of Nibthwaite. Looking back, we have all the former views, but dressed in a somewhat different garb, with a variety of headlands and promontories—some rocky, others covered with woods—projecting into the lake.

ARRIVING at the village of Nibthwaite, we find the lake gradually narrowing, till it loses its grandeur in the little river Crake, which glides

through a range of meadows to Lowick-bridge, and afterwards runs along a dell to Ulverston Sands. Here the views on each side become tamer, but beautiful; the little mounts and knolls are covered with wood, or display a grassy carpet, spotted with bulging grey rocks and solitary yews, intermixed with small farms. The scenery about the head of the lake is seen partially from hence through open glades with a good effect. This village, though sweetly situated, is meanly built, and the houses stand awkwardly. At Low Nibthwaite there is an iron forge, and near it a poor *signless* inn, where it was with difficulty we could obtain any refreshment either for ourselves or horses; but where we found honesty, innocence, and good-nature, as substitutes for those accommodations.

MRS. RADCLIFFE, who viewed this water by the same route, speaks thus highly of it:—
“ This lake appeared to us one of the most charming we had seen. From the sublime mountains, which bend round its head, the heights on either side decline towards the south into waving hills, that form its shores, and often stretch, in long sweeping points, into the water, generally covered with tufted woods, but sometimes with the tender verdure of pasturage. The tops of these woods were just embrowned with Autumn,

and contrasted well with other slopes, rough and heathy, that rose above, or fell beside them to the water's brink, and added force to the colouring, which the reddish tints of decaying fern, the purple bloom of heath, and the bright golden gleams of broom, spread over these elegant banks. Their hues, the graceful undulations of the marginal hills and bays, the richness of the woods, the solemnity of the northern fells, and the deep repose that pervades the scene, where only now and then a white cottage or a farm lurks among the trees, are circumstances, which render Thurston-lake one of the interesting, and, perhaps, the most beautiful, of any in the country."

MR. WEST recommends the traveller to begin the tour of this lake at its south-west end. He says—"In a fine morning there is not a more pleasant, rural ride; and then the beauties of the lake are seen to the most advantage. In the afternoon, if the sun shine, much of the effect is lost by the change of light; and such as visit it from the north, lose all the charms arising from the swell of mountains, by turning their backs upon them."

THE greatest depth of this lake is said to be forty fathoms: it contains char, which are reported to be the finest in England. They are

not taken so early as those in Windermere, but continue longer in the spring.

FROM hence the traveller may proceed to Ulverston, and afterwards make an agreeable excursion to Dalton, and see the noble ruins of Furness Abbey ; return to Ulverston, and from thence cross the Sands to Lancaster. But such as have not time to visit the fine district of Low-Furness, nor an inclination to gratify their curiosity at, perhaps, some risk, in traversing the pathless Sands, may pursue the tour to Lancaster, along good roads, winding through a country replete with a variety of the sweetest landscapes. This road, which brings us past the foot of Windermere, through Milnthorp, Burton, &c. we shall first describe, and afterwards return to Furness.

EITHER go round by way of Ulverston and Penny-bridge ; or, at the bridge below the village of Nibthwaite, turn to the left, along a tolerable road, which leads about four miles through pleasant, wooded, rural vales to the road between Ulverston and Kendal, which it joins about a mile from Penny-bridge. This latter route saves the distance of about six miles.

REACHING the Kendal road, which is excel-

lent, we pursue its windings and undulations for four or five miles along the sides of hills, and through coppice woods, which frequently form beautiful vistas and delightful openings, to Newby-bridge, at the foot of Windermere. In this part of the road, we pass several romantically situated farms and cottages; sometimes dipping into low dells, and sometimes rising over gentle eminences.—At Backbarrow, which lies at a little distance on the right, there are some large iron-works and furnaces, situated in a very sequestered place. The large village of BOOTH stands pleasantly, surrounded with hills; and, about three miles further, brings us to Newby-bridge.—Here is a small, but neat and pleasant seat, belonging to Mr. MACHELL; and, at a little distance on the other side of a wooded hill, the house of Mr. KING stands embowered in thick groves, with a view over Windermere. Near this seat an obelisk is erected on the crown of the hill, which is a conspicuous object at some distance. Mr. DIXON has also a pleasant seat at Fell-foot, not far from hence. At Newby-bridge there is a good inn, with convenient accommodations for travellers.

OUR next stretch is to Newton, three miles, inclining to the right. Leaving the coppices about Newby-bridge, we traverse an irregular

valley, hemmed in by rocky hills on each side, whose fronts are dry, and covered with fern. These ragged mountains, from whose bases many clear springs are constantly bubbling, continue running in ridges on each side, to NEWTON, which is a small village, in a good situation ; but the houses are awkwardly jumbled together. A road runs from hence to Cartmel ; but we pursue that towards Milnthorp, which soon ascends a mountain, from whence a fine prospect opens towards the east, over a collection of the most rugged hills, one looking over another, as far as the eye can reach. The extensive plain on the crown of Whitbarrow appears wholly covered with rocks ; and its jagged sides exhibit little besides hoary crags and brushwood. We descend the steep front of Zawtup, in a zigzag direction, to Witherslack-beck, and from thence wind along the base of that tremendous precipice Witherslack-scar, a limestone rock of very great height. The face of this scar, as well as the vale below, seems almost wholly composed of crags, intermixed with hazel and other bushes, among which the holly, ivy, juniper, and other evergreens, beautify the motley scene.

IN front, we see a large, flat, and low district, running far into the country, towards Kendal on the one hand, and extending to the estuary

below Milnthorp on the other. This is chiefly peat-moss, and from which Kendal and all the neighbouring villages are principally supplied with fuel.—On the right, Castle-head, a pleasant seat of Mr. WILKINSON, situated under a wooded hill, and fronting the Lancaster Sands, is seen defying the approach of the threatening waves. But the delightful scenery immediately around us attracts our particular attention : we ride under white cliffs of great height, beautifully decked with a variety of evergreen shrubs, intermixed with hazel. A hasty slope of about 100 yards, covered with rocky shiver, ascends from the road, above which the solid rock rises perpendicularly to the height of 40 or 50 yards, having a faint resemblance of the old fluted walls, towers, and battlements, of an immense castle in ruins. Just below us, a few small antiquated rural farms are arranged in the sweetest situations.

WE now quit the vicinity of this romantic scar, and pursue an ill-made road of about a mile through the moss, whereon nothing very interesting presents itself, except the striking contrast between the soft, sable ground on which we tread, and the white crags we have just left behind. To the west, Milnthorp and Lancaster Sands spread out a shining surface as far as the eye can reach ; and, on the east, this large, dark-

coloured peat-moss is bordered with a few little grey cottages, the inhabitants of which chiefly obtain a livelihood by digging peats, and carrying them in carts to Kendal. Above these cottages, the elevated hills on every side are beautifully covered with green herbage, crowned with two or three clumps of trees, and scattered over with hoary rocks and verdant juniper.

At the village of Beethwaite-green, which stands on the southern side of the peat-moss, we turn on the right, down a narrow lane, to Levens. Another road also leads directly from this village to Kendal, leaving Sizergh-hall a little on the left. This venerable old mansion, the seat of the ancient family of STRICKLANDS, stands in a pleasant situation, under an elevated back-ground, covered with wood and verdant turf, and looking towards the east over a great extent of fertile, waving, and wooded grounds on both sides of the Kent.—Sizergh, like most other old houses, has been built for defence : a strong square tower is defended by two square turrets, and battlements; one of which is over the great entrance, having a guard room, with embrazures, capable of holding 10 or 12 men. The winding staircase terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

LEVENS-HALL is an ancient seat, belonging

to Lady ANDOVER, daughter of the late Earl of SUFFOLK : its situation is such as to render it capable of being made a delightful place. The gardens are laid out in an old style, and are said to have been planned by the gardener of JAMES II. who resided here with Colonel GRAHAM during some part of the troubles of his royal master.—From hence to Kendal there is a pleasant ride of five miles, along the east side of the river Kent, leading through the park : but it is necessary to be favoured with a key for the park from Levens or Kendal. The park displays a number of the finest scenes : the river runs in a deep contracted dell, sometimes hurrying over precipices, and sometimes calmly stealing through pools of great depth, overhung with shaggy rocks, and cloathed with impending trees. Some fine old trees of enormous size, partly scattered over the plain, and partly collected into clumps ; the bulging rocks, and the romantically varied track of the river, all contribute to form a variety and succession of delightful scenes. For some miles above the park, we are entertained with a view of the pretty streams, cascades, and cataracts, formed by the Kent, which is inclosed with high, rocky, and wooded banks, often rising perpendicularly to a great height.—Near the forge there is a fine waterfall of the whole river. From the top of Force bridge we see the river hurrying

through a narrow passage, between high shelving rocks, in a deep glen.—Near this place are the large gunpowder works of Mr. WAKEFIELD.—Above the village of Sedgewick a vein of marble, belonging to Messrs. STRICKLAND and WILSON, runs across the river, and is worked on opposite sides. The Kent here continues to push its waters along a deep, rocky, and narrow channel, sweetly fringed with hanging woods.—Between Sedgewick and Kendal there are some vestiges of Roman antiquity yet discernable, particularly at Water-crook, and near the village of Natland. The former is said by Mr. WEST to be the “*Concangium* of the Romans, where a body of the *Vigilatores* (or watchmen) kept guard, and was the intermediate station betwixt the *Dietis* at Ambleside and the garrison at Overborough.”—He also says, that “in the wall of the barn, on the very area of the station, is still legible the inscription preserved by Mr. HORSLEY, to the memory of the two freed men, with an imprecation against any one who should contaminate their sepulchre, and a fine to the fiscal.”—On the crest of a green hill below Natland are the vestiges of a castellum, called Castlesteads, which, the same author says, “during the residence of the watchmen at Water-crook, corresponded (by smoke in the day, and flame in the night) with the garrison at Lancaster, from

the beacon at Warton-crag."—There is also a house called Watch-house, at a little distance northwards, where Roman coins are said to have been found.

THIS pleasing excursion may be taken from Kendal; and tourists may return thither along the more elevated road by way of Sizergh.

FROM Levens we pursue the tour to Milnthorp, by way of Heversham, a neat, well-built village, two miles: the road good, and the country pleasant and well wooded.

MILNTHORP is a small market-town, and the only seaport in Westmoreland. It consists chiefly of one street, which is pretty well built; and at the east end there are some good houses, in pleasant and open situations. The surrounding grounds are dry, fertile, and have a pleasing appearance, swelling and sinking gently into hill and dale.

THREE vessels belong to this port; one of which trades to Liverpool, carrying hoops, casks, limestone, gunpowder, &c. and returning with wood, merchants' goods, &c.; the other two sail to Port Glasgow and Annan, in Scotland, carrying leather, Kendal manufactures, &c. and bring-

ing in return, grain, potatoes, &c.—There are three rope-yards, two paper-mills, one flax-mill, and one cotton-mill; all within a mile of the town. But what contributes most to enliven the prospects about Milnthorp and its neighbourhood, is the elegant mansion of DANIEL WILSON, Esq. at Dallam-Tower, situated at the mouth of the estuary. A thick wood of tall trees climbs up a steep hill behind the house; and a fine park, adorned with wood, and well stocked with deer, extends in front, rising in a graceful swell.—At Beetham-mill, near this place, there is a waterfall on the river Beele, which is worth the notice of the curious traveller.

PROCEED from hence to Burton, four miles. The country now becomes less hilly, with a more extensive vale; or, rather, here is a junction of different valleys: several rocky mountains are, however, seen at a distance on each side. The road is good, and winds in narrow lanes through a pleasant country: the soil dry, gravelly, and tolerably fertile. Several neat farm-houses and villages are seen from the road; and we are frequently presented with brooks as clear as crystal, which rise from copious springs about the feet of the mountains on the left. One of these springs, which rises in a village about midway between Milnthorp and Burton, is particularly striking:

the water which it throws out forms a rivulet of itself, and hurries its unpolluted stream, in a short course, to the sea. The bold limestone rock, called Farlton-knot, said to bear some resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar, is now a prominent object on the left ; and a remarkably craggy range of hills overlooks the vale on the right.

BURTON, or BURTON IN KENDAL, is a small, well-built market-town, containing two good inns, and several elegant houses, particularly that of Major PEARSON.—This town stands near the confines of the county, on a tract of ground tolerably level ; a range of craggy mountains sweeps along at a little distance behind ; while another ridge, partaking of the same qualities, stretches towards the sea, at a much greater distance, in front.—The Lancaster Canal passes near the town.—It stands on the London road, at an equal distance from Lancaster and Kendal, at an easy stage of eleven miles.

WE pursue the great turnpike road, through a tolerably level and pretty fertile country, to Lancaster, having sometimes a fine view of the Sands and the northern mountains. Berwick-hall soon appears on the left : it was formerly the residence of Sir ROBERT BINDLOSS, but is at present only occupied as a farm-house. The

road passes through the village of Bolton and some others of less note, and frequently crosses the new canal.

BUT, in this part of the tour, it will be convenient to visit that natural curiosity, called Dunald-mill-hole, which lies about three miles east from the Lancaster road. For this purpose we turn off to the left beyond Burton, along the road to Kellet, and pass through that little rural village.

THIS road is rather elevated above the widely-extended vale on the right, and affords us a prospect over the adjacent country. On the left, Farlton-knot, and the range of hills which runs eastwards, present a desolate or desert-like appearance ; while, on the other hand, the rocky fells above Yealand, over the valley, rise ledge above ledge, and are terminated by Warton-crag, a bold rock projecting into the sea. The country, as we proceed, becomes rather hilly, and the more extensive views are soon shut up by the surrounding prominences. The soil is dry and gravelly ; and limestone rock is here and there peeping from the surface on the fronts of the hills.

AFTER passing a lime-kiln or two, and crossing a road, we turn down a narrow lane to a

mill, the roof of which we may see at the distance of 300 or 400 yards, looking out of a naked hollow glen. This mill is close to the object of our present excursion. Here we observe a rivulet, or large brook, which, after turning the large water-wheel of the mill, immediately tumbles down a rugged descent of a few yards, and enters the gaping jaws of a rocky chasm on the side of a limestone craggy hill. This frightful gap is romantically fringed with trees, which, growing from the rocks, and impending over the entrance, contribute greatly to the awful gloom. Immense fragments of rocks hang from the roof of the orifice, as if ready to drop down, and crush the intruding visitor, forming altogether one of the rudest and most grotesque entrances imaginable. It is nearly as high, but narrower than, and otherwise very different from Yordas Cave, near Ingleton.

WE were so fortunate as to visit this place after heavy rains, which had so swelled the river as to render our passage up this curious cavern very difficult, and not without danger. After travelling along these gloomy mansions about 30 yards, with a very gentle descent, and winding a little to the right, we found it necessary to return. Nothing can be conceived more alarming than the appearance of this rugged cavern : the num-

berless large chinks and crevices grinning on every side ; the dark passage before us, unfathomable to the eye ; the massy lumps of rocks projecting from the roof and walls ; and the dashing of the water from rock to rock, heard at a distance in awful yells—all conspire to alarm the stranger unaccustomed to such scenes. This, however, is not always the case ; for in dry seasons the cave may be explored, not only without danger, but even with pleasure to the curious in these singular works of Nature. The water then, instead of forming a disagreeable appendage, delights the ear with its harmonious tinkling—while the beautiful hanging petrifications, and other curious accompaniments of this subterraneous passage, please the eye.—We were informed by the miller, that this cavern, in a dry season, might be explored with ease to the length of 150 yards, when the roof drops at once so low, that it is necessary to creep three or four yards ; after which it opens into another spacious apartment for about ten yards, and again falls, obliging the visitant to proceed, as before, a little way in a creeping posture ; soon after this, he is finally stopped by a deep pool of water, formed by the brook, which accompanied the tourist during the whole of this subterraneous excursion. The roof, according to the information we received, sometimes rises to the height of twelve or

fifteen yards ; the apartments are often spacious, and the walls curiously coloured, and encrusted with a sort of spar. The little river, which finds a course along this singular cave, appears near Carnforth, a village on the road to Kendal, after running under ground about two miles. This is said to have been proved by the husks of oats being put in here, and coming out again at Carnforth.

FROM the highest rising ground on the common, about a mile to the east of this place, in the direction of the last lane, we are told in Mr. WEST's Addenda, that there is one of the best prospects in the country, and from thence a pleasant ride of four miles, along the borders of the Lune, to Lancaster.

THOSE who do not go to Mr. WEST's station upon the common, may return to the road, and have a pleasant ride of four miles, falling into the vale of Lune, and passing through Horton and Skerton, to Lancaster. The latter part of this ride is very fine, leading us through a pleasant country, and having an elevated ridge of hills rising from the opposite wooded banks of the Lune. The grounds about the neat village of Horton, and from thence to Lancaster, are fertile and beautiful; and between these villages we

cross the canal at the end of a noble aqueduct, which here stretches across the river Lune in five arches.

SKERTON consists of one long narrow street of neat, well-built houses, extending along the northern banks of the river to the new bridge. Opposite the higher end there is a considerable salmon fishery.

WE now describe the road from Coniston-lake to Lancaster by another route. Proceed to Ulverston, either by Penny-bridge or Lowick, eight miles, along a good road. Pursuing the former course, we have a pleasant country to Penny-bridge, and then turn more westerly, with high grounds on the right, and an estuary on the left, which, during the time of high water, forms a beautiful bay. About Penny-bridge there are some neat buildings ; and thus far small vessels navigate, to take off the blue slate produced in this country, and for other purposes. By way of Lowick the country is also pleasing, and the prospects varied. On the right, the old mansion of Lowick-hall, once the seat of a family of that name, presents itself ; and behind it we observe a collection of grey rocky mountains, striped with heath, and displaying scenes of barrenness. A beautiful back view of the lake, with

its accompaniments, is seen a few miles before we reach Ulverston. The road conducts us down a narrow vale, sweetly scattered over with farms, whose waving inclosures creep half way up the sides of the mountains : and above these the heathy, autumnal-coloured hills rise in varied heads.

ULVERSTON is a neat, but ancient market-town, the capital and chief port of Furness. Its principal trade is in iron-ore and blue slate, got in the neighbourhood—of which vast quantities are sent coastwise to different places. The houses are pretty well built, and the streets spacious and kept clean. The increase of trade, from various causes, occasions a rapid increase of buildings and population; the latter is now said to exceed 4000 people.—The principal iron mines lie three miles west from Ulverston, at a place called Whitrigs; which, Mr. WEST says, “are the greatest iron mines in England.”

WE next proceed to visit the venerable ruins of FURNESS ABBEY, six miles, by way of Dalton, which is about a mile and a half on this side of the Abbey. We soon leave that hilly, wild district in which we have long been involved, and enter the fertile plains of Low Furness, hemmed in by mountains on the one side, and the sea

on the other.—Mrs. RADCLIFFE examined this fine ruin and its neighbourhood with so much attention, and has described them so fully and intelligibly, that we cannot omit giving the whole of her interesting account :—

“ ABOUT a mile and a half on this side of the Abbey, the road passes through Dalton, a very ancient little town, once the capital of Low Furness, and rendered so important by its neighbourhood to the Abbey, that Ulverston, the present capital, could not then support the weekly market for which it had obtained a charter. Dalton, however, sunk with the suppression of its neighbouring patrons, and is now chiefly distinguished by the pleasantness of its situation; to which a church, built on a bold ascent, and the remains of a castle advantageously placed for the command of the adjoining valley, still attach some degree of dignity. What now exists of the latter is one tower, in a chamber of which the Abbot of Furness held his secular court; and the chamber was afterwards used as a gaol for debtors, till within these few years, when the dead ruin released the living one. The present churchyard, and the scite of this castle, are supposed to have been included within the limits of a *castellum* built by Agricola, of the fosse of which there are still some faint vestiges.

“ BENEATH the brow on which the church and tower stand, a brook flows through a narrow valley, that winds about a mile and a half to the Abbey. In the way thither we passed the entrance of one of the very rich iron mines with which the neighbourhood abounds ; and the deep red tint of the soil, that overspreads almost the whole country between Ulverston and the monastery, sufficiently indicates the nature of the treasures beneath.

“ IN a close glen, branching from this valley, shrouded by winding banks clumped with old groves of oak and chesnut, we found the magnificent remains of Furness Abbey. The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the luxuriant yet ancient trees, that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque, and if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn yet delightful emotion. This glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, or, more literally from its ancient title Bekangsgill, “ the glen of deadly nightshade,” that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood. Its romantic gloom, and sequestered privacy, particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life ; and in the most retired part of it, King STEPHEN, while Earl of MORTAIGN and

BULLOIGN, founded, in the year 1127, the magnificent monastery of Furness, and endowed it with princely wealth and almost princely authority, in which it was second only to Fontain's Abbey, in Yorkshire.

“THE windings of the glen conceal these venerable ruins, till they are closely approached—and the bye-road that conducted us is margined with a few ancient oaks, which stretch their broad branches entirely across it, and are fine preparatory objects to the scene beyond. A sudden bend in this road brought us within view of the northern gate of the Abbey, a beautiful Gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriantly festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane trees, with some oak and beech, overshadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the Abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the great northern window, and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which, in some places, spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance

to the immediate precincts of the Abbey, an area said to contain 65 acres, now called the Deer-park. It is inclosed by a stone wall, on which the remains of many small buildings, and the faint vestiges of others, still appear ; such as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens, and kilns, that once supplied the monastery ; some of which seen under the shade of the fine old trees that on every side adorn the broken steeps of this glen, have a very interesting effect.

“ Just within the gate, a small manor-house of modern date, with its stables and other offices, breaks discordantly upon the lonely grandeur of the scene. Except this, the character of the deserted ruins is scrupulously preserved in the surrounding area ; no spade has dared to level the inequalities which fallen fragments have occasioned in the ground, or shears to clip the wild fern and underwood that overspread it ; but every circumstance conspires to heighten the solitary grace of the principal object, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy which the view of it inspires. We made our way among the pathless fern and grass to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the Abbey, entirely roofless, but shewing the lofty arch of the great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants and

wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding staircase are visible within the wall on its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice is seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender Gothic window frames; and on the west, a remnant of the nave of the Abbey, and some lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building.

“To the south, but concealed from this point of view, are the chapter-house, some years ago exhibiting a roof of beautiful Gothic fretwork, and which was almost the only part of the Abbey thus ornamented, its architecture having been characterised by an air of grand simplicity rather than by the elegance and richness of decoration, which, in an after date, distinguished the Gothic style in England. Over the chapter-house were once the library and scriptorium; and beyond it are still the remains of cloisters, of the refectory, and the locutorium, or conversation room, and the calefactory. These, with the walls of some chapels, of the vestry, a hall, and what is believed to have been a school-house, are all the features of this noble edifice that can easily be traced: winding staircases within the surpri-

sing thickness of the walls, and door-cases involved in darkness and mystery, the place abounds with.

“ THE Abbey, which was formerly of such magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of a pale-red stone, dug from the neighbouring rocks, now changed by time and weather to a tint of dusky brown, which accords well with the hues of plants and shrubs that every where emboss the mouldering arches.

“ THE finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast shattered frame that once contained a richly-painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of distant arches, remains of the nave of the Abbey, closed by the woods. This perspective of the ruin is * said to be 287 feet in length ; the choir part of it is in width only 38 feet inside, but the nave is 70 : the walls, as they now stand, are 54 feet high, and in thickness five. Southward from the choir extend the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels, now laid open to the day ; the chapter-house, the cloisters, and beyond all, and detached from all, is the school-

house, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts a roof.

“ As, soothed by the venerable shades, and the view of a more venerable ruin, we rested opposite to the eastern window of the choir, where once the high altar stood, and, with five other altars, assisted the religious pomp of the scene ; the images and the manners of times that were past rose to reflection. The midnight procession of monks, cloathed in white, and bearing lighted tapers, appeared to the “ mind’s eye ” issuing to the choir through the very door-case, by which such processions were wont to pass from the cloisters to perform the matin service, when, at the moment of their entering the church, the deep chaunting of voices was heard, and the organ swelled a solemn peal. To fancy, the strain still echoed feebly along the arcades, and died in the breeze among the woods, the rustling leaves mingling with the close. It was easy to image the abbot and the officiating priests seated beneath the richly-fretted canopy of the four stalls, that still remain entire in the southern wall, and high over which is now perched a solitary yew tree, a black funeral memento to the living of those who once sat below.

“ Of a quadrangular court on the west side

of the church, 334 feet long, and 102 feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloisters, that formed its western boundary, and under the shade of which the monks, on days of high solemnity, passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower, that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillock they form.

“ THE school-house, a heavy structure attached to the boundary-wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness, but, here and there, a chasm discloses the stair-cases, that wind within them to chambers above. The school-room below, shews only a stone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low stone pillar in the eastern corner, on which the teacher's pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is scarcely distinguishable by the dusky light admitted through one or two narrow windows placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpose of confining the scholar's attention to his book.

“ THESE are the principal features that remain of this once magnificent Abbey. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and received a colony of monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who were called Grey Monks, from their dress of that colour, till they became Cistercians, and, with the severe rules of St. Bernard, adopted a white habit, which they retained till the dissolution of monastic orders in England. The original rules of St. Bernard partook, in several instances, of the austerities of La Trapp, and the society did not very readily relinquish the milder laws of St. Benedict for the new rigours imposed upon them by the parent monastery of Savigny. They were forbidden to taste flesh, except when ill, and even eggs, butter, cheese, and milk, but on extraordinary occasions ; and denied even the use of linen and fur. The monks were divided into two classes, to which separate departments belonged. Those who attended the choir slept upon straw in their usual habits, from which, at midnight, they rose and passed into the church, where they continued their holy hymns, during the short remainder of the night. After this first mass, having publicly confessed themselves, they retired to their cells, and the day was employed in spiritual exercises, and in copying or illuminating manuscripts. An unbroken silence was observed, except when, after din-

ner, they withdrew into the locutorium, where, for an hour, perhaps, they were permitted the common privilege of social beings. This class was confined to the boundary wall, except that, on some particular days, the members of it were allowed to walk in parties beyond it, for exercise and amusement; but they were very seldom permitted either to receive or pay visits. Like the monks of La Trapp, however, they were distinguished for extensive charities and liberal hospitality; for travellers were so scrupulously entertained at the Abbey, that it was not till the dissolution that an inn was thought necessary in this part of Furness, when one was opened for their accommodation, expressly because the monastery could no longer receive them.

“ To the second class were assigned the cultivation of the lands and the performance of domestic affairs in the monastery.

“ THIS was the second house in England that received the Bernardine rules, the most rigorous of which were, however, dispensed with in 1485 by Sextus the Fourth, when, among other indulgences, the whole order was allowed to taste meat on three days of the week. With the rules of St. Benedict, the monks had exchanged their grey habit for a white cassock, with a white caul

and scapulary. But their choir dress was either white or grey, with caul and scapulary of the same, and a girdle of black wool ; over that a mozet, or hood, and a rochet*. When they went abroad they wore a caul and full black-hood.

“ THE privileges and immunities granted to the Cistercian order in general were very abundant ; and those to the Abbey of Furness were proportioned to its vast endowments. The Abbot, it has been mentioned, held his secular court in the neighbouring castle of Dalton, where he presided, with the power of administering not only justice, but injustice, since the lives and property of the villain tenants of the lordship of Furness were consigned by a grant of King STEPHEN to the disposal of my Lord Abbot ! The monks also could be arraigned for whatever crime only by him. ‘ The military establishment of Furness likewise depended on the Abbot. Every mesne lord and free homager, as well as the customary tenants, took an oath of fealty to the Abbot, to be true to him against all men, excepting the King. Every mesne lord obeyed the summons of the Abbot, or his steward, in raising his quota of armed men, and every tenant of a whole

* “ Antiquities of Furness.”

tenement furnished a man and a horse of war for guarding the coast, for the border service, or any expedition against the common enemy of the king and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a steel coat, or coat of mail, a falce, or falchion, a jack, the bow, the byll, the cross-bow and spear. The Furness legion consisted of four divisions :—one of bowmen horsed and harness-ed ; bylmen horsed and harnesssed ; bowmen without horse and harness ; bylmen without horse and harness*.’

“ THE deep forests, that once surrounded the Abbey, and overspread all Furness, contributed with its insulated situation, on a neck of land running into the sea, to secure it from the depredations of the Scots, who were continually committing hostilities on the borders. On a summit over the Abbey are the remains of a beacon, or watch-tower, raised by the society for their further security. It commands extensive views over Low Furness, and the bay of the sea immediately beneath ; looking forward to the town and castle of Lancaster, appearing faintly on the opposite coast ; on the south, to the isles of Walney, Foulney, and their numerous islets, on one of

* “ Antiquities of Furness.”

which stands Peel-castle ; and, on the north, to the mountains of High Furness and Coniston, rising in grand amphitheatre round this inlet of the Irish Channel.—Description can scarcely suggest the full magnificence of such a prospect, to which the monks, emerging from their concealed cells below, occasionally resorted to sooth the asperities which the severe discipline of superstition inflicted on the temper ; or, freed from the observance of jealous eyes, to indulge, perhaps, the sigh of regret, which a consideration of the world they had renounced, thus gloriously given back to their sight, would sometimes awaken.

“ FROM Hawcoat, a few miles to the west of Furness, the view is still more extensive, whence, in a clear day, the whole length of the Isle of Man may be seen, with part of Anglesey and the mountains of Caernarvon, Merionethshire, Denbyshire, and Flintshire, shadowing the opposite horizon of the channel.

“ THE sum total of all rents belonging to the Abbey immediately before the dissolution was £946 2s. 10d. collected from Lancashire, Cumberland, and even from the Isle of Man ; a sum which, considering the value of money at that period, and the woods, meadows, pastures, and fisheries, retained by the society in their own

hands—the quantity of provisions for domestic use brought by the tenants instead of rent, and the shares of mines, mills, and salt-works, which belonged to the Abbey—swells its former riches to an enormous amount.

“ PYLE, the last Abbot, surrendered with 29 monks, to HENRY VIII. April the 9th, 1537, and in return was made Rector of Dalton, a situation then valued at £33 6s. 8d. a year.”

THOSE who make this excursion on horseback, would find an agreeable variety in the ride by returning to Ulverston by way of Newton, Stainton, and Adgarly. The views on all sides are extensive : a deep embayed coast, and the islands of Walney and Foulney, with that ancient structure Peel-castle, appear on the right ; as does Gleaston-castle, a very ancient ruin.—At Adgarly, the richest iron ore is got in immense quantities.—From a beacon on the rocky eminence called Birkrigg, a little from Urswick, there is a variety of extensive and beautiful land and sea views, mountains and islands.

CONISHEAD, near Ulverston, the seat of WILSON BRADYLL, Esq. is a much improved and finely-situated mansion.—Mr. WEST, speaking of this place, is rather diffuse, and thus

warmly describes its beauties :—" Return to Ulverston, and from thence to the Priory of Conishead, the paradise of Furness, a Mount Edgcombe in miniature, which well deserves a visit from the curious traveller. The house stands on the scite of the Priory of Conishead, at the foot of a fine eminence, and the ground falls gently from it on all sides. The slopes are planted with shrubs and trees in such a manner as to improve the elevation ; and the waving woods that fly from it on each wing give it an airy and noble appearance. The south front is in the modern taste, extended by an arcade. The north is in the Gothic style, with a piazza and wings. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and the house is good and convenient. But what recommends itself most to the curious, is a plan of pleasure ground, on a small scale, containing beauties equal in number to gardens of the greatest extent in England. The variety of culminated grounds and winding slopes comprehended within this sweet spot, furnishes all the advantage of mountains and vales, woods and water. By the judicious management of these assemblages, the late owner performed wonders. Consulting the genius of the place, he called in to aid his plan, and harmonized to his spot, the features of a country vast in extent, and by nature highly picturesque, whose distant parts agreeing with

what was immediately near him, form a most magnificent whole. For, besides the ornamental grounds, the views from the house are both pleasing and surprising. They are at once grand and elegant, rural and marine. On the eastern side, you have a fine estuary, spotted with rocks, isles, and peninsulas, a variety of shore, deeply indented in some places, in others composed of noble arched rocks, craggy, broken, and fringed with wood ;—over these, hanging woods, intermixed with cultivated inclosures, covered with a back ground of stupendous mountains. As a contrast to this view, from the other end of the gravel walk, (between two culminating hills, covered with tall wood) is seen, in fine perspective, a rich cultivated dale, divided by hedge-row trees ; beyond these, hanging grounds cut into inclosures, with scattered farms, and above them all, a long range of waving pasture ground and sheep-walks, shining in variety of vegetation. This sweet pastoral picture is much heightened by the deep shade of the towering wooded hills, between which it is viewed. Turn to the left, the scenery is all reversed. Under a range of tall sycamores, an expanse of water bursts upon the eye ; and beyond it, land just visible through the azure mist. Vessels traversing this bay are also seen in a most picturesque manner, and from the lower part of the house, ap-

pear sailing through the trees, and approaching it till they drop anchor just under the windows. The range of sycamores has a fine effect in this sea view, by breaking the line in the watery plain, and forming an elegant frame to a very excellent picture. By turning a little to the right, the prospect changes. At the head of a sloping inclosure, and under the skirts of a steep wood, a sequestered cottage stands in the nicest point of beauty.

“THERE is a great variety of pleasing views from the different meandering walks and seats in the wood : one at the hermitage, and another at the seat at the bottom of the wood, where Ulverston and the environs make a pretty picture. From under the shrubbery (on the eastern side of the house, and from the gate at the north end of the walk, behind a swell of green hills) if the afternoon sun shine, the conical summits of distant mountains are seen glistening like burnished gold, and pointing to the heavens in a noble style. But, as this sweet spot is injured by description, I shall only add, that it is a great omission in the curious traveller, to be in Furness, and not to see so wonderfully pretty a place, to which nature has been so profuse in noble gifts, and where art has lent its best assistance, under the regulation of an elegant fancy and a refined taste.”

FROM Ulverston proceed to Lancaster, either by the route we before pointed out, which is about 37 miles, or cross the Sands, shortening the journey to about 20 miles. We now pursue the latter course. These Sands, though they often prove fatal to the unwary, and even sometimes to the more cautious traveller, particularly in the winter; yet in fine summer weather, if accompanied with proper guides, they are not attended with much, if any, real danger. From Ulverston to the Carter-house is one mile. Here we enter the trackless waste, and must steer our course by distant marks. A new scene now unveils itself: on the right, the receding tide shines at a distance, continuing to uncover more and more of the sandy desert; and on the left, there is a grand view of Alpine scenery descending from distant heights in rocky hills, spotted with tracts of woodland and heath, in abrupt falls, to the margin of the Sands. Chapel Island, on the right, is a desolate object, where there are yet some remains of an oratory, built by the monks of Furness, in which divine service was daily performed at a certain hour, for passengers who crossed the Sands with the morning tide.—The united rivers of Crake and Leven work themselves a passage along these Sands, and must be forded in this journey. This river, apparently impassable, strikes us with a sort of dread on our

first approach. We drop down a gentle descent to the margin of the broad sluggish water, leaving the view of every other object, except the cheerless sand, and the tops of some mountains peeping from afar. The guide cautiously examines the ford, which, from the shifting of the Sands, is a necessary precaution, and then conducts us safely through. The appearance of danger presently vanishes, and we find ourselves fording a shallow river, with a smooth and soft bottom. We now proceed with less timidity, and survey with more pleasure the various objects around us : fishermen, with their carts and nets traversing the Sands ; here and there vessels navigating towards different points—some seen dimly in the horizon, and others more distinct. Various sorts of sea fowl scream over our heads ; while marine shells and weeds appear upon the surface ; forming altogether a scene which, by some, is thought not less pleasing than many we have lately observed ; at least, it affords a striking variety. When we reflect, however, that we are treading an immense plain, which, a short time before, was covered to a great depth by the foaming ocean, and which will, infallibly, in a few hours, roll over it again with irresistible force, and that perhaps its approach is already commencing, an idea of danger glances across the imagination, and for a moment awakens the sen-

sations of fear. The deeply-indented shores send out long promontories, which, with the remote islands, seem to fluctuate on the surface of the more shining Sands ; while the numerous seats and villages decorate the adjacent shores ; above which the lofty mountains rise in varied forms, and close the view.—Holker-hall, surrounded with deep woods, is a good object on the left.

HAVING crossed the Ulverston Sands, we reach the peninsula of Cartmel, which intersects the great bay of Morecambe, and is about three miles over. Proceed by Flookborough to the Carter-house, on the borders of Lancaster Sands. FLOOKBOROUGH was once a market-town, by a charter granted to the Prior of Cartmel, Lord Paramount, from King EDWARD I. Near this place, Mr. WEST says, “ there is a noted spa, called the *Holywell*, found to be of great service in most cutaneous disorders, and much resorted to in the summer season from distant parts.”

THOSE who have an opportunity of departing from the direct road, and are inclined to make a small and pleasant digression, should quit the Sands opposite Chapel Isle, and go by way of Holker-hall and Cartmel. At the former place, see the fine improvements about the house and grounds, by the noble proprietor, Lord GEORGE

CAVENDISH. His Lordship has also made a collection of very capital pictures, among which are an excellent landscape, exhibiting a view of the Tiber, together with the temple of Apollo, the nine Muses, &c.—another representing the departure out of Egypt; and two more small views by CLAUDE LORRAIN—two good church pieces by NEEFS—a large landscape by RUBENS—and several others by different eminent masters.—CARTMEL is not remarkable for any thing besides its fine old church, which is a handsome Gothic edifice, in the form of a cross, in length 157 feet; the transept 110 feet; and the height of the walls 57 feet. The east window is 24 feet wide, and 48 high; and is finely ribbed with pointed arches in the most elegant manner; but the painted glass, which formerly adorned it, is now almost totally destroyed. A curious tower rises from the centre, being a square within a square, set at cross angles with each other.

WE embark a second time on the Sands, which now are much more extensive than before, being here about nine miles across. A deep inlet of six or seven miles opens on the left, forming pretty indentings and bays on each side and stretching beyond Milnthorp. On the north side of this estuary we see the beautiful seat of JOHN WILKINSON, Esq. which he lately built at Cas-

tle-head, on the base of a little wooded hill. This house, round which Mr. WILKINSON has made great improvements, forms a good object from hence. Beyond this, Whitbarrow-scar shews his aged, hoary front, staring over the low mossy vale which runs under his breast far in land. The south side rises up in high rocky ridges skirted with seats, villages, and cultivation, and adorned with woods and hanging grounds. Again we sink into a hollow, along which the Kent smoothly rolls his waters ; and here also we find a solitary guide on horseback, hovering on the brink, ready to conduct us carefully through the stream.—“ The priory of Cartmel was charged with this important office, and had synodals and Peter-pence allowed towards its maintenance. Since the dissolution of the priory, it is held by patent of the duchy of Lancaster, and the salary (£20 per annum) is paid by the Receiver-General.”—WEST.

IN favourable weather, a more agreeable ride along the sea sand cannot be found. On the right, the swelling ocean meets the horizon, in a uniform line, at a great distance, except where it is broken by a solitary sail dimly sweeping along. On the left, a bold shore presents itself, scalloped into various forms by the constant embraces of the tide, and margined with little woods, pleasant

farms, and villages : there, also, Warten-crag, on the summit of which are the vestiges of a square encampment, and the ruins of a beacon, steps prominently forward, and shews its rocky, weather-beaten front. Here and there we observe fine valleys opening far into the country. In front, the coast is beautifully fringed with trees, and spotted with houses and villages : it terminates in an abrupt promontory, called Heysham-point, and thence winding round to the south, escapes the sight. Above, the town of Lancaster, which has long been a conspicuous object, now displays to great advantage its fine church and noble castle, on a high eminence. Further still, inclining to the left, mountain rises behind mountain to a remote distance ; and in no point of view, perhaps, does Ingleborough look more majestically beautiful. Bringing back our observation to nearer objects, we observe pleasant valleys running deeply into the country, which, with their inclosing hills, are constantly varying their aspects as we proceed.

NUMBERLESS instances might be adduced of the fatal consequences of people imprudently attempting to cross these Sands at improper times, and without guides, who have either been overtaken with the tide, or overwhelmed with a thick fog. In the latter case, the unfortunate traveller,

frequently missing the tract, and frightened and bewildered, rides with all his speed directly against the tide ; perceiving which, he turns, gallops back with equal haste, but, alas ! vain are his efforts !—the relentless ocean, deaf to his cries for that assistance which it is impossible for any creature to afford, soon overtakes, and buries him in its roaring waves.

MR. GRAY, in his Journal, mentions the following fact :—“ I crossed the river, and walked over a peninsula, three miles, to the village of Poulton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I inquired about the danger of passing those Sands) told me, in his dialect, a moving story ; how a brother of the trade, a *cockler*, as he styled him, driving a little cart, with his two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had been frequently used to do (for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did). When they were about half way over, a thick fog rose, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected : the old man was puzzled ; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with ; they staid a while for him, but in vain ; they called aloud, but no reply : at last

the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on ; she would not leave the place ; she wandered about forlorn and amazed ; she would not quit her horse and get into the cart with them : they determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off and perished ; the poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading, and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of the parents were found the next ebb : that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them."

THE embanking of Lancaster Sands, and thereby preventing such catastrophes, while a quantity of valuable land would be obtained, is an undertaking which has long been thought practicable.—Some years ago, the Author of this work, in the course of a correspondence which he had the honour of having with the Board of Agriculture, then under the presidency of that most respectable gentleman, Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, Bart. after examining the spot, communicated the following observations, which were afterwards inserted in Mr. HOLT's *reprinted* "Agricultural

Survey of Lancashire :”—“ It is a fact consonant to reason, and proved by experience, that, when the course of a river where it enters the sea, or rather tide mark, is turned another way into the ocean, the former channel, and adjacent sand, is, from the perpetual influx of sand, mud, &c. brought and left there by the tide, raised gradually, till, in the course of a few years, it becomes out of the reach of, at least, ordinary tides ; because the fresh water ceases to prevent the accumulating of these materials, which it formerly did, by constantly removing them to the sea.

“ IF that is the case, there must exist a possibility of recovering from the dominion of Neptune that extensive tract called Lancaster and Milnthorp Sands, as also part of the Ulverston and Duddon or Millam Sands, by a diversion of the rivers.

“ THE first question naturally arising in the inquiry, is,—Whether an effectual removal of the rivers is practicable ? and, secondly, Whether, in that case, the probable expence would not overbalance the advantages that might be expected to arise therefrom ?

“ IN regard to the first, an ingenious and respectable gentleman in that neighbourhood,

Mr. JOHN JENKINSON, of Yealand, had, for many years back, given the subject much attention, and minutely explored the track proposed for the new channel of the Kent, and other rivers running through the Lancaster and Milnthorp Sands, as pointed out in the plan. Some years since he communicated his ideas on the matter to Mr. WILKINSON, of Castlehead, a gentleman of fortune, patriotism, and universal knowledge. The scheme attracted the notice of Mr. WILKINSON; he examined the ground, and was immediately struck with the notion that it might be carried into execution without much difficulty. A subscription was proposed, in which Mr. WILKINSON offered to lead off with £50,000, if the neighbouring gentlemen would make up the rest (having previously estimated the whole expence at £150,000); or, if they should begin with any sum, he would produce the remainder, it being understood that each should receive of the profits in proportion to his subscription. The project being thus apparently pretty forward, a person was appointed to take the levels, &c. which he did; and his plans are now in the possession of Mr. JENKINSON, who also himself made an actual survey of Lancaster and Milnthorp Sands, from whose plan I copied part of mine.

“NOTWITHSTANDING these preparations,

the projectors unfortunately met with such opposition from the proprietors of some trifling fisheries, who nevertheless were offered an indemnification for the loss they might sustain, and certain lords of manors, who, though they refused to contribute any thing towards recovering the Sands, were yet unwilling to relinquish any part of their claims to the ground when improved—that the matter was dropped at that time.

“ THE principal river to be taken off Lancaster and Milnthorpe Sands is the Kent. I examined with attention the ground proposed for the new channel, as marked in the plan, and found it remarkably adapted for the purpose. The whole length, where it runs inland, is a range of low mossy or soft land, except a small tract of rocky or gravelly ground, the highest part of which is not more than ten feet five inches above level; and I believe the average height of the whole cut would not exceed three feet five inches above level. In short, I do not entertain a doubt of the practicability of diverting the course of the rivers, and taking them into the Loyne, below Lancaster. The fall in that course is small, yet sufficient for the current of the water. Neither do I find a difficulty in believing that the ultimate consequence would be the gaining of a very large tract of sand, which would become the

finest land. This method of recovering ground from the sea is now, where it is practicable, universally allowed to be a much surer, and often less expensive means, than that of wholly depending on embanking on the sand with any materials whatever.

“ WHETHER it would be best to follow exactly the plan I have prescribed, in diverting the rivers, is the province of an experienced engineer to determine. Similar judgment is required to make a tolerably exact estimate of the expence in the execution of such a design. Having, however, acquired all the knowledge I possibly could on the business, I shall endeavour to make out an estimate, which may, at least, convey a general idea of the scheme; but which, my inexperience in these matters bids me add, must not be too implicitly relied on.

“ MR. WILKINSON, as observed before, calculated the whole expence at £150,000; but, in the opinion of many well-informed gentlemen, 50, or perhaps £60,000 less might do. Various plans have been proposed by different people; but it would seem best, in my opinion, to commence the work a little below Dallam Tower (as shew in the plan) by throwing a bank of stone, or stone and brushwood, across the channel there:

plenty of these materials being at hand on a common. The bank would serve for a road, and a bridge at the south-east end would admit the fresh water. The sand here is near thirteen feet deep, which it would be necessary for the stones to bottom ; that would require little or no labour, more than tumbling in, as the weight of the stones and washing of the tide would soon bring them to the channel. This bank would be about 880 yards long, and should, I believe, be seven yards high, ten yards at the base, and six yards at the top, and would consequently contain 49,280 cubic yards, which, allowing each yard to cost one shilling would amount to £2464. The bridge I should state at £1000. The whole length of the cut from hence to the Loyne is about 21,340 yards : to contain the greatest land floods, it should not, I presume, be less than 43 yards wide, and the average depth four yards ; the number of yards, upon that position, to be excavated would, therefore, be 2,902,240, which, at $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per yard, would cost £54,417. Where the rocks or high ground upon the coast renders it necessary to keep within the tide-mark, the earth to be taken out will form a bank on the sea side of the cut. A number of bridges might be necessary to erect ; however, till the profits of the land to be recovered should enable the proprietors to build them of stone throughout, I

should propose temporary bridges of wood, except one for the principal road; the expence of which we call £1000, and that of the wooden ones £3600.

“THE next thing to be considered is the diversion of Lindlepool, which might either be brought into the Kent, as shewn in the plan, or taken the contrary way into Cartmel Sands. In either case, as it is an inconsiderable rivulet, and the ground generally very low and soft, I shall not state the expence at more than £5300, including the necessary bridges.

“AFTERWARDS, when the sea had nearly embanked itself, it might be found convenient to raise sand banks a few feet high, in order to keep off high spring tides: the expence of which, added to that of purchasing ground for the new channels of the rivers, I shall state at £13,000.

“THESE Sands are the principal objects of attention; but should their recovery be effected, it would be found very convenient, as well as practicable, to use similar means in obtaining a part of the Ulverston Sands. A bank might be thrown over the channel, as marked in the plan, with a bridge at the end of it; the fresh water then confined to the shore till it entered Ulver-

ston Moss, through which an easy cut would bring it to the Sands again, either at Plumpton-hall, or at the mouth of the new canal, where there is plenty of rock at hand to secure it. At the latter place it might be of service to the shipping, by opening the channel.

“ BY that operation, about 1600 acres would be gained. Every expence attending which I estimate at £20,000.

“ THE acquisition of at least of 4600 acres may also be effected by the same means upon the Duddon or Millam Sands. A long strip of marsh land, extending along each side, renders the task of diverting the rivers, comparatively, an easy one. The Duddon might be conveyed along the north side, and fixed, at its entrance into the sand, with limestone rock : while the rivulet called Kirby-pool might, with little obstruction, be taken down the other side, if we except the intervention of a little rising rocky ground extending about 100 yards. That, however, is no object in a work of such magnitude. The whole expence of this undertaking, I am persuaded, would not exceed £26,000.

“ LET us now collect the several sums estimated :—

Expence of the bank below Dallam Tower, ...	£2,463
Ditto of the bridge at the end thereof, ...	1,000
Ditto of the cut from thence to the Loyne, ...	54,417
Ditto of the bridges over the cut, ...	4,000
Ditto of sand banks and purchasing ground, ...	13,000
Ditto for diverting Lindle-pool, ...	5,300
Ditto of gaining part of Ulverston Sands, ...	20,000
Ditto of gaining part of Duddon Sands, ...	26,000
Interest of money sunk, till the land to be gained becomes profitable ; salaries of engineers, &c. with contingent expences, I shall call	73,219
Total expences about	<u>£200,000</u>

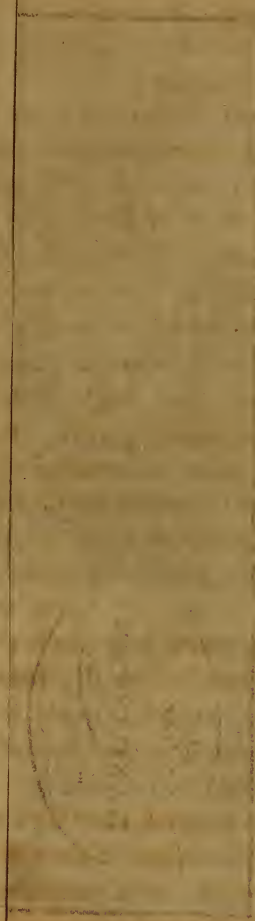
The land that might reasonably be expected to be gained upon the Lancaster, &c. Sands, is—Acres	32,510
Ditto upon the Duddon Sands, ...	4,600
Ditto upon the Ulverston Sands, ...	1,600
Total number of acres, ...	<u><u>38,710</u></u>

“ WE are now to consider what benefits would accrue from the execution of the above projects.

“ IN the first place, a regular connection would take place between Lancaster and Whitehaven, by a post road, which would doubtless be laid out between those places ; by which not only these commercial towns, but all the intervening country, would be much benefited. Whereas at

present, a person travelling between Lancaster and Ulverston, Ravenglass, Whitehaven, &c. must either take a very circuitous route through a wild, mountainous country, or wait a precarious, dangerous passage over the Sands. A reflection on the number of unfortunate people who are annually lost in crossing these deceitful Sands, touches the nerve of humanity. That dreadful circumstance would be remedied by banishing the tide. But although the philanthropic mind may consider these matters as great grievances, others may look upon them as provincial evils only, and the effects of their removal equally confined. —Another advantage that would take place would be more universally felt. Here are tracts of sand, containing 38,710 acres, which, at present, instead of being beneficial to the community, are a general nuisance. If this land could be recovered by laying out the sum of £200,000, it would be a purchase of £5 3s. 3¼d. per acre of land, which, I presume, by the time all the money was paid, would be worth £40 per acre, consequently a clear gain of £1,348,400.

“ THIS would not be like a transfer of property, where one party loses what the other acquires. It would be a property really gained, the produce of which (whoever were the immediate possessors) would expand itself on every





side, to a great distance ; and, by causing an increase of provisions, must proportionably affect the price ; whereby thousands of poor families would find an additional morsel to their daily pittance, exclusive of the employment it would afford them in the execution."

WE leave the Sands at Hestbank, and proceed from thence to Lancaster, three miles, along a low tract of cultivated and fertile country.

LANCASTER stands on the south bank of the Lune, on an easy rising ground. Several of the streets are rather narrow ; but the buildings are good, being chiefly formed of freestone, and covered with blue slate. In many parts of the town the shops display an elegance not often met with in northern towns of equal magnitude ; and here are likewise several excellent houses inhabited by gentlemen of independent fortunes. Buildings and inhabitants are increasing, but not with that rapidity which distinguishes many of the manufacturing towns in the more southern parts of this county. The most moderate calculation makes the present population of Lancaster 8000 souls ; but it is the opinion of some, that there are not less than 10,000, the number having augmented greatly since the cutting of the new canal.—The occupations of the inhabitants are ex-

Plan of
LANCASTER

Мѣсяцъ 08.

Scale of Yards.

100 200 300 400



tremely various, as no great staple manufacture is carried on. There are, however, considerable quantities of sail-cloth made ; and also a great deal of cabinet-work and upholstery for the cabinet-makers in London. A few hands are employed in printing cotton. Ship-building is carried on to a considerable extent, and vessels of large burden have been sent from hence. That very respectable gentleman and noted ship-builder, Mr. BROCKBANK, has built vessels in his ship-yard here, for London, of 450 tons.

LANCASTER is also of some consequence as a port for shipping ; but, unfortunately, the shoals of the river not yet being deepened, large ships are under the necessity of stopping at a place five or six miles below, and of sending up their cargoes in small vessels.—A prosperous trade is carried on from hence to the West Indies, the Baltic, and other parts.—This town being on the confines of the cheese country, is the principal market for that article. A great fair for the sale of Lancashire cheese is held here in October.

LANCASTER, also being the county town, where the assizes are held and other public business transacted for this populous county, is thereby rendered still more important. It is likewise a great thoroughfare, one of the principal north

roads leading through it. An old narrow bridge, in a bad situation, long continued to connect the banks of the Lune opposite Lancaster ; but a new one, on a very elegant and liberal plan, at the expence of the county, amounting to £14,000, has lately been erected further up the river, at Skerton, and which is much better adapted for an entrance into Lancaster. It consists of five equal elliptical arches ; is 549 feet long ; and is said to be one of the handsomest bridges of its size in Europe. Along the river side there is a fine quay, and good warehouses adjoining. The church and castle stand together, on an eminence at the west end of the town, and are conspicuous objects from every side. The former is a handsome Gothic structure ; and the latter, which is the county jail, and also the hall where the assizes are held, and other public business transacted, is likewise a fine building. It has lately undergone great improvements, in the handsomest style of Gothic architecture, under the direction of Mr. HARRISON, which renders it one of the completest places for the purpose in the kingdom. Here is likewise a chapel of the establishment, with an elegant steeple. A turret being also placed upon the new exchange, or town-hall, the town altogether has a noble and striking appearance at a distance. The new canal winds round a part of this town ; and, when finished, will add

much to its trade and convenience.—Lancaster is a place of great antiquity : it is said to have formerly been an habitation of the western Brigantes, under the name of *Caer Werid*, i. e. the green town.—Afterwards AGRICOLA occupied the eminence where the castle and church now stand, in the summer of his second campaign, and of the Christian æra 79, erecting a station for the security of his conquest, and guarding the passes of the river, while he, with his army, proceeded into Furness. This station was called *Longovicum*, and afterwards the inhabitants acquired the appellation of *Longovices*.

THE eminence on which this bold-looking castle now stands has been surrounded with a deep moat. It was one of the first stations which the Romans possessed in these parts ; and, from its importance, the last they abandoned. This garrison was particularly obnoxious to the Caledonians, who, having crossed the Solway Frith, and eluded the vigilance of other stations along the coast, were generally repulsed by that of Lancaster. These barbarians, however, at last found means to overpower the Lancastrians by treading close upon the heels of the flying Romans, and completely sacked and destroyed their town and fortifications. The Saxons arriving soon after, built, upon the same place, the town

that stands to this day. Hence we may infer, that the present town of Lancaster occupies the scite of Roman and British ruins, which is often verified by pieces of Roman and British antiquity being found at great depths below the surface.

It is but justice to observe, that the loyalty of the inhabitants of this town, for which they had always been conspicuous, procured from King JOHN as ample a charter as he had conferred upon Bristol and Northampton, and which was confirmed by CHARLES II. with additional privileges. Lancaster, however, derived its greatest consequence from the title it gave to EDMUND, the second son of HENRY III. and to his issue, Dukes of Lancaster and Kings of England, of the Lancastrian line. But ultimately it suffered much by supporting their title to the crown, in the contest with the House of York; and so little, it has been observed, had this town retrieved itself when CAMDEN visited it in 1609, that he speaks of it as not populous, and remarks, that Lancaster was inhabited then only by husbandmen.

THE present noble-looking castle of Lancaster is generally supposed to have been built by EDWARD III. and has undergone different repairs and alterations since that time. From

the castle, and church-yard adjoining, the view is extensive and pleasant. We stand on an elevated mount, round the base of which the Lune winds in a serpentine course to the sea. Beyond that river, a flat country of a few miles broad stretches away to the ocean, and forms the southern side of the great bay of Morecambe, or Lancaster Sands, which now opens in its full extent, and shoots its glistening waters into every creek. On the other side of the bay, and far to the west, Peel-castle raises his forked head above the water, and stands like a watchful sentry guarding the passage. The low grounds of Furness, shaded with wood, and spotted with seats and villages, form a rich border along the feet of a collection of mountains which spread round the bay, and confusedly thicken farther back on all sides, presenting various broken and pointed summits. Among these may be distinguished the murky head of Black-comb, on the Cumberland coast, the dark fells of High Furness rolling behind each other, Langdale-Pikes, and Rydal-head, with his more towering neighbours, beyond. It is said the top of Skiddaw may also be discerned when the air is clear ; but at too great a distance to appear with its usual dignity. From the fells about Windermere, we observe the mountains softening towards the Vale of Langdale ; but eastwards from that valley the heights again as-

end in towering elevations, among which the crowned head of lofty Ingleborough is majestically raised far above the rest. The intervening country (through which the Lune bends his sparkling stream) is variegated with winding vales, cultivated hills, and a pleasing mixture of woodland. The river Lune, after washing the banks of a delightful rural vale, in silence and repose, appears emerging from the new aqueduct ; and soon afterwards passing under the elegant new bridge, enters the busy scenes of nautic clamour, mixes its unpolluted current with that sent from the briny ocean, and helps to bear away the weighty vessels. A ridge of rocky eminences, which fall in easy lines towards the channel, shelters Lancaster on the east. Mrs. RADCLIFFE concludes her observations on this view with these descriptive remarks :—“ The appearance of the northern fells is ever changing with the weather and shifting lights.—Sometimes they resemble those evening clouds on the horizon, that catch the last gleams of the sun ; at others, wrapt in dark mist, they are only faintly traced, and seem like stormy vapours rising from the sea. But in a bright day their appearance is beautiful ; then their grand outlines are distinctly drawn upon the sky, a vision of Alps ; the rugged sides are faintly marked with light and shadow, with wood and rock ; and here and

there a cluster of white cottages, or farms and hamlets, gleam at their feet along the water's edge. Over the whole landscape is then drawn a softening azure, or sometimes a purple hue, exquisitely lovely ; while the sea below reflects a brighter tint of blue."

ON the road from Lancaster to Hornby, about three miles from the latter place, is Mr. GRAY's noted view of the fine Vale of Lonsdale. The station is "a quarter of a mile beyond the third milestone, where the road makes a turn to the right: there is a gate on the left, which leads into a field, where the station meant is shewn by a pole erected on the spot for that purpose by Mr. JONES, the proprietor of the field, who gives travellers liberty to go into it with their horses, or carriages."—WEST.

THIS noble scene is thus described by Mr. GRAY :—

"HERE Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect ; on each hand of the middle distance rise two sloping hills ; the left cloathed with thick woods ; the right with variegated rock and herbage : between them, in the richest of valleys, the Lune serpentises for many a mile, and comes

forth ample and clear, through a well-wooded and richly-pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position."



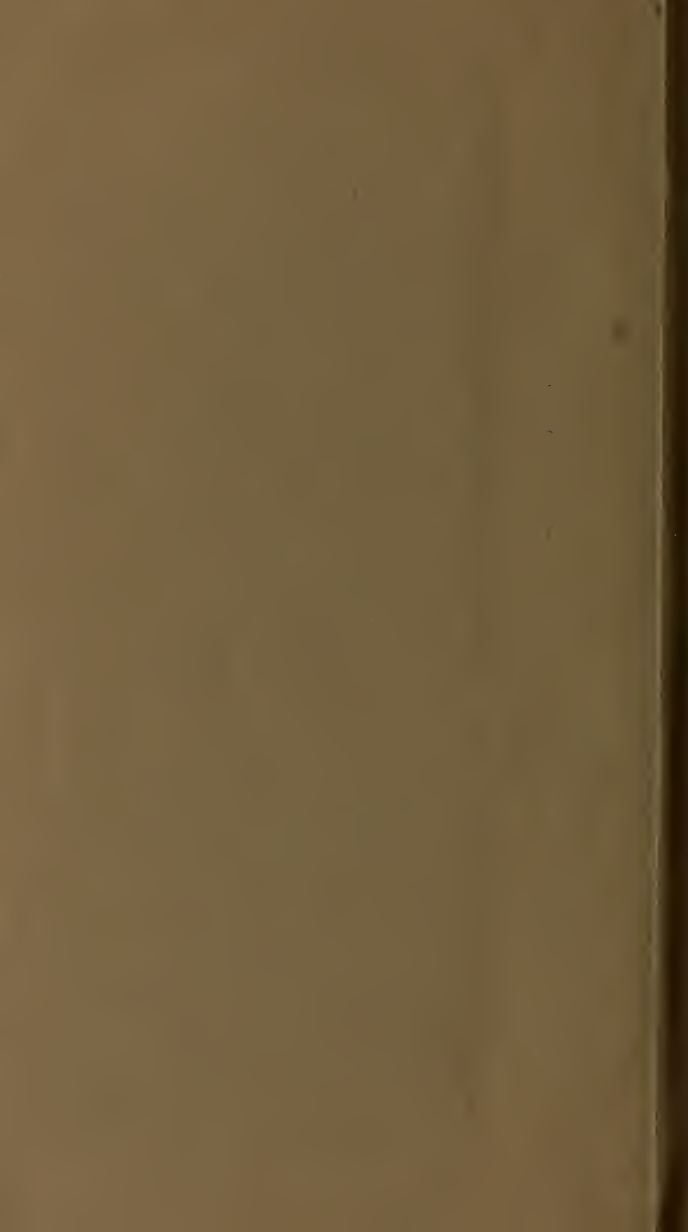
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